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CONVERSATIONS.

VOL. I.

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CONVERSATIONS

WITH

M. THIERS, M. GUIZOT,

AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED PERSONS,

DURING THE SECOND EMPIRE.

BY THE LATE

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"HISTORICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS,"
"JOURNALS KEPT IN TURKEY AND GREECE," "JOURNALS KEPT IN IRELAND,"
"JOURNALS KEPT IN FRANCE AND ITALY,"
"CORRESPONDENCE AND CONVERSATIONS WITH ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE," ETC.

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER

M. C. M. SIMPSON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

Mr. Senior's conversations in Paris, from 1848 to 1852, appeared in print soon after the close of the disastrous war during which the Second Empire crumbled away.

The lapse of time has at length made it possible to bring out another series. The last journal that my father ever wrote was in 1863, and at first I thought of publishing extracts from the whole succession; but the wealth of materials was so great that it would have been impossible to keep the work within reasonable limits. The present publication, therefore, ends with our visit to Val Richer in 1860.

There was still so much interesting matter that the task of selection has been very difficult, and much that has been rejected would probably have proved as interesting as that which has been retained. I have thought it prudent to leave out almost all the conversations with living persons, except where they come in incidentally; consequently the names of some of my father's most distinguished friends—MM. Buffet, Jules Simon, Duvergier de Hauranne, Drouyn

de Lhuys, François de Corcelle, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, Alphonse de Circourt, Léonce de Lavergne, Michel Chevalier —occur but seldom in these pages.

The conversations with M. de Tocqueville, which were so full and so frequent up to 1859, have already been published.

Some passages from the Thiers, Cornu, and Guizot conversations have appeared in the *Fortnightly* and *Cornhill* magazines, and I am much obliged to the Editors for allowing me to reproduce them.

M. C. M. Simpson.

Kensington, *May*, 1878.

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CONVERSATIONS.

1852.

London, March 8th, 1852.—During the last two months I have seen much of M. Thiers. Allusions are often made to his political life, and he is so disgusted at my ignorance that at last he has undertaken this part of my historical, or rather biographical, education. He thinks that in nine or ten conversations he can give me an outline of it. And of course I am delighted to hear a very interesting story from a very accomplished narrator.

We began to-day:—

Thiers.—The corner-stone of my policy has always been the English alliance. I believe that against a coalition of Austria, Russia, Prussia, and England, France is powerless. I believe that, with the assistance of Austria, or of Russia, or of Prussia, she could resist all the others, but that the struggle would be severe, perhaps dangerous. But I know that united to England she may defy them all. Allied to England, we might in a month be in Berlin and Vienna. Each country, too, has to prepare against an increasing danger; France against the growing power of Russia, England against the growing power of America. This alliance was the condition on which I entered Louis Philippe's Ministry. When he ceased to maintain it, when he refused to fulfil the obligations of the Quadruple treaty, I left him.

Senior.—But in 1840, you yourself destroyed this alliance. You yourself sacrificed it to what I should almost venture to call a childish desire to make Mehemet Ali Pasha of Syria.

Thiers.—I sacrificed it not to Mehemet Ali, but to the honour of France; and I was forced to do so by Palmerston's treachery.

Senior.—How was the honour of France interested? The five powers had agreed that the Egyptian question should be settled by them in concert, and settled on the principle of preserving the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Four of those powers thought that the Pasha ought to be satisfied with Egypt and only a portion of Syria. France alone thought that he ought to have all Syria. How was your honour interested in resisting the decision of the majority? Does the honour of France require that whenever she is a party to a combined negotiation, her voice alone is to decide?

Thiers.—Certainly not; but to justify myself I must go a good way back. France, wisely or not, has always been a protector. She has always had a set of suffragan kingdoms whose interests she espouses, and who repay her by submitting to her influence. Among these Louis Philippe wished to put Egypt. There were several pretexts for this. There was its proximity to our African possessions, the recollection of its occupation by Napoleon, and, above all, the fear that it might be seized by England. I always dissuaded him. I said that Mehemet Ali's was a mere ephemeral power, depending on the energy and ability of its founder, which would fall to pieces at his death; and I laughed at the idea of England, which has already ten times as many dependencies as she can protect or govern, wishing to encumber herself with an African possession, which she must know would turn out another Algeria. Up

to 1839 I controlled him, but an opportunity of interfering in Eastern affairs then occurred which was too tempting. The Sultan chose to attempt to drive Ibrahim out of Syria. It was probable that he would be beaten, that Ibrahim would march on Constantinople, and that Russia would interfere for the Sultan and become his master. The Soult Ministry tried to keep the peace and failed; the battle of Nezib was fought, and, as was to be expected, the Sultan's army was destroyed, and he had no means of his own to rely on.

Caillet, whom Soult had sent to Alexandria, reached Ibrahim Pasha's camp four days after the battle and stopped his advance, and we addressed the celebrated note of the 17th July to you and Austria, Russia and Prussia, begging you to join us in settling the Eastern question. The results were the joint note of the five powers to the Sultan, announcing that they had taken the matter into their own hands, and afterwards the Conferences of London.

Senior.—But in that note of the 17th July you laid down as the basis of the negotiation the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Was that consistent with your subsequent endeavour to detach Syria from it?

Thiers.—As to the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, that merely meant that no European power was to seize on any part of it. When we used that expression—not a very well-chosen one—we were thinking only of Russia and of you. Up to this time we had been protecting the Sultan against the Pasha. When the Conferences began, Louis Philippe's policy prevailed, and we began to protect the Pasha against the Sultan. I opposed that policy in the debate on the Address in 1840. I showed that England had a right to complain of our change of tone. But when the Soult Cabinet was overthrown, and I took his place at the head of the Ministry of the 26th February, I

found that the honour of France was pledged to give Syria to Mehemet Ali.

Senior.—How was it pledged? I recollect no such engagement.

Thiers.—It was pledged immediately after the battle of Nezib. We then engaged to guarantee Syria to Ibrahim, as the price of his not following up his success. The Chamber, and indeed the country, had taken up Mehemet Ali. It was supposed that you desired to weaken him in order afterwards to rob him. The general feeling in his favour was one which could be resisted by no French minister, and least of all by me, who was opposed to the King's policy, who had been thrust on him by a coalition, and who was already unpopular in consequence of my Anglican tendencies. I consulted Lord Granville, who advised me to temporize—to draw on the negotiation until the French, with their usual versatility, should have turned their attention to something else—to the return of the remains of Napoleon, or to the conversion of the Five per Cents., or to the protectorate of Tahiti. I followed Lord Granville's advice. I instructed Guizot to object and delay. But Russia, Prussia, and Austria thought that they saw the means of breaking the curb which had restrained them ever since 1815, the alliance between France and England. They accused us of bad faith, of secretly advising the Pasha to refuse all the terms that were offered to him, and of trying to delay the decision until it should be too late for military operations. They kept urging Palmerston to make a separate treaty; and in an evil hour for France, for England, and for all Western Europe, he consented. It was not I who gave up the alliance, I sacrificed my popularity with the country and my favour with the King in order to preserve it. It was Palmerston, who, if he knew what he was doing, if he knew the amount of irritation that he was ex-

citing, gave up his friends to please his enemies. If he did not know what he was doing, if he was so little acquainted with the French character as to suppose that we should quietly allow our wishes to be disregarded, our promise and guarantee to be frustrated, and still remain good friends with those who had thus treated us, he is a greater *niais* than I have been accustomed to think him. The fact is that in this case, as in most others, he was influenced by personal motives. He was flattered by Brunnow and Neuman and Bülow, he was teased by our delays and objections, he saw an opportunity of showing his power and courage and decision, and, without giving me any warning, he signed the separate treaty, partly out of vanity, and partly out of spite.

My mission was then at an end; my policy was destroyed, and I remained out of office till I was summoned on the night of the 23rd, or rather on the morning of the 24th of February, 1848.

It was about two in the morning of that day that I received the King's summons by one of his aides-de-camp, General de Ponthais. To get from my house in the Place St. Georges to the Tuileries was not very easy; indeed, not very safe. The messenger and I had to cross hundreds of barricades, and to answer the challenges of hundreds of sentinels, all excited, and many of them drunk. Montalivet and the Princes Nemours and Montpensier, whom I found in the ante-room, said to me, 'Surtout ménagez le roi,' as if that was a time for personal considerations.

The King was always fond of me. 'Quand je ne l'aimais plus,' he said, 'toujours il me plaisait.' This time however he received me coldly. 'Eh, bien!' he said, 'have you made me a Ministry?' 'Made a Ministry, Sire,' I answered, 'why I have only just received your Majesty's commands.' 'Ah!' he replied, 'vous ne voulez pas servir dans le

règne.' This was an allusion to an old speech of mine. I really had said that I would not serve again during his reign. I became angry, and said, 'Non, Sire, je ne veux pas servir dans votre règne.' My ill-temper calmed his. 'Well,' he said, 'we must talk reasonably. Whom can you have for colleagues?' 'Odillon-Barrot,' I answered. 'Bon,' replied the King; 'c'est un niais, mais il est bon homme.' 'M. de Rémusat.' 'Passe pour lui.' 'Duvergier de Hauranne.' 'I will not hear of him.' 'Lamoricière.' 'A la bonne heure. Now,' he continued, 'allons aux choses.' 'We must have parliamentary reform,' I said. 'Nonsense,' he answered; 'you would produce a Chamber that would give us bad laws, and perhaps war.' 'I do not ask,' I replied, 'more than fifty or a hundred thousand new electors, and that is not a great concession—and the present Chamber must be dissolved.' 'Impossible!' said the King; 'I cannot part with my majority.' 'But,' I said, 'if you refuse both the objects that I propose, and the instruments with whom I am to work, how can I serve you?' 'You shall have Bugeaud,' said the King, 'for your Commander-in-chief. He will put down the émeute; et après ça nous verrons.' 'Bugeaud,' I said, 'will add to the irritation.' 'No,' answered the King; 'he will inspire terror, and terror is what we want.' 'Terror,' I replied, 'is useful where it is supported by sufficient force. Have we that force?' 'Go, mon cher,' said the King, 'to Bugeaud; talk to him; collect your ministers; come back to me at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, et nous verrons.' 'We are not ministers yet,' I said. 'No,' answered the King, 'you are engaged to nothing, nor am I. But whatever be the arrangement you must be the chef. You are the only one of the set whom I trust.' 'That suits me,' I replied, 'for I have resolved never again to enter a Cabinet of which I am not the head.' It

fell in also with my engagements to Barrot. We had agreed that neither of us should be minister without the other, and that I should preside.

'Now,' said the King, 'we must insert in the *Moniteur* that you and Barrot are my ministers.' 'But,' I answered, 'we are not; we may never be.' 'Never mind,' said the King, 'I must have your names.' 'Mine,' I replied, 'is at your Majesty's service, but I cannot dispose of Barrot's.' 'We will not say,' he answered, 'that you have accepted; but that the duty of forming a Cabinet has been imposed on you.'

I was going to write the paragraph. 'No,' said the King, taking the pen from me, 'I will be your secretary.' And he wrote a notice announcing that MM. Thiers and Odillon-Barrot étaient chargés par le Roi de former un nouveau cabinet.

I inferred from this conversation that the King did not suspect the extent of the danger; that when he perceived the gravity of his situation we should have little difficulty in overcoming his objections either to men or to measures; and that as soon as we had extricated him from his present embarrassment he would throw us over without scruple.

From him I went to Bugeaud, whose headquarters were close by—on the south side of the Place du Carrousel. I found him excited and anxious. It was now about three in the morning. 'I have not been appointed,' he said, 'two hours. I scarcely know with whom I am to act or what are my means, but as far as I can ascertain they are very small. I have not 16,000 men; they are fatigued and demoralized; they have been kept for two days with their knapsacks on their backs, standing in half-frozen mud. The cavalry horses are knocked up; there is no corn for them, and the men have been two days on their backs. However,' he repeated several times, 'J'aurai le plaisir de

tuer beaucoup de cette canaille, et c'est toujours quelque chose.'

I then went to look for my colleagues. Barrot, Rémusat, Duvergier de Hauranne, and Lamoricière behaved well. Though with little confidence in the stability of the throne, they agreed to enter the Ministry. Passy refused; so did Dufaure. Barrot however protested against Bugeaud. 'If we are to conciliate the people,' he said, 'let us not encumber ourselves with the most unpopular man in Paris.' I stood up for him. 'We shall probably,' I said, 'have a furious battle; let us not deprive ourselves of the services of the first soldier in Europe.' This discussion took place at my house. It was now nearly seven, and we set out for the Tuileries. On our road I received a note from Bugeaud in which he repeated his complaints of the weakness and fatigue of his troops, and added, what was new to me, that, with the exception of Bedeau's division, the troops had only ten cartridges a piece.

Senior.—How many would have been necessary?

Thiers.—An old soldier and on a field of battle, seldom uses more than ten. We did not spend ten at Austerlitz. Prince Czartoriski once described well to me the decisive part of that battle. 'We were on our horses,' he said, 'on the hill of Pratzen, with the bulk of our army below us, looking for the French, when we saw them emerge from the wood below. We opened on them a tremendous fire, which they did not return, but formed their line and advanced with shouldered arms, regardless of our fire, only closing their ranks as men fell under it. At length they were within pistol shot, and then with one discharge, each man aiming at the adversary to his left, they destroyed a whole line.' But only a veteran can do this. Young troops, even in the field, fire as soon as they see the enemy, and waste a whole cartouche-box in an hour; and all troops,

young and old, do the same in street fighting. In June we burnt three millions of cartridges.

During the latter part of the reign the universal opinion of the bourgeoisie was that the bases of the King's character were obstinacy and fourberie. As to the first they were right; not quite so as to the second; he was fin and rusé,* but not fourbe. They believed him, however, to be as false as Louis XI.

The fusillade at the Affaires Étrangères was supposed to have been a treacherous massacre, the nomination of Bugeaud, an act of open hostility. Along our whole road, at every barricade and wherever a crowd was collected, we assured the people that the Ministry was changed; that all that was right would be done; but we were met by cries of 'Le Roi vous trompe!' 'On va nous égorger!' 'On va nous mitrailler!' 'Non,' we said, 'on ne va pas vous mitrailler. Voyez Barrot! voyez Thiers! Nous sommes ministres; nous ne sommes pas des égorgeurs! 'Mais Bugeaud! mais Bugeaud!' 'Bugeaud,' I said, 'will do you no harm. Pull down the barricades and all will be well.' And in many cases the barricades were pulled down.

All this, however, produced a strong effect on Barrot. By the time that we arrived at the Rue Ste. Anne he had returned to his old feelings against Bugeaud. 'Bugeaud,' he kept repeating,' va bien avec Guizot, mais pas avec nous. Let Guizot and Bugeaud beat down the resistance. C'est leur métier; our business is to conciliate.' It was at the Rue Ste. Anne that we found the first fighting. The troops and the people were firing at one another from the street and the windows. I stopped the fire of the troops, and we ran through that of the people without an accident. A man

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* See a subsequent conversation for a qualification of these epithets. —Ed.

came afterwards and asked me for a place on the merit of having run by my side and covered me.

In the Cour des Tuileries we found the Ducs de Nemours and Montpensier with Bugeaud. I abused them all with little ménagement.

'Here,' I said to the Princes, 'you have been for a couple of days on the brink of a battle and you have no ammunition!' 'We have sent,' they answered, 'to Vincennes.' 'To Vincennes!' I said, 'and how?' 'By a regiment of Chasseurs d'Orléans, and by the shortest road.' 'And so,' I said, 'you have deprived us of one of our best regiments, and in three hours the regiment and the ammunition will be both in the hands of the insurgents. And this when you had the Seine by your side; when you might have sent to Vincennes artillerymen disguised as peasants in boats, full of wood or straw, under which the ammunition would have been concealed, and in two hours we should have had it in the Louvre.'

So it is to have to deal with princes. They trust to others; they do not know what we administrators have learnt by sad experience—that men are naturally cowards, liars, and sluggards; they trust to what is told them, and they are ruined.

The King and the Princes believed Duchâtel and Guizot. Duchâtel and Guizot believed that there were 30,000 men in Paris when there were not 16,000; they believed that they had food and ammunition, and they had neither.

'Cher ami,' I said, turning to Bugeaud, 'do you wish your wants to be known to the enemy?' 'If I am killed I shall be instantly stripped, and the contents of your notes will spread like wildfire over the insurrection. If *you* fall, your body will be respected. Take your unhappy note and relieve me from it.'

Senior.—Do you mean that the bodies of those who fall in the Paris émeutes are stripped?

Thiers.—Not stripped of their clothes, but of all that is in their pockets. It is a droit de la guerre which, from the number of Parisians who have served, we have imported into our civil combats.

In war when a man falls those next to him are his heirs. A man stands by his officer, covers him, protects him, but if he is killed, instantly rifles him. I have heard of a man employing one hand to fire and the other hand to seize the watch of his dying comrade. But a general's body is protected. His men fight for it more fiercely than even for their colours.

We now went into the King's cabinet. He was just up. He looked suspiciously at Duvergier; however, he made an effort and said, 'Je les accepte tous. Venons aux choses.' 'We must have a dissolution,' I said. 'Impossible,' said the King; 'I cannot part with a majority which so well understands my policy.' 'We must have reform.' 'Nous verrons,' replied the King, 'when this crisis is over. But these eventualities are not the things that I want to talk to you about. What is to be done to-day? What is to be done this instant?' 'We are not your ministers, Sire,' I answered; 'and if we were, we are not ministers of repression. M. Guizot is still minister. He and Bugeaud are the persons to put down the émeute. I have no right to give advice.' 'Ne parlez pas,' said the King, 'des bêtises constitutionelles. You know that Guizot is out of the question; that I trust no one but you. What am I to do?'

'In the first place,' I replied, 'I think that Lamoricière would be a more popular commander of the National Guard than Bugeaud. By all means keep Bugeaud as commander-in-chief of the whole force, but give the

National Guard to Lamoricière.' 'But,' said the King, 'will General Lamoricière like to serve under Bugeaud?' 'With all my heart,' said Lamoricière; 'I have served under him all my life.'

'In the second place,' I said, 'I find that we have scarcely any ammunition. We should not, I think, take the offensive until we see what we can obtain from Vincennes. And, lastly, our small force appears to me to be too scattered. We have not above seven battalions at headquarters, and I am told that they are not 500 strong. It seems to me that Bedeau and the other detachments ought to be recalled, and the whole concentrated in and about the Tuileries.'

'What you say,' said the King, 'seems quite right; go and talk to Bugeaud.' And to him we went. He received Lamoricière admirably. 'You could not,' he said, 'have given me a better second,' and he took from an officer near him a military cloak, and threw it over Lamoricière to conceal his plain clothes. 'We think,' I added, 'that until the ammunition comes, perhaps indeed until we know the effect of the change of Ministry, offensive operations should be suspended; and further that the troops had better be concentrated in and near the Château.' 'I perfectly agree with you,' said Bugeaud; 'in fact, I have already taken the first step, and I will immediately order the troops to fall back on the Tuileries.' And accordingly he dictated an order to Bedeau to retire by the Boulevards and the Rue de la Paix, and orders to the other detachments to fall back on the Tuileries.

Soon after a messenger from Delessert, who had reached us through many dangers, announced that the Prefecture of Police was surrounded, and that he wished the communication between him and the Château to be kept open. About 200 National Guards and 200 troops of the

line, with St. Arnaud at their head, were sent from the Louvre along the Quais for this purpose. The barricades on their road were deserted as they approached; but we had scarcely seen the last of their bayonets disappear under the entrance of the Prefecture when the barricades were re-manned, and the only result was that we lost 400 out of our small garrison. When the population is with you, a barricade taken is kept; with a hostile population, it is immediately lost again.

Bugeaud's orders were given in a hurry, and ill-framed. That addressed to Bedeau directed him to march by the long circuitous road of the Boulevards, instead of the shorter cut of the Rue Montmartre or the Rue Richelieu. The other orders specified no routes whatever. The consequence was that the movement was from the beginning a retreat—almost a flight. Bedeau's division, which was the most distant, moved in a long file, instead of a compact column. The anarchical party, which was now mustering strong and advancing from the eastern faubourgs, broke through the line, cut off the artillery, and so demoralized the men that whole battalions *mirent la crosse en l'air*,* as a signal that they would no longer resist the insurrection.

It was now proposed that Odillon-Barrot, Lamoricière, and I should leave the Tuileries and go to the people on the Boulevards and the Rue St. Honoré, and announce to them the change of Ministry and of system. Bugeaud kept me back. 'Let them go,' he said, 'and try and tell their story; I want *you* here. We shall soon be attacked. 'Je tuerai beaucoup de monde,' but there is no saying how it may end. All Paris seems to be coming upon us, and it would require 50,000 men to make me confident of success.'

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* Threw up their bayonets.—Ed.

It was now past ten.

I went back to the King. As I entered his cabinet Guizot went out of it. It was now that I used an expression which has since been quoted, though incorrectly as to its occasion, 'La marée monte, monte; dans deux heures peut-être nous serons tous engloutis.' I proposed to the King to retire from Paris. He assented, and suggested Vincennes. 'Vincennes,' I said, 'is a prison. Let it be St. Cloud; St. Cloud is a military position. By to-morrow Bugeaud and I will assemble there 60,000 men. The day after to-morrow we will be at the Hôtel de Ville. The Hôtel de Ville perhaps will be destroyed; nous aurons le pied dans le sang; one or both of us may be killed; but *you* will not be with us, you will not have been active in the battle, and you will have saved the monarchy.' The King went back to his private apartments to consult the Queen, and, in fact, to consult Guizot. When he returned he did not recur to my scheme of leaving Paris, but said that he would show himself to the troops. We went out accordingly into the Cour des Tuileries. He was well received by the posts within the iron rails which separate it from the Place du Carrousel. But when he had passed through the Arc de Triomphe and found himself on the outside of the rails in the Place du Carrousel, in presence of the National Guards, they raised a cry of 'Vive la Réforme!' Many of them ran forward from their ranks, pressed on his horse, and raised over him a sort of arch of bayonets. I was walking at his horse's head, and threw aside the bayonets with my stick, and tried to remonstrate with them. The King cried out, rather sharply, 'Elle est accordée; elle est accordée;' but he was disappointed and alarmed. His confidence reposed chiefly in the National Guards. These were the best disposed of them, or they would not have been there, and it was evident that his in-

fluence over them was gone. He suddenly stopped the review, and returned to the Château.

I now saw that the time for the King's retreat was come, and urged Bugeaud to post troops to keep open the communication between the Tuileries and the Quai de Passy. He objected, and talked of resistance, but at last consented. Had not this been done, the mob, which half an hour afterwards broke into the Tuileries, would probably have massacred the royal family.

While I was talking to Bugeaud a fire was opened on us from the windows of the buildings which then covered a large part of the Place du Carrousel. Bugeaud now for the first time ordered his little army, which was ranged from the north to the south of the Place, just beyond the railing, to fire. The picturesque effect of this discharge, as it gradually ran from one end to the other of this long line, was very striking. It cleared the windows, but it did little else.

'There,' said Bugeaud, 'goes one of our ten cartridges—but there are nine left, et avec ça on peut pas mal tuer.'

I went back to the King. Seven or eight members of the Chamber were there; but, with the exception of Piscatory, they were all members of the Opposition, such as Duvergier, Dufaure, Rémusat, De Lasteyrie, Gustave de Beaumont, and I. Suddenly Crémieux came. 'I have traversed,' he said, 'a great part of Paris. All is not lost. The people indeed will not accept Bugeaud or Thiers; but an Odillon Barrot Ministry, his colleagues all taken from the Gauche, and Gerard for commander-in-chief will be received with acclamation.' 'For Heaven's sake,' I said, 'Sire, try this experiment.' 'No,' answered the King, 'you are the only person in whom I confide.' 'We must not think,' I replied, 'about our feelings and wishes at such a moment. Nominate Barrot.' 'But who,' said the King, 'is to countersign it?' 'Guizot,' said somebody; 'he is still minister.' 'No,' I said, 'we

must keep that name out of sight.' General Trezel was at hand and signed the nomination of Barrot as President of the Council; who signed that of Gerard as Commander-in-chief, instead of Bugeaud, I do not recollect.

'At least,' said the King to me, 'you and your intended colleagues remain with me; I never wanted friends more.'

Soon after M. de Reims entered the cabinet. He brought me news of my family, of whom since I left them before daybreak I knew nothing except that they were in the heart of the insurrection. 'All my servants,' he said, 'except two, were on the barricades. A party had entered my house, were received with great tact and politeness by Madame Dosne, and took nothing except our firearms.' His account of the state of public feeling was frightful; the Republican party was becoming the master; cries against the royal family were increasing; it was probable that in half an hour the Tuileries would be attacked by 100,000 insurgents. One resource only seemed left, abdication in favour of the Comte de Paris. The Duc de Nemours was watching our conversation, and beckoned to me. 'What is the news?' he said, 'that you are hearing?' 'About the safety,' I answered, 'of my own family.' 'What about the people?' 'Nothing good,' I replied. 'Can your informant be depended on?' 'Perfectly.' 'Then I must talk to him.' And the Prince drew M. de Reims into a window. 'I fear,' said M. de Reims, 'that there is only one chance left. The people are perfectly mad.' 'I guess,' said the Prince, 'what that chance is.' 'I believe,' said M. de Reims, 'that the throne of the Comte de Paris may possibly be preserved; I am sure that the King's cannot.' 'What say *you*, M. Thiers?' said the Prince. 'I cannot venture,' I said—'I cannot bear to talk on such a matter.'

The Prince took the arm of the Duc de Montpensier, and they both approached the King. He was perfectly calm,

the only person who was so. 'We are told, Sire,' said the Duc de Nemours, 'that a terrible sacrifice is necessary.' 'Is it my abdication? I am perfectly ready to hand you over the government.' 'I fear,' said the Duc de Nemours, 'that one sacrifice is not enough. I am more unpopular than your Majesty. The Duchess of Orleans must be the Regent.' 'Et toi aussi,' said the King. Then turning to me, he said, 'Cher ami, que dites-vous?' I would not, indeed I could not, speak. He discussed the matter for a few minutes with the two Princes, and seemed quite ready to follow their advice; but before deciding went through his bedroom to the Queen's sitting-room, which opened into the bedroom. As the doors are arranged to form a vista, we could see as they were opened into the Queen's apartment. The Queen, the Duchess of Orleans, the Duchesses of Nemours and Montpensier, their children and dames d'honneur, and the Princess Clémentine were all there, and also Guizot and Broglie. Whenever during this long night and morning the King went into that room he came back irresolute. The door closed, but we could hear weeping and sobbing and loud voices. There was a 'scène de famille' that lasted perhaps for ten minutes. Then the King returned, bringing with him all his female entourage. As he sat down the Duchess of Orleans threw herself before him with the children exclaiming, 'Sire, n'abdiquez pas! La couronne est trop lourde pour nous; vous seul pouvez la supporter.' The Queen bent over him and embraced him. Cries of 'L'abdication! L'abdication!' were now heard from the anteroom. The Queen's grief was mixed with anger. 'You do not deserve,' she said, 'so good a king!' La scène était touchante, même déchirante; mais il y manquait la dignité; elle ne résiste pas aux émotions fortes. I could not stay any longer.

Abdication at this instant may have been prudent, but I

could not bear to see it imposed on the King by a crowd. I am naturally absolute; it is with difficulty that I can tolerate the opposition of my colleagues, but of all things that which I can least support is the dictation of a mob. I went back to the Cour des Tuileries, where I might find vent for my rage and anguish in the battle of which it seemed likely to be the scene. I was walking up and down with Bugeaud, listening to the approach of the firing and of the cries, and from time to time to a ball breaking the glass of some window above us, when M. de Cercey ran to me from the Château, crying, 'Come back! Come back! We want your advice for the King.' I went back, but could not penetrate much further than the door. There stood Émile de Girardin, crying out like many others, 'L'abdication! L'abdication!' Through a vista of heads I could see the King sitting at his table, slowly writing his abdication. He gave it to those near him, who passed it on to Lamoricière. I went back to tell Bugeaud. 'We should have been beaten,' he said, 'we should have been écrasés. Mais au moins j'aurais tué quelques milliers de ces coquins-là—(he used a much coarser word)—et c'est ce qui m'enrage.'

Immediately afterwards we saw the crowd pouring from the royal apartments under the Pavillon de l'Horloge towards the garden. M. d'Asseline, the Duchess of Orleans' secretary, came to us and told us that orders had been sent to the stables in the Louvre for the carriages to meet the royal family in the Place de la Concorde, at the gate of the subterranean passage which runs from the Tuileries under the terrace du bord de l'eau. Bugeaud and I followed the crowd through the gardens to the Place de la Concorde, in the hope of meeting the King at this gate. Before we arrived the royal family were already there waiting for the carriages.

To bring them had been a matter of difficulty and danger. One coachman was shot on his box, and only two broughams not bearing any arms, and mistaken for citadines, reached the Place.

The necessity of the precaution suggested by me an hour before of occupying the Place de la Concorde by a sufficient force now appeared. The furious mob, of whom some had now burst into the Château, and others were trying to rush into the Place, would have spared no one who appeared to form part of the Court. But while some troops of the line, assisted by the heroic defence of the Château d'Eau, kept good the entrances into the Place from the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, a regiment of cuirassiers received in a square the royal family, protected them while they were thrown into the two carriages, and went off with them at a gallop along the quai below Passy.

'We have nothing more to do,' said Bugeaud. 'I shall go home. No one will touch me in this marshal's dress; but you had better take an escort. Your habit noir will not be respected.' 'An escort,' I said, 'would be of little use against 100,000 insurgents; I shall find my way as I can.' And so we parted.

In a few minutes I was recognised and pressed on. If I had fallen, or if I had resisted, my life was gone. Nothing is more good-natured, more kind, than a Parisian mob unless its destructive passions are roused, but the slightest accident will rouse them. They put me in mind of a couple of greyhounds which a friend of mine bred up with a hare. All three were the best friends possible. Once, in sport, the hare ran from the dogs; they pursued her, the dormant instinct was roused, and they killed her. A battalion of the National Guard saved me, and carried me across the bridge to the Palais Bourbon. I went into the

Salle des Pas Perdus, which served as an anteroom to the Chamber, and found it full of Deputies. They urged me to go into the Chamber. 'No,' I said, 'I will have nothing more to do with you. Your venality, your subservience, your selfishness, your opposition to reform, your determination to monopolise for yourselves and for your handful of electors all the honours and profits of the Government, have dethroned the Monarch and perhaps destroyed the constitution. I will never enter again that den of infamy and corruption.' And I left them in order to get back, as well as I could, by the Quai de Passy and the Boulevard extérieur, to my own house.

At that instant the Duchess of Orleans was in the Chamber. Neither Bugeaud nor I had been told that she was going there. M. d'Asseline, her secretary, never mentioned to us her plans. We took for granted that she was with the rest of the royal family on the road to St. Cloud. Had we known the truth, we should of course have made our way into the Chamber, and it is possible that the result of that last sitting might have been different.

Senior.—What became of the abdication?

Thiers.—Lamoricière, accompanied by La Grange, went to read it at the first barricade in the Rue de Rivoli. He was received by a fire which killed his horse. As he fell, he gave the paper to La Grange, who I believe really tried to publish it. But it was too late. We were now in the hands of the Rouges. Lamoricière's life was saved by two men in the mob who had served under him in Africa.

I will not bore you with my adventures on my way to the Place St. Georges. After some narrow escapes I got to my house and found my family safe.

Senior.—Beginning with your first interview with the King, and looking back at the different acts of this tragedy,

do you see any means by which the catastrophe could have been altered?

Thiers.—I doubt whether at two o'clock on the morning of the 24th of February it was still possible, with our small, fatigued, and ill-provided force, to resist such an insurrection as that which actually attacked us.

If the news of the change of Ministry and of the change of system could have been published and believed, the insurrection would never have swelled to the dimensions which it ultimately reached. But neither was then possible. The office of the *Moniteur* was surrounded by barricades; the announcement of the change was not circulated. Of those who heard it the greater part discredited it. But our defeat might have been far less disgraceful if Bedeau had formed his troops into a column instead of a file two miles long; if his artillery had been in the centre instead of at the end; if he himself had been in the midst of his troops, overlooking all, instead of being at the Porte St. Martin, when his rear was in the Place de la Bastille; if he had taken the direct road to the Tuileries, instead of in fact marching around them, he might have brought us a reinforcement of 6000 men, well provided with ammunition. As it was, the people reduced his soldiers in detail: they broke into their ranks; they shook them by the hand; they kissed them; they entreated them not to fire on the people; they promised to take care of their artillery for them; in short, they made them worse than useless. In an émeute the troops are lost if they allow the mob to come in contact with them. The only wise order is to fire if they approach.

Our concentrated force would have amounted to ten or twelve thousand men. No mob can stop such a force in the broad straight avenue which leads from the Tuileries

to St. Cloud. We should have marched thither, with the royal family in our centre. By the 25th we should have collected there 60,000 men. On the 26th Bugeaud and I should have been ready to march on Paris.

We should have left the King with a mere guard of 5000 men at St. Cloud, taken post with 20,000 at the Arc de Triomphe, and 20,000 more at the Barrière du Trone on the opposite side, and sent twenty-four pieces of cannon and two columns, each of 10,000 picked men, to meet at the Hôtel de Ville. Those who advanced from the Arc de Triomphe, who alone would have had the cannon, would have encountered no resistance; the Champs Elysées and the Quais are indefensible. Those who marched by the Faubourg St. Antoine would have had to cross barricades; but they would have taken them from the rear; and the bourgeoisie, after having been two days in the hands of the Republicans, would have been our devoted friends. We should have had to destroy the Hôtel de Ville; that was the object for which I should have sent the cannon; but under its ashes would have been the ashes of the Republicans, and I would destroy ten such buildings to put down a revolution.

Senior.—Bugeaud, in his letter, says that there were not more than ten caissons of cartridges in Vincennes.*

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* The following is a translation of the letter:—At two in the morning of the 24th of February an aide-de-camp of the King summoned me to the Tuileries, where the command of the troops and of the National Guard was offered to me. I thought myself bound to accept, and Duchâtel and Guizot were sent for to countersign the order. Some precious time was lost in this, and it was half-past three before I could get to the troops, drawn up in the Place du Carrousel and the Cour des Tuileries.

They were very demoralized, having been kept for sixty hours, their feet in the cold mud, their knapsacks on their backs, with only three rations of biscuit, and forced to see, without interfering, the rioters

Thiers.—Bugeaud's letter is inaccurate. There were at Vincennes cartridges enough, and matériel of every kind enough, to fight ten great battles. The military matériel

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attack the Municipal Guards, cut down the trees, break the lamps, and burn the guardhouses. Generally they had only ten cartridges a man; the best provided had only twenty; there were only three caissons of cartridges at the Tuileries, about as many at the École Militaire, and no more in Paris. Even at Vincennes there were only thirteen caissons, and to reach them the whole insurrection had to be crossed. The cavalry horses were knocked up; there was no corn for them; and the men had been kept nearly three days on their backs.

All the detachments at the Panthéon, Bastille, Hôtel de Ville, and on the Boulevards had been ordered to fall back on the Tuileries. I sent them orders to remain firm where they were.

As respects the National Guard, things were worse still. I found the chief of the staff in a garret. He wanted to resign. I could get nothing out of him.

At half-past five, as day broke, I put in motion four columns; ordered one to march to the Bastille, one to the Hôtel de Ville, one to the Panthéon, and the last to follow the two first and prevent the barricades which were abandoned from being reoccupied. The only column which encountered any resistance was that which marched by the Boulevards on the Bastille. The general who commanded it sent me word that his way was barred at the Boulevard Montmartre by an enormous crowd, all armed, crying, "Vive la Réforme!" &c., and asked for instructions. I ordered him to force his way, but I afterwards heard that he disobeyed and acted with great weakness. At half-past seven a crowd of bourgeois came to me almost in tears to beseech me to recall the troops, who irritated the people, and to let the National Guards, who were collecting, put down the riot. I was explaining to them the absurdity of their proposal, when Thiers and Barrot brought me express orders from the King to withdraw the troops and employ the National Guards, of whom I could not see more than three or four files. I resisted the ministers as I had the bourgeois, when the order was repeated by the Duc de Nemours, who came straight from the King. I could not incur the responsibility of further disobedience, and dictated orders in these terms, 'By the express command of the King and of the ministers, you will retire on the Tuileries. If, however, you are attacked, you will resume the offensive, and act on my former orders.'

The zeal with which these orders were carried to the different posts by the bourgeois and National Guards near me was no good omen. If the troops had met with any resistance they could not have obeyed, as

of France is larger than that of England, and Russia, and Austria, and Prussia; indeed, than that of all Europe put together.

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the battle would have been already raging, and the result would have been very different.

At about nine o'clock Thiers and Barrot came back to me, bringing Lamoricière, on whom the command of the National Guard had been conferred. 'Since we are not to fight,' I said to him, 'go and employ your popularity in bringing these madmen to reason.' He executed this mission with great courage and at great risk.

Thiers and Barrot were getting on horseback to do the same, when Vernet the painter begged me to keep back Thiers, whom the mob would tear to pieces. I did so with difficulty. Barrot went out, was ill received, and came back to say 'Thiers is not possible. I am scarcely so. I shall go back to the Château.'

It was now ten o'clock. Two battalions of the 10th Legion[1] entered the Place du Carrousel. They applauded me, but cried 'À bas Guizot!' Soon after the King came out and received them. He was well received. I had no doubt but that he intended to show himself to the troops and to the people, when to my astonishment he turned back, dismounted, and returned to the Château. With these two battalions I took possession, without resistance, of the barricades which were erecting in the streets opening on the Rue de Rivoli.

A column of rioters was advancing through the Carrousel, and had got as far as the solitary house where the diligences stop. I addressed them with good effect; one man said, 'Are you Marshal Bugeaud? You had my brother killed in the Rue Transnonain.' 'You lie,' I said, 'I was not there.' He pointed his gun at me, but was stopped by his companions. They shouted, 'Vive le Maréchal Bugeaud! Vive la gloire militaire!' and I began to hope that the riot would die out—a piece of great simplicity. I ought to have known that an enemy is not stopped by a retreat nor a mob by concessions.

I now heard a shot or two in the direction of the Palais Royal. I had not time to look at my watch, but it must have been about half-past eleven. I ran to a battalion of the 9th Légion. I said, 'Since they begin, we accept; I am at your head.' At this instant two aides-de-camp of the King came to tell me that the King had abdicated, and that Gérard had the command of the troops. I ordered the battalion to advance, and ran to the Château. I found the King writing his abdication in the midst of a crowd who were pressing him to finish it. I opposed this with all my might. I said that it was too late; that it would have no effect, except demoralizing the soldiers;

[1] National Guards.

When I was Minister I had a register entitled 'Divers,' which was kept secret, and contained an account of all the military matériel which I had accumulated for unforeseen,

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that they were ready to act, and that to fight it out was the only thing left to us. The Queen supported me with energy. The King rose, leaving his abdication unfinished, but the Duc de Montpensier and many others cried out that he had promised to abdicate, and that he must abdicate. My voice was stifled by the crowd, and the King sat down again to write. I heard the firing outside, and ran out to head the first volunteers who would follow me against the rioters. Crémieux tried to stop me. I got rid of him, and ran into the Place du Carrousel. To my astonishment I saw the troops leaving it by every exit; I presume, under the orders of my successor, Marshal Gérard. It was too late to stop them, even if they would have listened to me. I went along the Quai to the Palais Bourbon. It seemed deserted, and I supposed that the Chamber of Deputies had not met. A mob met me coming along the Quai d'Orsay, and began to cry, 'À bas le Maréchal Bugeaud!' I said to them, 'Do you cry, Down with the conqueror of Abd-el-Kader? Down with the man who has subdued the Arabs and conquered Africa? Down with the man whom you will want to lead you against the Germans and the Russians? In a month perhaps you will wish for my experience and my courage.' This succeeded, and they began to cry, 'Vive le Maréchal Bugeaud!' and all would shake hands with me. I reached my own house, changed my dress, and went back to the Palais Bourbon. When I got there I met some Deputies running out of the Chamber, looking almost frightened to death; those who could speak cried out, 'All is over; they have proclaimed the Republic.' I ran to the detachment of the 10th Legion, which was stationed in the Place, and said, 'You don't wish for a Republic?' 'No, sacre-bleu,' they said. 'Then come with me to the Chamber.' There were about 150 of them; they ran for their arms. Oudinot joined us, and we moved towards the Chamber; about twenty Deputies met us escaping from the Chamber. 'All is lost,' they said; 'the Duchess is going to the Invalides; the Republic is proclaimed.' And it *was* too late, or we were too few. And the Monarchy fell.

If the Court had been at Versailles, if I had had the command a fortnight before, things might have passed differently. But all had been neglected. No preparation was made for resistance or for retreat; no plan laid down, no instructions given. There were no supplies of ammunition, no deposits of provisions, no collections of the tools for breaking through doors or piercing walls; nothing was thought of, except to follow what was recollected of the management of 1834.

or rather for unarrived, occasions. Among that reserve was the equipment of 250,000 men and an artillery of 400 pieces, which I destined to arm the revolutionists of Italy. We have a provision for five years of war.

March 24th.—The previous pages, though apparently continued, contain the substance of eight different conversations with M. Thiers, on the 8th, 10th, 11th, 16th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, and 23rd. This morning we had our ninth.

Thiers.—Our last conversation brought us to my return to the Place St. Georges. I was advised to change my residence, or at least to sleep out; but I resolved to die, if I was to die, at home. I never was seriously molested, though for some days my rooms were full of persons who came to ask for advice. The counsel which I gave them all was not to emigrate—au dehors ou au dedans; either beyond the frontier or into the provinces.

When the Constituent Assembly was convoked I offered myself for the Bouches-du-Rhône, which I had represented for twenty years; but they had not courage to elect me. Soon after it had met I was returned by one of the departments in which there had been a double nomination; but I lost the 15th of May, almost the only great event of the last twenty years that I have missed. The committee which I joined was that of finance; it was the one in which I thought most good might be done, or rather most evil averted. I could not prevent their making bank-notes a legal tender; but I stopped them when they were trying to

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I have often talked to the ministers and to M. Guizot about the dangers to which their want of preparation exposed the minority, but I never could excite their interest or even gain their attention. There was a sort of sneer, as if they thought I was talking in hopes of obtaining a command.

Tout à vous de cœur,

(Signed) BUGEAUD.

deluge the country with paper; I forced them to reimburse the holders of *bons de trésor* with *rentes* at the real, not the nominal value, and I secured to the public creditor his dividend.

Next to finance the department which I most influenced was foreign affairs. B. threw himself on my mercy. I visited him at the Boulevard des Capucins almost every morning. There I found *ce gredin* in M. Guizot's cabinet with his feet on a table and a cigar in his mouth. I kept him from mischief; but what opportunities were then lost!

That Assembly was in many respects excellent: it was disinterested; it was patriotic; it was bold, as against internal enemies; but it had an ignorant dread of foreign ones. If I had been allowed, I could have made la grandeur de la France without war and in a single summer.

Senior.—And what sort of grandeur would you have given to her?

Thiers.—I would not have touched Belgium. You would not have suffered that, nor would Belgium be useful to us, except to increase our maritime strength; and for us to try to compete with you on the sea is as absurd as it would be for you if you were to try to be a great power on land. But I would have extended our frontier to Mayence. Mayence is the key of Germany. We could have bribed or frightened Hesse and Bavaria into acquiescence, and the rest of Europe would not have thought the matter worth a war. I should have liked to go to Coblentz, but would not have risked a quarrel with Prussia.

Senior.—But are you sure that you would not have had to quarrel with *us* before you got Mayence?

Thiers.—I think that we could have offered to you motives for acquiescing.

One of the greatest dangers to Europe arises from the subservience of Austria to Russia. And this subservience

arises from her Italian provinces, which employ her best troops, and expose her constantly to foreign and civil war. Now at this time she cared little for Lombardy, and could easily have been persuaded to give up Venice and the Venetian *terra firma*. I would have tempted her with Moldavia and Wallachia, and, if she would have taken them, Bosnia and Servia and Bulgaria; in short, with all that lies between her present territory and the Balkan. Of course this could not have been done without war with Russia.

But it is so thoroughly your interest to stop the encroachments of Russia, and to strengthen Austria, that I think we should have had your sympathies in the struggle, and that you would not have grudged us Mayence as the reward.

Senior.—What would you have done with Italy?

Thiers.—Of course I should have united Lombardy and the Venetian territory to Piedmont, and I think that I should have added to her also Parma and Modena. Tuscany and Naples I should not have touched. The States of the Church, north of the Apennines, might have been converted into one or more Republics, and the whole of Italy should have been a confederation, like the German Bund or Switzerland, with Piedmont for its Vorort for military purposes, and Naples for maritime ones.

Senior.—But would you have liked to have a great confederate Italian Empire for your immediate neighbour?

Thiers.—Why not? We do not find the German Empire a dangerous neighbour.

What is to be feared is a great power under a single will, such as Austria under Schwartzenberg, or Russia under Nicholas, or France under Louis Napoleon. A confederacy is seldom aggressive, and always gives you full warning.

And we should have repaid ourselves by taking Savoy. This would give us a good frontier instead of an execrable one, and it would give us the best military population in the world. The only tolerable army in Italy is that of Piedmont, and it owes almost all its merits to its Savoyard element.

Senior.—But what would you have done with the Pope?

Thiers.—He should have occupied something like the position of the Archbishop of Mayence under the German Empire. He should have been the Arch-Chancellor of the Italian confederation and Sovereign only of Rome with the Campagna and the old patrimony of St. Peter.

Senior.—But you are now supposing a war, and a war probably of some campaigns. I thought that you were to make la grandeur de la France peacefully and in a single summer.

Thiers.—That was on the supposition of your acquiescence in our taking Mayence. With your assistance, or even with your neutrality, we can do what we like. But you must recollect that these are schemes which never were proposed, which never indeed have been thought out, even by myself. They are rather my wishes than my intentions, and perhaps rather fancies than even wishes. You must not attach any real weight to them.

March 25th. — *Senior.*—What part did you take in framing the constitution?

Thiers.—I was not on the Commission, for I was not a member of the Assembly when it was appointed. But I was a member of a Commission which was afterwards appointed to criticise it. It was an odd and not a very wise arrangement; we were to offer objections or amendments, but had no voice as to their acceptance or rejection.

The constitution was divisible into two branches—the social principles which it enunciated and the political institutions which it founded. We thought the first by far the most important. We knew that its political institutions would be ephemeral.

We cared little about the origin of the Presidential power, as we believed its termination to be at hand. We remonstrated against a single Chamber; we remonstrated against the responsibility of the President, which must enormously increase his power and diminish that of his ministers, but we submitted much more patiently than we ought to have done to the adherence of the committee to their original draft.

In the social part of the constitution we were more successful. The committee, consisting principally of violent Democrats, such as Lamennais, Martin, Pagès, Marrast, and Cormenin, had introduced their enactments by a socialist prologue, in which they recognised the droit au travail, the impôt progressif, and the prohibition of military substitutes. We forced them to substitute the devoir du travail and the impôt proportionnel, and we erased the prohibition of remplacement.

These solemn declarations at the head of constitutions do not perhaps do much good when they are right, but they may do much harm if they are wrong, and we were anxious that the constitution, short-lived as we knew that it must be, should at least proclaim no anarchical principles.

My principal instrument for influencing the Assembly was the club of the Rue de Poitiers. It consisted of 300 of the most eminent Deputies, and from its discipline, its compactness, and the personal character of its members, controlled the inexperienced and disunited remainder. The *Constitutionnel* was its organ, and the greater part, and by

far the best part, of the public press was at its disposition. It exercised a preponderating influence over almost all the great towns, and great influence even in the rural districts.

In the autumn we had to decide a question to which subsequent events have given a great importance. It was whether Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, having been elected a representative, should be allowed to take his seat, which involved the question whether the exclusion of the Bonaparte family should be maintained.

I was anxious to maintain it. I urged that no pretender could safely be allowed to inhabit the country of which he claimed the throne; that his mere presence must be a constant conspiracy, but that if we let in one, we must let in all. The Orleans family and the branche aînée as well as the Bonapartes.

They would not hear of letting in the Orleanists. They had been too recently expelled; the branche aînée was too unpopular. But the Bonapartes had been absent for thirty-four years. Their faults were forgotten, except by a few historians like me. Their exclusion was a law of the Restoration, and all the laws of the restoration were abominations. Then their personal characters were too despicable to inspire fear; they had suffered a long exile; so, partly from contempt, and partly from pity, and partly from hatred of the laws of the restoration, Louis Napoleon was allowed to take his seat, and then his cousins could not be excluded. If I had succeeded in recalling at the same time the Orleans family, the danger would have been very much diminished. The Prince de Joinville would have been a formidable competitor to Louis Napoleon, and his Presidency would probably have ended in Monarchy, but certainly not in despotism. In the existing state of parties, the club of

the Rue de Poitiers exercised great influence over the nomination of the President of the Republic.

One of the worst faults of universal suffrage is its obscurity. In this respect it resembles despotism. You can predict the manner in which an Assembly will act; you can predict what a much larger body, all belonging to a certain class, like our old Pays-légal, will do; but you never can be sure what will be the conduct either of one individual, or of nine millions of individuals.

The candidate whom we considered the most dangerous was Ledru Rollin. We endeavoured anxiously to ascertain his strength, but we miscalculated it most grossly. We gave him between two and three million votes. He got scarcely more that 300,000. But with our exaggerated estimate of his force, we thought no precautions against him excessive. Molé, who, though no speaker, had from his powers of intrigue enormous influence with the moderate party, proposed to me that Bugeaud or I should be a candidate. 'You may then,' he said, 'throw the Republic into the Seine.' 'I detest the Republic,' I said, 'as much as you do; but if I were its President I should be forced to support it. This is a sufficient reason for my declining the candidature. Another is that, as Cavaignac will certainly be a candidate, Bugeaud or I should divide the moderate party, and perhaps let in the common enemy, Ledru Rollin.' Bugeaud was in the country. I communicated to him Molé's proposal, and to my surprise he accepted. I wrote strongly to dissuade him, and he submitted, but with no good grace, and I believe never absolutely gave up the hope of success.

There remained Cavaignac and Louis Napoleon. I preferred Cavaignac, and so did the majority of the club; but before we accepted him it was necessary to impose on him some conditions. They were not rigorous.

We required :—

First. That the temporary law closing the clubs should be made permanent.

Secondly. That the decrees of the previous June, the most important of which was the maintenance in Paris of an army of 50,000 men, should be maintained.

Thirdly. That the revolutionary Assembly then sitting at Frankfort should not be recognized.

Fourthly. That we should support the Piedmontese Royalty, and discontinue the intrigues by which we were striving to convert Turin, Alexandria, and Genoa into Republics.

Cavaignac's answer, communicated through Bastide and Hetsel, was that he could not enter into positive engagements, but would endeavour to comply with our conditions. This was not an answer likely to please a popular Assembly, and my friends began to lean towards Louis Napoleon.

It was now within about a fortnight of the election; Molé and I left the Assembly together, and as we passed the embarcadère of the Rouen railroad we got out of the carriage, and walked up and down in the colonnade until we had decided who should be the ruler of France. As against Louis Napoleon I supported Cavaignac. 'I do not much like him,' I said, 'but he is an honest man; he has military talents and the habit of command; he will repress conspirators and insurgents, and he will not conspire himself. Louis Napoleon is a pretender; all his friends and advisers are of the worst description; he is ignorant, rash, and obstinate; he will discredit the party that supports him, and give us at last only the alternative of civil war or despotism.'

'Cavaignac,' answered Molé, 'c'est la mauvaise république; he is always thinking of his father and his brother. His friend Bastide is as objectionable as any of Louis

Napoleon's entourage. He will not engage even to keep the clubs closed, or the army in Paris, or to relieve Italy from the firebrands that we have sent there. Louis Napoleon hates the Republic; he will pave the way to a restoration which Cavaignac would strive to prevent; the opposition of the Gauche will force him to rely on the Droite, to take its ministers and to adopt its principles; in short, he will be our instrument, whereas Cavaignac would be our master.'

I was not convinced; but I yielded. We went that evening to the Rue de Poitiers, proposed Louis Napoleon as the candidate of the Parti de l'Ordre, and carried him with little opposition. An acquaintance of mine at Rochelle, M. Boutet, whose letter on the subject of the candidature I answered, thought fit, in the unbounded liberty of the press which exists as respects private communications, to print the correspondence. You will see that in my letter, which is dated the 3rd of December, I treat the success of Louis Napoleon not as a good, but as a less evil than that of Cavaignac.*

He was at that time in the Hôtel du Rhin, living on £8000, which he had borrowed. He was very anxious to enter into communication with the Rue de Poitiers Club; but we had repelled him with little ceremony. As soon however as the club had decided, I inserted in the *Constitutionnel* a notice that L. N. Bonaparte was the candidate of the Parti de l'Ordre; but to prevent its being supposed that I had turned Bonapartist, I added, 'M. Thiers n'a pas de relations politiques avec M. L. N. Bonaparte, et *n'en aura*

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* Thiers's letter ends thus:—'Sans affirmer que la nomination de M. L. Bonaparte soit le bien, elle paraît à nous tous, hommes modérés, un moindre mal.'

'Voyage en Belgique, Lettres Politiques.' Rochelle, p. 107. This little pamphlet has some curious matter.

jamais.' The next day he came to me overflowing with gratitude, protestations, and devotion.

He was suppleness itself, compared to Cavaignac. There was no sacrifice that he would not make, no engagement that he would not enter into. His highest ambition was to be a mere instrument of the Parti de l'Ordre. He relied on me for his minister, &c. He fancied that because I had written the history of Napoleon I must be a friend of the Bonapartes. Now, though I revere the great name, I detest and despise his family. So I received his advances coldly, almost contemptuously. He begged me at least to look at his address. I told him that it was detestable, full of socialism and bad French, and sent him back to try and write a new one.

Senior.—Do you estimate his courage highly?

Thiers.—No one can say what may be a man's physical courage until he has been seen under fire. As to his moral courage, he certainly has done very rash things; but he appears to me to want resolution. He forms great plans; matures them by solitary reflection; never abandons them, but keeps deferring their execution. He might just as well have made the coup d'état in 1848 as in 1851; and I doubt whether he would have made it even then if he had not been forced on by his accomplices.

Saturday, March 27th.—Our conversation this morning was rather desultory.

Thiers.—The English are the only people that I respect; the Italians the only people that I love; all the rest—the Russians, the Germans, the Spaniards, the Americans—excite my detestation or contempt, or more frequently both. But among your institutions there are some so opposed to my sympathies and judgment that I would not submit to them in order to obtain all your wealth and

all your civilization. I have seen things at your châteaux at which I could scarcely avoid expressing my indignation.

Senior.—What could they have been?

Thiers.—I mean the sacrifice of a whole family to one of its members. It is your detestable right of primogeniture which forces you to make slaves of a hundred millions of Hindoos, in order to enable an English younger son to consume the revenue that would have fed fifty Indian families, and to bring back a proconsular fortune. It is primogeniture which makes half your gentlemen exiles, and half your ladies old maids.

Senior.—Like all foreigners, you exaggerate enormously the influence of our laws of primogeniture. In the first place it applies only to fee-simple lands, to a rental not amounting to thirty millions a year; in the second place it acts only in the absence of a will or a settlement; and, thirdly, it is only within a very narrow circle that what is called making an eldest son takes place. I have made thousands of wills and settlements, and not one in a hundred was based on any principle but that of equal partition. Where there is a fine place, an historical name, or a local influence which has lasted for centuries, a testator or a settler naturally gives to *one* things which cannot be divided without being destroyed; but those who are tempted to act thus necessarily form a very small class. As for India it is the appanage not of the aristocracy, but of the bourgeoisie, who are quite unstained by the vice of primogeniture.

Thiers.—How then are we to account for the number of your old maids? In France marriage is the rule, with you it seems the exception?

Senior.—That arises from the difference in the proportion of children to a marriage. In France there are

only three, in England nearly five. As a third of the children that are born die under age, a French couple has seldom more than one daughter to marry. An English family consists often of six or seven. The population of England has more than doubled in less than three hundred years. If our families were as small as yours we should have as few old maids.

To return to India, I have no doubt that our administration is imperfect, but yet it is the best that that country has ever enjoyed.

Thiers.—That may be, and indeed I have no doubt that it is so, but it is a foreign Government. If you were a Pole you would not be satisfied to be well governed by Russia.

Senior.—The Governments of the greater part of India for centuries have been foreign. We expelled the Mahometan Governments, and, if we are driven out, foreigners will, in all probability, be our successors; and I must add that I do not sympathise with your feelings of nationality. I am all for bien-être. I wish for comfort and security; to be able to make my fortune and enjoy it; and the Government that best enables me to do that is to me the best, whether it be native or foreign.

Thiers.—Well, I am not sufficiently Epicurean to make the merit of a Government depend on the bien-être which it confers, or at least protects. I could not enjoy comfort and security under a despot.

Senior.—Nor could I, for I could not believe in their performance. But if it were possible to secure a succession of perfectly wise and perfectly benevolent despots, I would surrender to them my liberty.

Thiers.—I should miss the free discussion and exciting conflicts of popular institutions. I should prefer to an enlightened despotism even the base

semblance of freedom which we enjoyed under the Monarchy.

Senior.—That is to say, you prefer the state of things under which you must be the first person in your country. And yet you endeavoured to subvert the Republic which was a really popular Government in order to restore the Monarchy which was, as you say, only a semblance of one.

Thiers.—If the Monarchy should be restored, it will be a really popular Government; it will be one in which the King will reign but not govern.

Senior.—Who invented that phrase which has been quoted till it is trite?

Thiers.—It was mine; it ended a paper which appeared in the *National,* in which I explained the theory of representative government; contrasted that of England with that of France, and ended by laying down as a principle that under a really constitutional system 'le roi règne et ne gouverne pas.' And I acted on it. I never allowed Louis Philippe to interfere with me when I was his minister, and therefore my tenure of office was short and interrupted. I remember in 1840 in the midst of the Eastern storm, the King one day wanted to interfere with my arrangements respecting the affairs of La Plata. I threw my portefeuille on the table and left the cabinet, and it was three days before my colleagues could persuade me to return.

Senior.—Do you expect a restoration?

Thiers.—The state of parties is this. The noblesse is Legitimist, the bourgeoisie Orleanist, the peasantry Bonapartist, and the lower ranks of the towns Republican. If the movement that is to overthrow the present tyranny should come from below, the next Govern-

ment will be Republican. If it comes from above it will be Monarchical.

Senior.—In which branch?

Thiers.—What I should prefer would be that Henri V. should adopt the Comte de Paris.

Senior.—You are rather a Fusionist then, than an Orleanist?

Thiers.—I do not call myself an Orleanist. I love the charming woman at Esher, and I love her children; but the Orleans family have no claim on me; they have always persecuted me, and I have opposed them. By birth I belong to the people; my family were humble merchants in Marseilles; they had a small trade with the Levant in cloth, which was ruined by the revolution. By education I am a Bonapartist; I was born when Napoleon was at the summit of his glory. By tastes and habits and associations I am an aristocrat. I have no sympathy with the bourgeoisie or with any system under which they are to rule. Nor am I precisely a Fusionist, for the Fusionists do not require the adoption of the Comte de Paris. They trust to the chance of Henri V. having no children. I do not. I trust to nothing in France.

Senior.—But if Henri Cinq were to adopt the Comte de Paris, and afterwards to have a son, would not that son be a pretender?

Thiers.—No; we have introduced into our legislation the Roman law of adoption in its full force. An adopted son is for all purposes whatever a real son. If the Comte de Paris were adopted by Henri Cinq, and if that adoption were sanctioned by the Legislature, no son of Henri V. could disturb it, or in fact would attempt to disturb it.

So little am I an Orleanist, that if Louis Napoleon

after his coup d'état had founded a real constitution, with an hereditary peerage and a House of Commons fairly chosen, and had handed over to it the government of the country, reserving to himself only the high place of a constitutional king, I should joyfully have adhered to him. I should have pardoned the means, in my approbation of the end. And so would nine-tenths of France, not merely the nine-tenths of the peasantry and rabble who have voted for him now, but nine-tenths of all that is enlightened as well as of all that is prolétaire.* He might have had Guizot and me for his ministers, or more probably Guizot alone—for I should have preferred standing apart, as the friend of the administration, like Sir Robert Peel—and there would have been such a parliamentary majority as has not been since the first days of Louis XVIII.

Senior.—And would his dynasty have lasted?

Thiers.—I see no reason why it might not have lasted for centuries. Constitutional Monarchy is the form that suits us best. We are unfit for a Republic; we cannot breathe under a despotism. What we want is a king who will fill the first place, and leave us to manage our own affairs. In a short time Louis Napoleon would have been no longer looked on as a usurper; the coup d'état would have been regarded as a sort of restoration. The glories of his uncle would have given him a legitimacy which would have effaced that of Henri V.

Monday, March 29th.—We were to have had a conversation yesterday, but Thiers was unwell, and to-day was substituted.

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* Those who live from hand to mouth.—Ed.

When we met, he said that he hoped that his absence had not spoilt my day. I said no; that I had spent it in looking at Munro's pictures. This led him to talk of the English collections. He rates them low.

Thiers.—Your churches are empty, your National Gallery is merely a good private collection; your private galleries swarm with copies. The only really fine galleries are those of Paris and Italy, and the Louvre is the richest of them all—not in statues, perhaps not in pictures, but of engravings it has more and better than all of them put together. And engravings, that is to say etchings, are art in its freest, in its freshest, in its most volatile form. A picture is a work of time; it proceeds by degrees. The artist makes a sketch, and then a drawing, and then marks the outline, and then puts in one layer of colour and then another—all the while his enthusiasm and imagination are getting cold, and at last depends for the completion of his work rather on his memory than on his invention. With aqua fortis Albert Dürer could fix his wildest fancies as they rose in his mind.

But treasures such as those of the Louvre and Venice cannot be obtained by means of votes of the House of Commons or by a fine arts commission. They have been gradually accumulated during ages of advancing civilization in capitals which consisted of palaces, when you were living within mud walls, with your floor strewed with rushes. Refinement, a love of beauty, a preference for the pleasures of the imagination to those afforded by luxury or by ostentation, either a knowledge of the principles of art, or a feeling which almost instinctively estimates their result—all these qualities must long have been diffused among a nation before it can be eminent in art as an inventor or even as a possessor. With all your wealth, and all your intelligence, and

all your efforts, you have not yet succeeded in becoming either the one or the other.

What a nation is France! How mistaken in her objects, how absurd in her means, yet how glorious is the result of her influence and of her example! I do not say that we are a happy people; I do not say that we are good neighbours; we are always in hot water ourselves, and we are always the pest and the plague of all who have anything to do with us, but after all we are the salt of the earth. We are always fighting, always inquiring, always inventing, always destroying prejudices, and breaking up institutions, and supplying political science with new facts, new experiments, and new warnings. Two or three thousand years hence, when civilization has passed on in its westward course, when Europe is in the state we now see Asia Minor and Syria and Egypt, only two of her children will be remembered. One a sober well-disposed good boy, the other a riotous unmanageable spoilt child, and I am not sure that posterity will not like the naughty boy best.

Senior.—Do you put France as high in art as in science and in arms?

Thiers.—Certainly I do, with the exception of painting, in which we are nothing. Where is there Gothic architecture like that of our cathedrals? Where is there a classical building equal to the façade of the Louvre?

Senior.—What think you of the great temple of Pæstum?

Thiers.—That is a glorious monument, but not equal to the Louvre. If we go to the arts which depend on language, where is there eloquence like that of Bossuet? Where is there a depth of intelligence like that of Molière? Where is there poetry ike that of Racine? The choruses of Esther and Athalie are to all other com-

positions like a Raphael Virgin to one of Guercino or Guido.

Senior.—Do you put Racine above Shakspeare?

Thiers.—I cannot compare him with Shakspeare, whom I read only in translations; but I put him above Homer; I put him above Virgil, whom he most resembles; I put him, in short, above all that I know.

And now let us go from criticism to history. We left off at Louis Napoleon's election. He earnestly pressed me to act as his minister; but after having served the greatest monarch of his time, after having stood on the same elevation as Metternich and Peel, I could not descend to be the instrument or even the associate of a pretender. He entreated me then at least to make a Ministry for him, a task for which he had the sense to feel his own incompetence. So I gave him Barrot, Drouyn de Lhuys, Faucher, and Passy, and the rest of that Cabinet, with Bugeaud for the grand army which watched the Italian frontier, and Changarnier as commander-in-chief in Paris. I advised him to dress as what he was, a civilian; to make his household of maîtres de requêtes and secretaries, and to imitate with some embellishments American simplicity. 'Maintain,' I said, 'the Republic; convince the people that so far as it depends on you a new revolution is not to be feared, and you may make your own terms with them.' As soon as he assumed the uniform, surrounded himself with aides-de-camp, and became the Prince President and Monseigneur, I saw what was to follow. Among the first appointments, the most questionable was that of Changarnier. He has courage and talent, but he is ignorant, even in his own profession. He belongs by birth to the petite noblesse of Burgundy; he has not passed through our military schools; he has the pretensions of a gentilhomme

and the vanity of a parvenu; he is restless and he is ambitious. He had not been appointed a month before he was anxious to make a new revolution. The Constituent Assembly was the most honest that France had ever seen. It began clothed with Socialist prejudices, of which I stripped it one by one; but it was sincerely Republican; not as believing a Republic suitable to France, but as seeing that despotism or anarchy were the only two alternatives. Its great fault, or rather the source of its faults during the latter period of its existence, was that it could not bear to die. Its consciousness that its life, even if it should end naturally, could not be long, made it always peevish and ill-tempered; its fear that either the President or the mob intended to kill it made it sometimes furious.

I was as Republican as the Assembly, and never would sanction, or even listen to, the plans of coups d'état which were made to me from all sides.

I remember in particular a meeting at which only Molé, Broglie, Changarnier, the President, and I were present, about six weeks after his election. The question was whether the time was not come 'pour en finir avec l'Assemblée;' whether its violence, its absurdities, its delays, and its mischievous interferences were not become absolutely intolerable. I have the picture of the conference in my mind's eye: The President sat anxious and reserved, Molé irresolute, Changarnier impatient, Broglie uneasy and annoyed. I walked up and down, as I am doing now, abusing the idea of a coup d'état as mischievous and absurd. 'Laissez crier l'Assemblée,' I said; 'Barrot est aussi criard qu'elle. Il est fait pour ça; c'est son métier; et il le fait bien. What harm do its absurdities, and its violence, and its interruptions do, except to itself? They may discredit the Legislature, but they strengthen the executive. If it

actually attacks the executive, beat it down; if it lays its hands on the sceptre, cut them off; but do not waste the heroic but painful operation of a coup d'état until the disease is so obstinate and so dangerous as to justify the remedy.

As I went on the President's face kept brightening and brightening. The adjournment of the coup d'état obviously relieved him from an oppressive load of anxiety. He seemed to feel that he was reprieved; that a new lease of grandeur and luxury was offered to him before he need tread the path that must end in a throne or a scaffold. Changarnier was as much struck by his manner as I was. 'Avez-vous vu,' he said to me as we went out, 'la mine qu'a fait le Président? Après tout c'est un ——' I will not repeat the word, but it was one of unbounded contempt.

Senior.—At what time of day was this conference?

Thiers.—Between ten and eleven in the morning.

Senior.—About six weeks after 10th December?

Thiers.—About that time.

Senior.—Then it must have been on the celebrated 29th of January; the day on which Changarnier—without consulting Marrast, the President of the Assembly—surrounded the Palais Bourbon with 30,000 men, and when Marrast sent for him to explain what he was doing, sent back word that he was with the President of the Republic, and could not come.

Thiers.—I have no doubt that this meeting must have taken place on the 29th of January, and that Changarnier was urging the President to a coup d'état, and would have succeeded if he had had a more resolute accomplice. The President acts as a child takes medicine—after having poured it out and looked at it, and carried it to his lips,

and set it down again half a dozen times—at last, however, he gulps it down.

Tuesday, March 30th.—Thiers.—We left the President in the first three months of his power, with Barrot for his minister and me for his adviser, or rather for his dissuader, for almost all that I did was to keep him from follies. What he wanted, above all, was my sanction to his imperial tendencies. And I have sometimes almost regretted that I did not favour them, and try to turn him into a constitutional monarch.

I think that I should have preferred that to the restoration. A restoration is always a miserable half-measure; and the restoration of the branche aînée would be like the restoration of your Stuarts, not of Charles II., but of James III. An Englishman cannot estimate the folly, the ignorance, the stupidity, the prejudices, or violence of the Legitimists. Your dullest or your most insolent Tories are Liberals compared to them. To me who saw them re-enter behind the English bayonets, they would be insupportable if they were angels. And if the branche cadette is to be absorbed in the branche aînée, I do not know that they would be much better.

Senior.—Your only resource then, must be to try and obtain a Coburg.

Thiers.—I perfectly agree with you. I have long thought so; and if I could have had my own way, I would have spread the Coburg family over the whole of Western Europe. I tried earnestly to persuade Louis Philippe to favour the Coburg marriage in Spain. I think that we might have planted a Coburg in Italy. A family alliance, comprehending England, Belgium, France, Spain, and Portugal, even without Italy, would have been a counterpoise to the northern confederacy. It would have

been more than a counterpoise; it would have been irresistible.

To return to Louis Napoleon. He tried to seduce me through my family. I am absolute out-of-doors, but a slave at home. I tell my wife that at home I am chez elle; when out I am chez moi. He utterly failed with her. She is devoted to the Orleans family, though she springs, like myself, from the bourgeoisie. Louis Philippe was very fond of her. She is not accustomed to shed tears; but she wept bitterly at his death. Louis Napoleon behaved with great tact and temper; always handed her in; always put her by his side; but never could get a word from her. I went to him whenever he sent for me, but never spontaneously. The constant recurring subject of his conversation was that something must be done; that it was necessary to dazzle the people by some great social ameliorations or by war. The first proposal I always treated with contempt. 'You cannot make,' I said, 'great and sudden social ameliorations. Proudhon's banque de crédit and Louis Blanc's organisation of labour are follies that would make you, according to the extent they were carried out, contemptible or odious. You have nothing to do but to be quiet, and to keep other people quiet. Maintain a sufficient and well-organised military force in Paris; show the power and the determination to put down energetically and punish inexorably any attempt at insurrection, and prosperity will return as if by magic. This is the case after every revolution. The people are tired and poor; they want mental rest and bodily employment. The markets that our labouring classes have been accustomed to supply have become empty while the ouvrier was carrying arms, and the capitalist was hiding his money. The demand will be enormous; and if the working classes are busy, they do not want to be dazzled. As to war,' I used to say, 'it is incom-

patible with the commercial and manufacturing improvement which I promise to you. It will produce distress, want of employment, secret societies, revolutionary passions; in short, everything that you most wish to avoid. The policy of aggrandisement is a fit one when a country is overflowing with superfluous capital and unemployed energy; but when we are struggling to recover the losses of a revolution, our diplomacy ought to be honest and conciliatory. We ought not to try to pick quarrels abroad when we are surrounded by enemies at home.

I am not sure that, as respects war, my advice was wise. Ever since 1848 our foreign policy has been subordinate to our domestic difficulties. We have been too insecure at home to assume the tone which belongs to us abroad. If, indeed, the President had followed my advice as a whole—if by frankly supporting the Republic, and by remaining, as would then have been the case, on good terms with the Assembly, he had created a feeling of security, and enabled commerce and industry to revive—he would have had a peaceful but a glorious reign. But the hostility of the Assembly, which arose from his obvious determination to become a usurper, produced all the insecurity and distress which were to be feared from war, without the compensation of military success. Perhaps it would have been better if I had allowed him to overrun the Continent.

One of the occasions on which I had the most difficulty to control him was the day that we heard of the battle of Novara. He sent for me directly after dinner. I found him gloomy and excited. 'You see,' he said, 'the result of your pacific policy! I cannot endure this Austrian aggrandisement. We must immediately send an army across the Alps.' 'If that was to be done at all,' I said, 'it ought to have been done a month ago, when Piedmont was capable

of receiving assistance. Now she is in the grip of Austria, and will be forced to disclaim your interference. You may occupy Savoy; but as soon as you cross the frontier the Austrians will seize Turin. You may destroy the throne of your friend the King of Sardinia, and occasion his kingdom to be partitioned, and perhaps get a small slice of it for France, but this will be dearly purchased by a general war.'

We debated the matter for a couple of hours very uselessly. At last I thought the best plan would be to throw him on the difficulties of execution. So with the air of a man who yields without being convinced, I said, 'Well, I will no longer contest the desirableness of your object; let us see what are your means. We shall want 85,000 men at the foot of the Alps. About that there is no great difficulty; but we must have 300,000 on the Rhine. For this we must have an additional conscription. We shall want, if the war is to last, 250,000,000 a year of additional revenue, this we can borrow from the bank. It has 400,000,000 of treasure in its vaults which it can lend safely, as its notes are inconvertible, and the interest which we shall give will be pure profit.'

And I sat down and sketched three decrees—one ordering a conscription of 250,000 men, another directing them to be armed and embodied, and a third giving the Minister of War a credit for 200,000,000.

'Nonsense,' said the President; 'the Assembly will never grant me all this.'

'I do not think that it will,' I answered, 'but you cannot engage in a general war—and a war with Austria is a war with Russia, and probably with England—on any other conditions.'

'Are we then,' he said, 'quietly to see the Austrians seize Turin, and crush Piedmont by a requisition of 220,000,000?'

'By no means,' I replied; 'but I think we can avert such extremities as this by negotiation. Have you seen Hübner yet?'

'No,' he answered; 'but I should like to see him.'

'Then,' I said, 'I will bring him to you.'

Senior.—I was not aware that at that time you had any diplomatic relations with Austria.

Thiers.—We had none; but Hübner had been sent to Paris by Schwartzenberg with a letter to me from King Leopold. He was in fact accredited to me, and was generally at my house in the evening. It was about twelve at night when I got home—our family hours are late; Hübner was still in my salon. I found him very much elated with the news of the day. 'We shall now,' he said, 'revenge ourselves on Piedmont for the treachery and baseness of her attack. We shall give those Republicans a lesson which they will not recover for a century. Charles Albert has destroyed in a week the kingdom which it took his ancestors three centuries to collect and consolidate.' I ventured to express some doubts as to the feeling with which France would look on the extinction of the only counterpoise in Upper Italy to the Austrian power, but with a timidity which increased his confidence and his violence. 'We shall not respect,' he said, 'the feelings of any power that attempts to interfere between us and our just resentment. We are quite ready for war if in order to exercise our rights war is to be encountered.'

I now suddenly changed my tone. 'You have uttered,' I said, 'a word which is almost banished from civilized diplomacy. No one pronounces that word unless he wishes to bring it on. Am I to understand that such is your wish? You will find us perfectly prepared for it. I have passed the whole night with the President striving to prevent his instantly declaring it. The decrees calling out 250,000 ad-

ditional conscripts, and providing 250,000,000 for their equipment, are already drawn up. If I merely repeat to him your last words they will be presented to the Assembly to-morrow.'

He cooled as if I had thrown over him a pail of cold water.

'God forbid,' he said, 'that I should wish for war, and above all for war with France.'

'Then why,' I said, 'talk about it? Why threaten measures which you know must bring it on? Why propose to crush Piedmont when you know that she is under our protection?'

'We do not,' he answered, 'propose to crush Piedmont; we only require her to pay the expense to which she has put us by her treacherous aggression.'

'That you should be repaid,' I replied, 'so much of those expenses as Piedmont can pay without ruin, is perfectly just. But I am told that you demand 220,000,000, a sum far beyond the means of so small a country.' '220,000,000,' he said, 'is what the war has cost us; that is therefore the sum to which we are entitled, if Piedmont has the means of paying it. But we are ready to reduce it if she can prove her inability.' 'In short,' I said, 'the amount is an open question to be solved diplomatically.' With this understanding our conference ended.

I consulted Brignole, the Sardinian minister, and found him ready to engage to pay 100,000,000. I reported this to Hübner as the maximum that it was possible to extort. Hübner accepted it with little remonstrance. But when the Piedmontese Chamber were required to sanction and provide it, with the usual avarice of Italians, and folly of newly enfranchised Constitutionalists, they refused to raise it. They said that 75,000,000 was all that could be wrung from the people.

Such had been on Schwartzenberg the effect of our resolute attitude that he accepted the 75,000,000.

This transaction illustrates the dangerous facilities of a paper currency. The decree of the Provisional Government making bank notes a legal tender, and inconvertible, would have enabled us to carry on a great war for two years without additional taxes or a loan. All that would have been necessary would have been to borrow the treasure of the bank, to require the bank to make an additional issue of 100,000,000, and to borrow that sum also. The 400,000,000 of specie taken from the vaults of the bank would have gone abroad; the 100,000,000 of additional issue would not have been enough to occasion a sensible depreciation of the currency. The war would have appeared to cost nothing. But it would have been impossible to return to cash payments, without severe and protracted suffering.

Wednesday, March 31*st.*—*Thiers.*—Now we come to the Roman expedition. It follows well the Piedmontese negotiations, for it was intimately connected with them.

Cavaignac wanted to interfere in November. The Pope was then in the Quirinal, not actually deposed, but in the power of the Republicans. He proposed to send Lamoricière to Rome with 4000 men, and expected the gates to be opened to them. 'Do you interfere,' I said, 'in favour of the Pope, or in favour of the Republic?' 'Of course,' he said, 'I am for the Pope.' 'Then,' I replied, 'you will destroy him. As soon as it is known that you are coming, the Mazzinists will cut his throat, and take measures to prevent the regular election of any successor. And you propose to march on a walled town with 4000 men, and you think that the Republicans will open their gates to you

and give up their last hold in Italy? Your whole scheme is a tissue of absurdities.'

When the Piedmontese question had enabled me to renew our diplomatic relations with Austria, we asked for an explanation of her Italian policy. 'We do not,' she said, 'intend to allow any Republics to exist in Italy. As for Tuscany, we shall settle that business ourselves. Tuscany is a fief of the empire; we shall allow no one to interfere with us there. And we shall occupy Bologna, Urbino, Romagna, Ancona; in short, all the Papal territory north of the Apennines. But as for Rome and the southern part of the States of the Church, all that we require is the restoration of the Pope. There are only three modes of effecting this. One is by our taking it into our own hands. This we are ready to do if you prefer it. Another is for you to take the matter into your hands. This also we are ready to acquiesce in. Or, lastly, if you will not do it yourselves, and do not wish to see us do it, that it shall be done by an army composed of contingents from the principal Catholic powers—Naples, Tuscany, Spain, and ourselves. We offer you the choice.'

Now it was obvious that of these three plans, two were in their results identical, for the composite army—the *gâchis*—would have been under the control of Austria. The first question therefore was, should we occupy Rome ourselves, or suffer it to be seized by Austria?

You can scarcely estimate the importance that we attach to Rome. As the throne of Catholicism, as the centre of art, as having long been the second city of the French Empire, it fills in our minds almost as great a space as Paris. To know that the Austrian flag was flying on the Castle of St. Angelo is a humiliation under which no Frenchman could bear to exist. It was clear therefore that we must occupy Rome ourselves. But were we to do

so as the supporters of the Republic or as the restorers of the Pope? To support the Republic was to engage in a European war. All southern Europe is Catholic: the lower classes from belief, the higher classes from sentiment or policy. They all think that the Pope cannot be a subject; that it is essential to his station as the head of the Catholic Church that he should be the Sovereign of Rome and of some territory—I will not say how much—around Rome. This may be unfortunate for the Roman people; but they must bear it. If we had attempted to support the Roman Republic, the Catholic world would have coalesced against us; even the Emperor of Russia, schismatic as he is, would have joined to drive the Mazzinists from Rome. Moreover, France itself would not have supported any Government in such an attempt. All the believing Catholics—and they form the immense majority; all the anti-Republicans—and they also are a large majority—would have opposed it.

The logical consequence was that we must restore the Pope. But when I proposed this to the President, he hesitated. As his policy is purely selfish, he wishes to offend no party unless he can destroy it. He was trying at this time to conciliate the Montagne, with which, indeed, in their common detestation of the higher classes, and of the bourgeoisie, he has many sympathies. To destroy a sister Republic, and to deny to the Roman people the right of self-government, seemed a violation of the article of the constitution, which forbids the arms of France to be used against the liberties of any other country. However, as the priests were much the stronger power, his desire to please them predominated over his fear of offending the Montagne, and he consented.

It is here that the Piedmontese and Roman transactions meet. In the beginning of April the Assembly had declared that if, to guarantee the integrity of the Piedmon-

tese territory, and to protect the honour and interests of France, the executive should think fit to support its negotiations by a temporary occupation of a position on the coast of Italy, the Assembly would give its assistance.

Founding his demands on this resolution, Odillon Barrot, on the 16th of April, presented to the Assembly a message from the President asking for 1,200,000 francs, for the expenses during three months of an expedition to the Mediterranean. I had earnestly begged him to say nothing about the Roman Republic; not to irritate the Montagne by asserting an intention to overthrow it, nor to deceive the Assembly by pretending that we meant to support it. 'Before the committee,' I said to him, 'of course you must be frank, and explain the reasons which force us to restore the Pope; but before the Assembly be vague. Say that our objects are to maintain our just influence in Italy, to protect our citizens who are established there, and to obtain for the Roman people a good Government founded on liberal institutions.'

It was with some alarm however that I saw him mount the tribune. Barrot is honest and courageous. He is a wonderful speaker to a large and tumultuous assembly. He is a real improvisateur; his unpremeditated addresses—sometimes in reply, sometimes suggested by an incident—seem almost inspired. Where he finds them I cannot guess, they are a hundred times better than his set speeches. But he has no head, no arrangement, no memory. You never can rely on him for the performance of any engagement, not because he intends to break it, but because he does not know that he is breaking it. He never keeps a promise, because he never recollects that he has made one; he never follows your advice, because he never remembers it.

However, he got through the presentation of his

message very dexterously, refused to enter into details, merely promised that the results of the expedition should be the maintenance of the influence of France and of the liberties of Rome.

The question being urgent was immediately referred to a committee. It consisted almost entirely of Liberals or Republicans. Jules Favre, Subervie, Duprat, Grévy, Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, Lamoricière, and Dufaure were members as well as myself.

As soon as we had met of course we sent for the Prime Minister and for Drouyn de Lhuys, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The first question asked was, 'What is the object of the expedition?' et voilà mon Barrot que sans s'étonner répond, 'Pour soutenir la République romaine.' This delighted our Montagnards, but somewhat surprised them. 1,200,000 francs, or less than £50,000, seemed a ridiculously small credit for an expedition which was to support Rome against Austria and Naples. He was asked what would be the instructions to the commander-in-chief. He answered, to seize Civita Vecchia in the name of the French Republic. What next? Why if the Austrians advanced, then to occupy Rome and repel them. But if the Romans refused to let us in? He would not admit the supposition.

Then Drouyn de Lhuys was asked about our negotiations at Gaeta.

I was near them, and wrote on a piece of paper, 'Mon cher Barrot,—Vous avez assez parlé; allez-vous-en.' He looked at it, nodded assent, added one or two not very intelligible sentences, and went off, taking Drouyn de Lhuys with him.

My rule when addressing a deliberative Assembly in matters of great difficulty has always been to tell the whole truth. To mention everything that I intend to do, to state fully all my means, to soften none of the difficulties or of

the objections, but to let my hearers have all the means of coming to a decision that I have myself. In proportion as they are honest and intelligent I find that the arguments which previously convinced me convinced them. Of course this conduct can be adopted only when the ultimate object of the Assembly is the same as your own. If the speaker and the Assembly have different objects, in order to lead, he must deceive them. Here our ultimate object was the same—the interest of France. So I resolved to be perfectly honest.

The sudden retreat of Barrot and Drouyn de Lhuys somewhat disturbed the committee. 'How are we to go on,' they said, 'without the ministers?'

'They are quite right in going,' I said, 'for they only misled you.'

'We are not going to Civita Vecchia to support the Roman Republic; we are going there to restore the Pope.' This was a shell thrown into the committee. 'To restore the Pope!' they cried. 'Yes,' I said, 'to restore the Pope; and I think I can give you sufficient reasons. Are you prepared to make common cause with those who murdered Rossi and stormed the Quirinal? Are you prepared to support a Government which has been imposed on the Roman people by foreign ruffians, and lives by terror, by assassination, and by plunder? Are you prepared for their sake to make war with Austria, backed by Russia, already in possession of all Italy, except Piedmont, and supported by the sympathy of the whole Catholic world?

'Are you prepared for their sake to destroy the independence of the central authority which gives to religion consistency and uniformity, and to let the Pope sink into a Neapolitan subject? If you are not prepared for all this, you are not prepared to support the Roman Republic.

'Another alternative is to remain quiet, and to see the

Pope restored by the Austrians. They desire nothing better. The instant that we refuse to restore him their troops will cross the Apennines. They are waiting only for our decision. Are you willing to give up to Austria all that remains of Italy? This of course is not a subject of argument. What possible course then is there compatible with our interests and our dignity, except to take the initiative, and restore the Pope ourselves.

'And this too is the conduct most beneficial to the Roman people. We shall relieve them from the foreign banditti that now oppress them in the name of liberty. This indeed the Austrians would do. But we shall do what the Austrians would not do—we shall induce the Pope to grant them liberal institutions. A nation called in by a deposed Sovereign, who restores him, has a right to give advice and a right to demand that within certain restrictions it be followed. This right we shall exercise. Instead of the violent reaction of a Pope brought back by Austria, there will be only the réaction modérée of a Pope brought back by France.'

My arguments succeeded. Grévy, a very advanced Liberal, was I think the first who declared himself convinced; the rest followed, and Jules Favre, perhaps the most democratic member of the committee, drew up the report advising the Assembly to grant the credit.

Senior.—I remember that report; it was a most extraordinary result of your discussion. It certainly was not prepared on your principle of honesty. Here is a note of it—'Your committee,' it states, 'has called in Barrot and Drouyn de Lhuys, and has ascertained from them that the Government does not propose that France shall concur in overturning the Republican Government now subsisting in Rome, and that it acts with perfect freedom, fettered by no engagements, consulting only its own interests, its own

honour, and the influence which it ought to exercise on every European question.' It adds, 'that the committee has noted these declarations as the bases of its recommendations—that feeling that France will never become the accomplice of Austria, nor herself, the child of a revolution, will ever assist in enslaving an independent nationality, it declares the matter urgent, and recommends the credit to be granted.' I wonder that the committee acquiesced.

Thiers.—Why, most of them were Montagnards, who sympathised with Jules Favre, and the rest of the committee were too happy to get a favorable report on any terms.

Senior.—Certainly Lamoricière's speech was almost as bad as Favre's report. He too referred to the declarations of the Ministry as if he had not been aware of their falsehood, and he too gave in to the pretext that the expedition was to oppose Austria, knowing perfectly well from you that France and Austria were acting in concert.

And now, leaving out the interests of France, how do you think that your interference affected the Roman people?

Thiers.—I think that we have freed them from the intolerable tyranny of the Republic, and that we have much mitigated the sufferings which necessarily accompany a restoration.

Senior.—I question both these results. All the information that I received in Rome led me to believe, in the first place, that Rome was never so well governed as under the Republic; and secondly, that, hateful as the Papal Government has always been, it has never been so bad as since your occupation.

Thiers.—These are your English ideas. A Catholic is bad enough—obstinate, prejudiced, inaccessible to evidence or to reasoning; but a Protestant is a hundred times

worse, and an English Protestant the worst of all. This is what makes your diplomacy so detestable, so blind, and yet so violent. Palmerston was a mere impersonation of the English character—insular from top to toe. You believe that the Republican Government was good because it professed to have a constitution; you believe that the Pope's Government is atrocious because he is a Catholic and an autocrat. I tell you that the Republican Government was a Government of intimidation and extortion and murder, and that the Pope's restoration is almost the only restoration unstained by a single execution.

Senior.—My information came from English people and from Romans who lived in Rome throughout the Republic. They all joined in affirming that until the approach of the French occasioned terror and irritation, Rome was during all that time perfectly tranquil and safe, and, as I said before, better governed than it ever was before.

Thiers.—I do not believe a word that was told you by any Roman. No Italian is to be trusted, least of all an Italian Liberal. As for the English, they were respected themselves, and they thought *that* the test of good government.

Senior.—You are going to Rome, and you will be able to judge for yourself. Unless things are totally changed since I was there in last spring, Rome is now governed on principles taken partly from the Neapolitan system, which the Pope had an opportunity of studying at Gaeta and Portici, and partly on that of the Holy Inquisition. When I was there last April, I heard constantly of wanton arrests; of prisons filled with men never intended to be tried; of the corruption and intimidation of judges; of the interminable delays of the law, both civil and criminal, of sins treated as crimes, and all liberal views as sins; of the inquisition of the Government into every man's reli-

gious observances and opinions, and of the positive discouragement of knowledge and commerce as tending to liberalism and disbelief. As for the réaction modérée of the Pope on his restoration, it is true that no Liberals were shot, but all were ruined. It is true that there were no executions on the scaffold, but thousands were thrust into noisome prisons, crammed into dungeons without light or air, with scarcely room to move; men of education and refinement submitted to the brutality of thieves and murderers. I had rather suffer the quick death of the musket-ball or the guillotine than waste away in a Papal prison.

Thiers.—Well, this is a subject on which we shall not agree. Every Englishman believes the absence of a *habeas corpus* law to be the lowest depth of human degradation; and after all it was not for the sake of the Roman people, it was not for the sake of the Pope, it was not for the sake of Catholicism, that we went to Rome. It was for the sake of France; it was to plant the French flag on the Castle of St. Angelo; it was to maintain our right to have one-half of Italy if Austria seized the other.

Rather than see the Austrian eagle on the flagstaff that rises above the Tiber, I would destroy a hundred constitutions and a hundred religions. I repeat therefore that we, the planners of the Roman expedition, acted as statesmen. I say nothing of the execution of it. Nothing would have been easier than to have taken Rome in a week. All that was necessary was to throw a bridge over the Tiber below the town, hang a bag of gunpowder to the Porta Maggiore or the Porta San Giovanni, or break with a couple of guns the thin curtain between them, and walk into Rome by the Via Sacra.

Senior.—The objection to this was, I am told, that the

troops would have been met by a war of barricades, in which the monuments* might have suffered.

Thiers.—There was nothing to be feared from Roman barricades. Street fighting is an art which is learned only from long experience, and as for the monuments, the fiercest war of barricades does them no harm. After twenty years of street fighting those of Paris are uninjured. The fact is that Oudinot knows nothing of engineering, and that Vaillant, his engineer, wanted to conduct a great siege. He found one part, and one part only, of Rome which was strong both by nature and by art. This therefore he selected for his attack. Nothing could be better managed than the details of the operation. A prettier siege was never made. But it cost thousands of lives, and time, which was still more valuable than lives, and was utterly unnecessary, and for this Louis Napoleon makes him a marshal.

Friday, April 2nd.—I found Thiers this morning somewhat discomposed. His wife and her mother and sister were to arrive yesterday from Dover by the morning train. He was at the station at 10.30, but the train did not come in. At first he was put off with excuses; at length the officials confessed that there had been an accident, but they maintained that no one had been injured. He had no confidence in their assurances and passed more than three miserable hours; at the end of which they did arrive unhurt, but he had been up late, and slept ill, and deferred till to-morrow telling me the long history of the Roman expedition. He said, however, he would relate a little personal anecdote, the story of his first acquaintance with Talleyrand.

Thiers.—In 1822 I was a young man, very poor, sup-

* The buildings.—Ed.

porting myself by writing in the *Constitutionnel*. Mignet was one of my collaborateurs; La Fayette and Manuel were the political men whom I most consulted. The Spanish expedition was proposed—the expedition with respect to which your Canning came forward in the character of Æolus, and threatened to scatter the invaders by unchaining the tempests. La Fayette and Manuel declared that the expedition ought to fail and would fail. That a French army would not march to prevent an independent nation from shaking off an intolerable tyranny, and that if it did attempt such an enormity, the Spanish nation would rise en masse and destroy it, as it had destroyed the more formidable invasions of Napoleon.

I maintained that the Government in sending the expedition acted wisely, both for the interests of the throne and the interests of the nation. That it was essential to the safety of France that Spain should be under her control; that if Spain continued constitutional, that is to say, if the feelings of the people were to influence her policy, the antipathy of the Spaniards towards the French would make her a rival or an enemy instead of an ally. That it was the duty therefore of every French Government to put down every Spanish constitution; that the expedition, instead of being opposed, would be popular with the army, to which it offered both fame and revenge; that it would meet with no serious resistance in Spain, and would establish the Bourbon throne by giving to it the prestige of political success and military glory. And I offered to ascertain the feelings of the troops then forming what was called the sanitary cordon, and that afterwards became the invading army, by travelling to the Pyrenees and mixing with the officers and men in their tents and cantonments.

My offer was accepted, and I traversed the whole line from Perpignan to Bayonne. I found both officers and men

in the disposition which I expected—delighted with the prospect of a campaign and amused by the niaiserie of those who thought that any ideas of liberty, or of international law, or of moral responsibility, would prevent their marching wherever they were ordered.

Talleyrand heard of my mission and of its results, and wished to see me. I was presented to him at M. Lafitte's; he joined or professed to join in La Fayette's fears of a formidable Spanish resistance. He said, what by-the-by was not true, that he had always dissuaded Napoleon's invasion, and had predicted its failure; and, he added, that he fully expected a similar result now.

I said that the Spaniards would not resist this invasion precisely because they had resisted the former one. That they now knew by experience what it was to fight a disciplined army with guerillas, and that no mere political objects would induce them to suffer again the miseries of insurrectionary war. It was on this occasion that I said, 'L'Espagne est une Vendée éteinte,' un mot qui fit fortune. This conversation was an era in my political life. It procured for me the intimacy of Talleyrand, and, what was of more importance to me, the principal direction of the *Constitutionnel,* then the greatest political organ in France.

Saturday, April 3rd.—Our subject to-day was the dismissal of the Barrot Ministry on the 31st of October, 1849.

Thiers.—At the time of the adjournment, in August, Louis Napoleon had become dissatisfied with his Ministry. They were too independent; they were too honest; and Persigny wrote to him from Berlin that the absence from his councils of men of high parliamentary standing, such as Molé, Broglie, Montalembert, Berryer, and myself—the Burgraves, as we were called—was con-

sidered by the foreign diplomatists as a proof of weakness and instability. Neither Broglie nor Berryer was to be thought of, but I am inclined to think that Montalembert would have served him if I had led the way, and Molé was absolutely impatient for office. I spent August and September at Franconville, about twenty miles from Paris, a place belonging to a cousin of my wife's, near Molé's fine Château Champlatreux. Changarnier came over constantly, breakfasting with Molé and dining with me, or *vice versâ*. His object was to induce us to take office.

Molé, as I said before, was eager to accept, but not without me. I was alarmed by Louis Napoleon's monarchical symptoms. His dispute with Malleville not a fortnight after his election was a bad beginning; he had interfered more than I thought right in the Roman expedition; there was something despotic and unparliamentary in all his tone. So I held off.

Then came his letter to Ney.* You will be surprised to hear that he showed it to Barrot, and that Barrot did not perceive its importance. My wife, who has ten times his political tact, judged it much better. She came running to me with the paper that contained it. 'There,' she said, 'is a fine piece of *étourderie* or insolence! What will the Pope or what will Europe say to this?' We were passing through Paris the day that it appeared. The President sent to invite us all to dine with him, and to ask me to come to him immediately. I went, but began by declining his dinner. This rather annoyed him. But he went on to talk of his letter; I was always very frank with him, as I

* In this letter to Colonel Edgar Ney, Louis Napoleon wrote that 'the restoration of the Pope to temporal power ought to be accompanied by a general amnesty, the secularisation of the Administration, the Code Napoleon, and a liberal Government.' The whole letter is in a similarly authoritative tone.—Ed.

am indeed with everybody, and told him that I thought it would be very mischievous in France and in Europe. He asked, of course, for my reasons. I said that it was quite inconsistent with our previous declarations, that we had restored the Pope as Sovereign, and could not require him to secularise his Administration, or to adopt the Code Napoleon, or to create a representative constitution, or to grant an amnesty to ruffians who would become the terror of Italy; and that asking what was sure to be refused, and could not be enforced, would neither extend nor raise our reputation.

He was at that time, as indeed he generally was, coquetting with the Montagne, and full of constitutionalism and mercy. It was with the utmost difficulty that we could prevent his granting indiscriminate amnesties to the most ferocious émeutiers—to the very men whom he is now sending to die in the marshes of Cayenne; and his eagerness for a Roman constitution was indescribable.

He tried to cajole me. 'I am going,' he said, 'to show St. Denis to Lady Douglas; an open carriage is waiting for us in the court. Take the third place in it, and we will talk further on this matter on our road.' I did not choose to be seen by his side in an open carriage. This second refusal stung him. But he has great self-control, and his displeasure was shown only by some coldness of manner. 'To return,' I said, 'before we part, to your letter. It was a mistake, but if no more is said about it, it will be soon forgotten. Every man's political life is full of mistakes, but those only are mischievous which are acted upon. If you think no more about your letter no one else will.'

This was the very last advice he was likely to follow. His flatterers had persuaded him that his letter was a grand piece of courage, decision, and statesmanship, and few

things more alienated him from Parliamentary government than the contempt with which it was treated by the Assembly.

Soon afterwards the Government asked the Assembly for a further supply towards the expenses of the Roman expedition. The message was referred to a committee of which Molé, and I think Broglie, were members, and I was *rapporteur*.

We consulted about the letter, and it was decided not to mention it. To adopt it was impossible; to criticise it would have been indecent. So we did not allude to it, at least expressly; but a passage in which we declared that we could do no violence to the Holy Father, that we had restored to him his power with full and complete liberty as to the use which he might make of it, answered it impliedly.

Senior.—This report occasioned the fall of the Ministry.

Thiers.—Not precisely, though it contributed to it. He wanted his ministers to attack it, and was very angry with their refusal, but what actually overthrew them was the dispute with Russia about the extradition of Kossuth. The letter from Nicholas demanding from Turkey that extradition was a disgraceful one: he was for an instant dizzy on the height to which his marvellous good fortune, without doubt admirably used, had raised him—looking down on Poland and Austria at his feet, Sweden and Denmark and Prussia trembling by their side, and even Italy obeying his orders. The Porte, very imprudently and very inconveniently, left the decision to France and England. Lord Palmerston saw an opportunity of engaging France in a war with Russia, and turned it to advantage with his usual wrongheaded cleverness. Lord Normanby was at that time in full favour at the Elysée. He persuaded the President and Barrot to join with England in urging the

Sultan to refuse compliance, and in promising to support him by sending a combined fleet up the Dardanelles.

Molé heard of it, and came to me in great alarm. 'This is war,' he said, 'and war for no French interests; merely to gratify Palmerston's eternal spirit of intermeddling. You must go to the President and stop it.'

'Nay,' I said, 'why should not you go yourself? It is a very ticklish affair; one must run over it comme un chat sur la braise. Kossuth certainly is not worth talking about, much less fighting about; but can we, when the question is asked us, advise the Porte to give him up? If, as you say, we have promised to make common cause with England, can we break our engagement, and let the Montagne proclaim us faithless as well as cowardly?'

However, as was usually the case when anything hazardous was to be done, the duty was thrust on me, and I went to Tocqueville to talk about it. I found him as much alarmed as myself. It seemed that orders had already been given for the fleet to sail, and it was too late to recall them. The best thing then, I said, is to get the prisoners out of the way. Send a steamer which will get to Constantinople long before the fleet, or a Russian army; let it take the refugees, and bring them to France, and then tell Nicholas that we have adopted this as the best mode of escaping from the difficulty without expressly requiring him to recede. He is already heartily ashamed of the business, and will be glad to get out of it.

Tocqueville agreed with me, and in a few minutes the telegraph sent orders to Toulon for a steamer to get up her steam, and at the end of two hours she had got her instructions and was on her voyage. This expedient, however, could not be trusted to. Kossuth might refuse to embark, and the Sultan might not choose to force him, or our interference might be resented by the Czar as an insult.

The thing to be done was to get him to withdraw his demand.

I dined that day with the President, and found there Normanby. Their object was obviously to obtain my acquiescence. Normanby said something to me about it before dinner. I was thoroughly disgusted with the whole affair, and answered him rather tartly. After we had left the dining-room he recurred to it, which was not very wise, for he must have seen that I was not in a favourable disposition. I broke out against the folly and wickedness of going to war about such a matter. 'If it had been,' I said, 'for the purpose of driving the Austrians out of Italy, or the Russians out of Hungary, *à la bonne heure;* but to go to war for such a *polisson* as Kossuth, and merely to prevent one barbarian from bullying another, it looks as if England had a pleasure in setting the Continent on fire. Then your means are as absurd as your end. Your fleet will not prevent Russia from crossing the Balkan and seizing Constantinople. For that purpose you should have sent an army of 80,000 men. Your fleet is sent merely as an insult. It will have nothing to do but to look on while Nicholas executes his threats.' People were coming in, and the President led us away to the end of another room, into which the salon opens, but though we could no longer be heard we could be seen, and many curious heads were in the doorway, trying to guess what was the subject on which I was declaiming and gesticulating so vehemently.

I left the President in no good humour. He complained that he never had been handled so unceremoniously. 'What comforted me however,' he added, 'was that Thiers treated Normanby still worse.' But though he was angry he was convinced, and he begged me to help him out of the scrape.

The thing to be done was to get the Czar to withdraw

his demand, not, as was Palmerston's plan, by bullying him, which certainly would have failed, but by appealing to his generosity. Kissileff agreed with me, and wrote strongly to Nesselrode, and he was admirably seconded by Lamoricière. Fuad Effendi, whom the Turks had sent to St. Petersburg, acted with great tact and discretion, threw himself on the mercy of the Czar, and never alluded to the interference of England and France. Two days after, the Czar had yielded to these entreaties, and withdrawn his demands, and the day after this had appeared in the *Petersburg Gazette* came the news of the sailing of the fleet. If that news had arrived two days sooner, all was lost. As it was, Nicholas could not retract, since he had engaged himself to Turkey; but he revenged himself by sending to England a note, and to us a copy of it, the most insulting that I ever saw in diplomacy.

Senior.—Is it printed?

Thiers.—It is not one that you would have chosen to print; but Tocqueville probably can show you a copy of it.

I have said that this occasioned the fall of the Ministry. 'Think,' said the President to me, 'of that fool Barrot engaging me in a quarrel with Russia when, for the first time since the days of Charles X., there was a chance of our alliance; when the old sore—the personal animosity of Nicholas against Louis Philippe—was healed, and we might have been the good friends that we ought to be!' From that time he lost all confidence in Barrot, and soon after dismissed him, by the strange unconstitutional note of the 30th October.

Senior.—What became of your steamer?

Thiers.—She did not arrive till the matter was arranged. But I believe that the instructions which she brought suggested to the Porte the plan of removing the refugees into the interior.

Sunday, April 4th.—Thiers.—We left off with the dismissal of the Odillon Barrot Ministry. It was an act of ingratitude on the part of the President, for they had served him honestly and courageously. Its immediate motives were their having made him quarrel with Russia, and their not adopting his letter to Ney as the basis of their policy; its remote motive was their superiority to himself, and their independence. In their place he took Ferdinand Barrot and a set of underlings, such as Rouher, Fould, and Baroche, whom, so much have we been accustomed to degradation, we now look up to as respectable statesmen, but whom we then could not see without humiliation in the cabinets vacated by Tocqueville, Dufaure, and Lanjuinais.

We, the Burgraves, as we were called, kept aloof. He knew how deeply we disapproved his unconstitutional proceedings, and he did not venture to send for us.

Senior.—It seems to me that this was the occasion for a constitutional Opposition. The President's message of the 31st October was, in fact, a disclaimer of parliamentary government. It declared that he would tolerate no Ministry of which he was not the master, and affirmed that in his hands,—and by implication not in those of the Assembly,—France had placed her destinies.

Thiers.—Without doubt we ought to have done so. We ought to have declared that we had no confidence in the new Ministry; we ought to have required their dismissal; we ought, in short, to have made war à l'outrance. But the Assembly was in constant terror of being thought guilty of ambition. The instant that any fool called it a convention, and accused it of assuming executive power, it drew back, and tried to confine itself to legislation.

I employed the next three months in framing a law of

public instruction. Education, as organised by Napoleon, was in the hands of a great and independent body—the University; a body which filled up its own vacancies and sat in judgment on its own members. Its schools were scattered over all France; and, as no one could open a rival school without its previous consent, and subject to its constant control, it enjoyed a real monopoly. This is the best system for France. What is called freedom of instruction means instruction in the hands of the priests. Nothing but the vigilant inspection and active interference of the State can prevent its degenerating into a system for the maintenance and propagation of superstition. The Provisional Government, with its accustomed folly, deprived the University of its powers. To restore them in direct terms was impossible. But I enacted that no one should open a school without having passed an examination, and I empowered the University to fix the nature of the examinations and appoint the examiners. This, in fact, in a great measure, gave them back the control; for they could determine what should be the attainments, and, to a certain extent, the character of the candidates, by determining the subjects and the severity of the examinations. To neutralise the opposition of the clergy, I introduced a certain proportion of them into the University, and I subjected the whole to a council elected by the Institut, the Cour de Cassation, and the Conseil d'Etat; in fact, by the most eminent bodies in France. By one of his late decrees Louis Napoleon has ruined this institution. The Conseil of the University is now to be named and dismissed by himself. And such men as Cousin are sent away.

In the meantime the higher classes, and even the bourgeoisie of Paris, were becoming every day more alienated from an Administration which, though without any prominent faults, had actually no merits; had neither

truth, nor talent, nor station. The Faubourg St. Germain ceased to frequent the President's parties; all that was respectable in the Assembly disclaimed any connexion with his Ministry.

Two vacancies occurred in the department of the Seine. The shopkeepers of Paris elected La Flotte, who had fought against them from behind the barricades, and Eugène Sue, who wrote books against property. One was chosen as a Rouge, the other as a Socialist.

The Grande Duchesse Stéphanie was at that time at the Elysée on a visit to her nephew, the President. She tried to persuade me to call on her, but I always refused, principally because I did not choose to enter the Elysée. At last she sent word that she was going the next day, and that it would be really rude if I would not see her once before her departure. So I went. It was the day after the election of Eugène Sue. She talked to me of the public dangers, of the dreadful spirit which this election manifested, and of the destitute state of the President, with no man near him enjoying the confidence of the country.

While we were talking the door opened, and in came Louis Napoleon. This was a trick to force me into an interview, for the Duchess was not going, and in fact stayed a month longer.

You know that I doubt his courage. He showed none on this occasion. I never saw a man more beaten down. He seized my hands, told me that he relied on me to save himself and the nation from the Rouges and the Socialists; that it was my absence from his councils, and that of my friends, which had encouraged the common enemies; and that it was only by our returning to him that they could now be resisted. And he implored me to come to him that evening, and to bring with me Molé, Broglie, Berryer,

Montalembert, and St. Priest, the heads of the two monarchical parties and of the Jesuits.

We could not refuse, and were with him that evening.

He made a little speech to us, resembling that which he had made to me in the morning; attributing the public danger to the weakness of his Ministry and the coldness of the principal public men; urged on us the necessity of strengthening the Government by an Administration comprehending all the heads of the anti-revolutionary party, and designated Molé and me as its chiefs, or rather me as its chief, and Molé as my second. Molé's face brightened at the conclusion.

I said that the ephemeral Governments which had succeeded one another since the 24th February were not things in which I ought to be called on to take part. But though I should feel deeply the humiliation of being a sort of provisional minister, yet that if my friends thought it my duty to accept this corvée, I would not refuse, however reluctant my acceptance must be.

Molé spoke next. At his age, he said, he wanted repose; he was unfit for the furious combats of the Assembly; but that, like me, if his friends thought it his duty, he would serve.

Montalembert supported warmly the President's scheme. 'Do not,' he said to him, 'suffer M. Thiers to quit you except as your minister. He has a right indeed to call it a humiliation and a corvée, but the safety of France, that is, of France as a civilised country, requires it. Seize him and keep him, whether he will or no.'

But he was alone. Broglie, Berryer, and St. Priest all maintained that the heads of the Party of Order would be more useful in an independent position than as actual administrators. That they would enjoy more thoroughly the confidence of the Assembly when they obviously spoke only from conviction than if they formed part of a Ministry,

under the influence of the personal motives, which to a certain degree always do prevail, and in a much greater degree are supposed to prevail, in a Cabinet.

'You see,' I said to the President, 'the opinion of my friends. It perfectly agrees with my own. I promised to be guided by it, and I submit to it. I will give my best assistance to your Government as far as I can approve its measures, but I will not form part of it.'

He implored me to change my decision; said that he would not accept my refusal, *et cætera, et cætera;* but these were mere façons. I believe that he was glad that the business terminated as it did. He fled to us in his terror, but he was conscious that we should have been his masters. He thought that he had secured us as friends, and he took a more subservient set of men as instruments.

But though we refused office we were very uneasy. We all, from the beginning, had looked with great alarm on universal suffrage. The Constituent and Legislative Assemblies were indeed much better constituted than could have been expected, but the Parisian elections showed what was to be feared in ordinary times, when the people, not under the influence of the enthusiasm of a revolution, would give way to their absurd prejudices, or hatreds, or caprices.

Still it was a part of the constitution; the period of revision was at a distance, and the convention by which the revision was to be made, was itself to be elected by this ignorant and violent constituency.

We consulted anxiously therefore as to the means of parrying, or at least mitigating, these dangers.

Senior.—Whom do you mean by we?

Thiers.—Broglie, Molé, Berryer, Montalembert, and myself. We were the leaders whom the Parti de l'Ordre followed with excellent discipline. Broglie, Molé, and I were pointed out for leaders as having been all Prime

Ministers, Berryer as the organ of the Legitimists, and Montalembert as the head of the Church party.

The remedy which I proposed was this. The constitution declared all Frenchmen of full age, who had not forfeited their civil rights, entitled to vote.

A previous law declared that all Frenchmen of full age were bound to pay the taxe personelle, the value of three days' labour. I proposed to interpret one law by the other; to declare that, as the right and the obligation were co-extensive, the exercise of the one was conditional on the performance of the other, and consequently that no one was entitled to vote who had not paid the taxe personelle.

I estimated that nearly one-half of those who were liable to this tax evaded it either by pleading poverty, or by living a wandering life and escaping the observation of the collectors.

It appeared, therefore, that my proposition, by cutting off nearly one-half of the number of voters, diminished by nearly one-half the evils of universal suffrage. In fact, by more than one-half, for the wandering voters whom it disfranchised, are the most dangerous ones. They are men of loose habits, of unsettled or violent opinions, discontented and disappointed, unrestrained by the ties of family or of property, the apostles of communism and socialism.

My plan was received with great favour; but doubts were suggested as to its practicability. Would the people bear it? Changarnier, whom we called to our councils, answered for one of two things—either the submission of the people, which he thought probable; or their being crushed by the force at his command, if they resisted. Would the Assembly pass it? Would they venture to legislate for the express purpose of excluding the poor? 'The Gauche,' I answered, 'if it consisted of men of parliamentary habits, and was under good leadership, would

certainly be able to prevent its passing. But we will say that our object is to exclude, not les classes pauvres, but la vile multitude. These words will drive the Montagne mad; they will frighten all the moderate party out of their wits, and we shall pass the law in a storm.' 'And who,' they replied, 'will devote himself to the furious unforgiving hatred of the Rouges by calling them 'la vile multitude?' 'That,' I said, 'I take on myself.'

The next thing was to obtain the concurrence of the ministers and of the President. The ministers were somewhat ashamed at having to support an important measure of which they were not even the ostensible authors; it was a sort of abdication. However they submitted. The President made rather more resistance. He fears the socialists, and his disposition is one of those which hate whatever they fear; but he has many points in common with them. He sympathises with their detestation of the bourgeoisie and of the educated classes. He joins in their belief that the misery of the poor arises from the selfishness of the rich, and that it is possible to increase the wealth of the many by plundering the few. He afterwards indeed showed that he was ready enough to destroy them, as soon as he did not want their aid and could defy their power; but at that time, partly from fear and partly from participation in their bad passions and in their errors, he was unwilling to offend them. However, he was still more unwilling to offend *us*. Probably, too, it occurred to him that the law would be unpopular with the masses, and might be made use of in the struggle which I have no doubt that he then meditated against the Assembly; so that at last, with much pretended and perhaps a little real reluctance, he gave us his adhesion.

Senior.—Who was the actual rédacteur of the law? Faucher* claims the merit of it.

* See Senior's Journals in France and Italy.—ED.

Thiers.—Faucher was the rapporteur of the committee to which it was referred, but it was brought to him in a complete form. Broglie was the rédacteur.

Senior.—I was not aware that the Duc de Broglie, though an excellent writer, had the peculiar knowledge and experience which would enable him to prepare the text of a law.

Thiers.—He has them, and the proof of it is this law of the 31st of May, which was actually drawn by him.

It passed just in the manner in which I expected. I called the excluded classes 'la vile multitude,' and roused the Montagne into a fury which deprived them of all self-control or self-respect. Their frantic violence drove from their side all the respectable, and what was a more numerous body, all the timid portion of the Assembly, and the law passed, as I had foretold, in a tempest.

Senior.—But it appears to me that it is to this victory, and to the violent Government which followed it, and followed it with the consent of the Parti de l'Ordre, that you owe your present downfall. You irritated the people by stealing from half of them the suffrage; you broke their spirit by a system of rigour and repression, pushed to the utmost verge of all the arbitrary laws furnished to you by the Convention and by the Empire; and when you were yourselves attacked, they had not the courage or the means of combination, or perhaps the will, to defend you.

Thiers.—What you say is true. It is one of the miseries of a revolutionary State to be always oscillating between extremes. The anarchy of 1848 produced the reaction of 1850; the reaction of 1850 paved the way for the tyranny of 1852.

This was our last conversation. Immediately after its conclusion I left London for Brussels, and when I returned Thiers was in the act of leaving England for Italy.

[A few days after this conversation, Mr. Senior left London on a visit to his friend, Count Arrivabene, at Brussels, where he saw some of the French exiles.—Ed.]

Brussels, Monday, April 5th, 1852.—In the evening Arrivabene and I went to hear a lecture on political economy by Molinari, a Belgian, who during the last ten years supported himself as a journalist in Paris, but was sent off immediately after the coup d'état. He read with great animation to an audience of about two hundred persons an exposition of the Malthusian theory, which he adopts in its most extreme propositions.

Tuesday, April 6th.—Molinari, Mons. Campan, and Comte de la Laing dined with us. M. Campan is a Frenchman, and for many years was editor of *La Gironde,* published at Bordeaux. About six weeks ago he was ordered to go to Brussels. He asked for explanations, and was refused. He thinks that the President has lost ground enormously since the 2nd of December. It was with the utmost difficulty that the number of votes was obtained in Bordeaux sufficient to make a valid election. The prefect was forced to go to the Depôt de Mendicité, and collect those of the paupers.

We talked of the dangers of Belgium.

Campan.—The French army is scarcely a good one as respects training. I have seen the troops of the line under fire; they are very unsteady. I doubt whether they would have succeeded against the émeute of June, 1848, if they had not been assisted by the Garde Mobile.

La Laing.—At least they have good generals, which cannot be said of any other except the Austrian. Changarnier, Lamoricière, Vaillant, and Cavaignac are far superior to anything else in Europe, except perhaps to Radetzki and Hesse.

Senior.—Do you not reckon Bedeau among them?

La Laing.—No. Bedeau gets confused. He wants moral courage. Changarnier is by far the best for high command; the others are admirable seconds.

Campan.—Admitting, however, the excellence of our generals, and admitting that the intrinsic qualities of our troops fit them, with perhaps less than the usual amount of training, to be the best or among the best soldiers in Europe, yet I still think even the military prospects of France very gloomy. This man, with his obstinacy, and his confidence, and his fatalism, will rush into aggressive wars, which will unite again all Europe against us. Europe is far more powerful than it was at the time of the Consulate. France is also more powerful, but she has not increased in the same proportions as Russia, Austria, Prussia, or England. The nephew is not destined to succeed in a struggle in which even the uncle failed. Our fate must, I fear, be to be partitioned, or at least to be diminished. The rest of the world will not tolerate a nation so powerful, so ambitious, and so unscrupulous as to force its neighbours to endure constantly all the dangers and all the expense of actual war or of armed peace.

M. Campan was an intimate friend of Fonfrède, and published his works. He showed us in them a remarkable prophecy, printed in 1845, and therefore free from the suspicion that attaches itself to many other prophecies, that of being a postscript.

'Vainement ferait-on de nouvelles chartes, de nouvelles lois, de nouvelles libertés, si les mœurs politiques de la nation s'affaiblissent et reculent, si on les divise, si on les corrompt, si on détruit ce lien moral, ce point d'appui sur lequel l'ordre social et la liberté doivent exclusivement s'étayer—point de liberté, point d'ordre, point de progrès: divagation universelle, bavardage d'écoliers, lois incohérentes,

qui font quelquefois autant de mal par le bien qu'elles renferment que par leurs plus mauvaises dispositions; anarchie complète, jusqu'à ce que le ciel, dans sa pitié, fasse l'aumône au peuple d'un Dix-huit Brumaire, et que la force détruise le droit dont on fait un usage absurde, pour y substituer l'arbitraire sagement dirigé! . . . . Mais le ciel ne fait pas tous les jours un Napoléon—mais il ne serait pas impossible qu'il en surgît de la terre quelque mauvaise copie, quelque caricature gravée sur le fer. Et Dieu sait alors ce qui pourrait arriver. Le plus sage, je crois, c'est de ne pas s'y exposer.'—Tome iii. l. 364.

Thursday, April 8th.—I called on General de Lamoricière. We talked of the probable continuance of Louis Napoleon's power.

Lamoricière.—It cannot last; in fact, nothing lasts in France; and I will not do my countrymen the injustice of supposing that this can have the average duration of a French usurpation. But I look with great alarm to its successor. A constitutional Monarchy is, I fear, too good for us; a despotism is too bad for us. Nous sommes au dessous de l'un et au dessus de l'autre, and a republic is a word of many meanings, some of them very frightful.

Senior.—Thiers thinks that if Louis Napoleon is overthrown by the higher classes the result will be a restoration; if by the lower classes a republic.

Lamoricière.—He will not be overthrown by the upper classes; they are too timid and disunited. As for the highest, the noblesse, they will do nothing, in fact they can do nothing; they have neither talents, nor knowledge, nor courage. They live among one another, despising the rest of the world, and despised by it in return, without influence, except the power of making

odious the cause that they are supposed to favour. Nor will anything be done by the peasants. Few of them *can* read, none of them *do* read. The only public matters that they care about are the prices of produce. Our revolutions pass over them almost without their knowledge, the agitation does not reach them; they are like the ground-fish which live at the bottom of the sea, and are not aware of its storms.

Senior.—Will he be dethroned by the army?

Lamoricière.—No; there will be no military revolutions, I mean revolutions begun by the army. It is too disciplined for that.

Senior.—Yet it executed the deux Décembre.

Lamoricière.—Yes, but not spontaneously; the Assembly had become thoroughly unpopular. Partly from fear of the Rouges, and partly from contempt of the factiousness, and violence, and dishonesty, and stupidity of its representatives, nine-tenths of the people took part with the President. He bought three or four generals; he spent two years in collecting in Paris the officers and men most fit to be tools; he seized all of us whom he thought capable of heading a resistance, and then he darted a small, compact, obedient force against a set of talkers whom nobody esteemed or respected. This was not a military revolution. It was a civil conspiracy, employing a fraction of the army as its instrument.

Senior.—Do you rely then on the bourgeoisie?

Lamoricière.—Not for action; they will talk against him, and, as far as they can venture, they will write against him. They will undermine his influence, expose his character, ridicule his person, and gradually make him hateful and despicable to the mass of the people, and then, like Charles X. and Louis Philippe, he will be overthrown in a day. Il sera vermoulu par la bourgeoisie

et renversé par le peuple. The army will be neutral; it will not attack him, but it will not defend him; it will let the mob destroy him.

Senior.—By the mass of the people you mean the people of the towns?

Lamoricière.—I mean the ouvriers of Paris, Rouen, Lyons, Bordeaux, and Marseilles. They are, for political purposes, our *peuple;* and it is my knowledge of their ignorance and violence that makes me dread the next revolution.

Madame de Lamoricière, a very pleasing person, and some younger women, probably her sisters, now came in from church, with M. Chambolle, an exiled representative, and I went to an appointment with M. Rogier, the Minister of the Interior, who, though not nominally, is really Prime Minister. He was a barrister, I think, at Liége; took a prominent part in the revolution of 1830, and has been in public life ever since. I asked him to give me an outline of the state of parties.

Rogier.—At the time of the revolution we had three—the Orangists, the Catholics, and the Liberals; the two latter coalesced and drove out the Dutch, and the admirable sense and good management of the King has gradually extinguished the Orangists. So that we are fortunate enough now to have but two. At bottom they are the two parties that belong to every constitutional Government—the party of resistance and the party of progress: Tories and Whigs. But the matter is complicated by the alliance between the Catholic party and the clergy. We give to the clergy perfect freedom. We have no concordat with Rome; the Pope appoints the bishops, the bishops appoint the curés, we do not even inquire how it is done. They are as free as your Irish clergy, and we pay them besides. We allow them to establish whatever

schools they like; we exercise no inspection over them; but we claim a right to establish schools of our own, and we request them to undertake the religious teaching. This, as respects the mere primary schools, they do. They are not afraid of heresy insinuating itself through the spelling-book and the copy-book, but they look with suspicion on higher education. They require a veto on the appointment, in fact they require for themselves the appointment of all the teachers of moral philosophy and history. Even natural philosophy they do not trust to a man who might teach, in defiance of the book of Joshua, that the earth goes round the sun. As the State chooses to be the sole nominator and the sole judge of the teachers in its own schools and in its own colleges, the clergy refuse to enter them. The State does not venture to appoint lay teachers of religion, and therefore religion is untaught, except by the parents. Thereupon the clergy declaim against the schools and colleges of the State as godless institutions, which it is sinful to make use of.

Senior.—Is this Tory Catholic party formidable?

Rogier.—It is a strong party, as is shown by the number of years that it kept the Government, but we have now kept them out of power for nearly five years, and I see no prospect of their regaining it. We have a large majority in the Chambers, and there is no reason why we should not maintain it. Their long exclusion however has made them very bitter, and it is the misfortune of a young and weak State that a party long out of office has a tendency to become disaffected. In an old country such a party becomes ultra and violent, protectionist or radical; in such a country as Belgium it looks towards the foreigner. The present State of France is however not inviting. Our stupid aristocracy indeed received the coup d'état with delight, and our clergy

believe that Louis Napoleon has saved the Church from the Rouges, and our Flanders linen-weavers cast a longing eye on the markets of France; but I do not think that even the fears of socialism, or the hope of spiritual domination, or the desire of a wider trade, would induce any of them to take refuge under the heavy and tottering despotism of Louis Napoleon.

Senior.—In the meantime do you not fear that he will try to prevent your having the choice?

Rogier.—Of course we fear it; but we fear it much less since the fall of Palmerston has reconciled England and the Continent; since the decrees of the 24th of February have increased his unpopularity with all classes, both in and out of France, and since we know that we can depend on England and Russia, and hope for the aid of Prussia and Austria.

Friday, April 9th.—I called on M. Frère-Orban, the Minister of Finance. His conversation turned on much the same subjects as Rogier's—the state of parties in Belgium. He differs from him in attributing to the Catholic party a stronger mixture of religious opinions and views. These opinions and views he thinks hostile, not merely to the present Government, but to the present constitution. The bases of that constitution are liberty of conscience, liberty of the press, and liberty of association. All these liberties are opposed to the spirit of Popery. And as the will of the Pope and the interests of the Papacy are the two principles which govern the Catholic party they cannot be loyal to a constitution which is adverse to both.

Senior.—Such feelings imply a sincerer faith than is common on the Continent.

Frère-Orban.—Our lower and middle classes are generally sincere believers, and belief is not uncommon even among

the higher classes. It is, however, a most mischievous element in the character of a statesman. He sacrifices his policy to his salvation, falls into the hands of his confessor, and becomes the tool of an ignorant priest, who is himself the tool of a foreign Sovereign. It is a curious thing that the Pope, while he affects to order us how to manage our own affairs, has no confidence in himself or in his own local advisers. When he was brought back to Rome by the French he sent to ask for Lord Palmerston's advice.

Senior.—For Lord Palmerston's?

Frère-Orban.—Yes, for Lord Palmerston's. He sent to us to beg us to consult Lord Palmerston on his behalf. We thought it an odd request, but we complied. Palmerston advised him to secularise his Administration. We transmitted to the Pope the answer, which probably did not please him.

Senior.—How did the Catholic party govern during their long tenure of office?

Frère-Orban.—Not well, especially towards the latter end. At first indeed their fear of the Protestantism of the Dutch, and of the infidelity of the French, kept them tolerably national; but their ignorance and narrow-mindedness soon showed themselves. Though the constitution declared it to be the duty of the State to supply education, they refused to provide any schools, except the humbler elementary ones. They introduced in the nineteenth century a system of navigation laws copied from that which you and the Spaniards had invented in the sixteenth and seventeenth. They substituted for the free trade in corn, which Belgium had inherited from Holland, a corn law and a sliding scale, which they kept raising and raising till the country was driven almost into rebellion. Since we came in in 1847 we have

created schools and colleges for the higher branches of education; we have substituted for the sliding scale a fixed duty on corn of about two shillings a quarter, and made Antwerp again a great corn market. We have abolished the navigation laws except as to some specified articles, and we fully expect that in a year the shipowners will petition us to make the abolition complete. We have begun to improve our tariff, and we hope to follow your example and amend it every year.

M. Frère is the son of the porter of the Freemasons' Club at Liége. His father scraped together money enough to educate him for the bar. He rose in his profession, married a Mademoiselle Orban, the daughter of a rich manufacturer, and became a deputy and a minister. He shows, however, no traces of the humbleness of his origin. I have not met with a more agreeable or a more gentleman-like man in Brussels.

At two I went to the palace, where I had the honour of an audience from the King. He began by saying that he had read the journal which I kept last winter in Paris,* and that he was glad that I had directed attention to the dangers of our relations with the President.

King Leopold.—For some months you have been living on sufferance, only hoping that your neighbours may not attack you, but making no really energetic preparations for defence. This is not an attitude worthy of a great people. Even if the immediate peril should pass over, as it seems likely to do, it impairs your reputation and weakens your influence. You were supposed to be prepared for every emergency; ready to adopt any policy, however daring; ready to fight France for Pritchard and Russia

* Published in the 'Journals in France and Italy.' (H. King & Co.)

for Kossuth. If you lose this prestige, if your newspapers proclaim that 30,000 men could seize London, and that your only hope is to catch them at sea as they come, and your public men think it necessary to speak smoothly of a usurper lest he should turn on you, you lose real power.

Senior.—All that I hear from France leads me to think that Louis Napoleon's views are pacific. By his concessions of railroads, by his crédits fonciers, by the conversion of the five per cents., and by the system of loans into which he has forced the bank, he has let loose an eagerness of speculation which he can scarcely venture to check by war.

King Leopold.—This I believe to be true, but I believe it to be an after-thought. He is trying to amuse the commercial and industrial spirit of France because he has found unexpected obstacles to his plans of gratifying her ambition. This was not his original scheme. I have reason to know that he intended to copy the decrees by which his uncle annexed to France first Holland and afterwards the provinces at the mouths of the Weser and of the Elbe. I believe that the decree for the annexation of Belgium was actually drawn out. He fancied that he could overrun the country by a coup de main; that the Continent would not have time to prevent him; that the estrangement of Austria from Prussia and from England would keep her quiet; that you would grudge the expense of arming, and if you did arm, would be unable to act on land; that Prussia would not venture to expose her militia and her parade commanders to the tried army and the African generals of France, and that the annexation would be submitted to as a fait accompli.

He was checked by Russia. After the 2nd of December he wrote to the different Sovereigns announcing his election.

—the plébiscite, as he chose to call it. The smaller powers could only express their acquiescence. Austria offered the most friendly congratulations, but Russia administered to him a grave admonition. The Emperor said he trusted that France was prepared to respect what Russia was determined to enforce—the existing treaties, the existing territorial limits, the existing balance of power. This was a warning which he did not venture to disregard. In the meantime I am doing what I wish you to do. I am preparing for the storm whenever it may come. I allow the Chambers to manage the internal affairs of the country, but on one subject I choose to have a will of my own, and that is its defence. The works now constructing at Antwerp will make it a fortress of the first order. They irritate Louis Napoleon, but I cannot help that. Before Antwerp is a line beginning with Ostend, then running by Ghent and Termonde, which is a very good fortress, and ending with Diest, a creation of my own.

Senior.—Thiers attaches great importance to Mons.

King Leopold.—Mons is strong; but it is remarkable that the Duke of Wellington, who directed its construction, did not give to it a citadel. A fortified town without a citadel may be lost by an accident or by a coup-de-main. It must be added that Mons, Tournay, Namur, Charleroi, and Ypres form an advanced line which would be of great advantage to a large army invading France, or even resisting in the open field, but which could not be maintained by a small army whose base of operations ought to be the sort of entrenched camp formed by Ostend, Ghent, Termonde, and Antwerp. The works which I am adding to Antwerp will double our defensive power. All that is necessary to the government of a country—the Parliament, the Ministry, the courts of law, even the archives and

documents—can be removed thither in two hours. It is a mere suburb of Brussels. We can maintain ourselves there for two months, and I trust that we should be relieved in one. Behind, too, are Bergen op Zoom, Breda, and the other strong places of Holland.

Senior.—Is Holland to be relied upon?

King Leopold.—It ought to be; for our independence is essential to its safety. We form a far better barrier to it now than we ever did. But the young King is flighty. He is the grandson, you know, of Paul and the nephew of Nicholas—not the best stock to give him sober sense or constitutional moderation. He was enchanted with the coup d'état, and sent to Louis Napoleon the warmest congratulations. His Chambers, on the other hand, have been ultra Liberal. However, I had a conversation the other day with Thorbech, who may be considered the Prime Minister, a man of excellent character and sense, which was very satisfactory, and I hope that Holland is safe, but I am not without anxiety.

Senior.—The removal of Schwartzenberg and Palmerston has taken away two great obstacles to the good understanding of the four great powers.

King Leopold.—Poor Schwartzenberg was a man whom I had long known, and personally liked, and he had great qualities; but his obstinate hatred of England and of Russia made him, as you say, a source of disunion. As to Palmerston, we ought to be grateful to him, for he contributed much to our independence; but he has done much mischief in Italy.

Senior.—I will not defend all Lord Palmerston's Italian policy. His behaviour to Austria was insulting, his conduct respecting Lombardy blind, his interference between the King of Naples and his Sicilian subjects was one of the grossest breaches of the law of nations that has occurred

since 1815, but I acquit him of the accusation of having excited the Italian revolutions. I know that he earnestly dissuaded Charles Albert's invasions of Lombardy; that he discountenanced the Sicilian rebellion, and always urged the Sicilians first to accept the terms offered by the King, and afterwards, if they would persist in asserting their nationality, to take one of the Neapolitan princes. I know too that the advice which he gave to the Pope and to the Romans was wise and moderate, and if either party had followed it, would have been useful. And the result is, that he is popular among the Italian Liberals. Even the Sicilians, though they confess that his stopping Filangieri after the capture of Messina, when in a fortnight all Sicily would have submitted without further bloodshed, proved eventually a dreadful calamity, yet feel grateful for his sympathy, and confess that if they had acted on his advice they might now enjoy a constitution.

King Leopold.—Perhaps his worst misconduct was in Switzerland.

Senior.—Your Majesty believes then, the story of his having engaged the great powers in a negotiation, and at the same time having sent word to the democratic cantons to do their work immediately before the negotiation ended in an intervention.

King Leopold.—I do.* Without doubt the conduct of the Catholic cantons was not quite irreproachable. They

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* 'In the autumn of 1851, at Geneva, I had frequent conversation with General Dufour on the subject of the civil war in Switzerland, in the course of which he assured me that there was no foundation in truth for this charge; and that no messenger had come to him from Mr. Peel or from Lord Palmerston; and that he had not received directly or indirectly any intimation verbal or written to any such effect from Lord Palmerston, or from Mr. Peel, or from any other person. He stated that if he had received any such intimation, he should have wholly disregarded it. He gave an interesting account of

ought not to have sent for the Jesuits to Lucerne; they ought not to have established their Sonderbund*—a confederation in a confederation is like an *imperium in imperio*. But they had great provocations. The demand on them to send away the Jesuits was insolently made. The invasions by the Freischaaren were injuries and dangers which they were bound to resent and provide against. The intervention of the great powers would have settled everything amicably.

Senior.—Your Majesty attributes great importance to the Swiss civil war.

King Leopold.—I cannot exaggerate the importance that I attach to it. When the revolutionary party in France, Italy, and Germany, saw that so insignificant a body as the thirteen Radical cantons could despise the advice and even the threats of the great powers, and attack and overthrow Governments that were under the protection of Austria and France, and connected with Russia, they inferred naturally enough that the Sovereigns were afraid, that they felt insecure on their thrones, and that a sudden thrust might push them off. There is a great sympathy too between the Swiss and German Radicals.

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the manner in which he was induced to accept the command, and the conditions he made before doing so. One of the first, he assured me, was that he should be allowed to conduct the war entirely without control from any one. He more than once said that his attack on Lucerne was the result of his previous plans, the time of which would not have been delayed or hastened on any account, and that no one, not even his most intimate friends or his aides-de-camp, knew anything of his intentions or plans until they were communicated to them in the shape of commands for the purpose of being carried into execution.'

(Signed) JOHN ROMILLY.

(The late Master of the Rolls.)

* The Sonderbund—the confederation of the seven Catholic cantons against the Government—took place in 1846.—ED.

They speak the same language; the Swiss frontier touches Baden, Wurtemburg, Bavaria, and Austria; it affords a refuge always at hand, and a rallying-place where new conspiracies can be formed.

Senior.—I have been inclined to consider the Schleswig-Holstein business as the beginning of the German revolutions.

King Leopold.—The Schleswig-Holstein affair was a great mistake and a great calamity, and indeed a great injustice. All Germany went mad about it. But the principal culprit in that matter was the poor King of Prussia. He was thoroughly ashamed of his own conduct in the first insurrection of Berlin. He felt that in sending the troops out of the town he had degraded himself and outraged them. So to make it up to the army he took part in the internal disputes of an independent country, supported rebels against their King, and tried to crush by an overwhelming force the quiet, respectable, weak, little kingdom of Denmark. He was well punished by having in his turn to tremble before Schwartzenberg. But to come nearer home, do you find much change in Belgium since I had the pleasure of seeing you here five years ago?

Senior.—I find all the appearances of a great and increasing prosperity. Brussels has doubled since I have known it, and in all the villages that I have passed through new houses are being built; and there is a general look of comfort which is very rare on the Continent.

King Leopold.—The people are industrious and economical, and they have a strong respect for law and for justice. The insurgents who marched on Brussels from the country villages to make the revolution of 1830 paid the turnpikes on their way. This distinguishes them from

their southern neighbours. A Frenchman does not care whether what he does is lawful or unlawful, right or wrong. He thinks only of success.

Senior.—They have not in their language even the words *right and wrong*, in the sense in which we use them, as denoting the moral qualities of actions. 'Le bien et le mal' mean good and evil, which are very different ideas.

King Leopold.—The Belgians too are religious; I wish indeed that their religion did not overflow so as to mix in their politics. Of course in a constitutional kingdom we must have a Ministerial Party and an Opposition, and of course the Opposition must say that the Ministry is ruining the country. That is all according to the rules of the game; but I wish that they would confine themselves to the affairs of this world; that the Catholic party, who after all are honest people, and the support of our nationality, would not denounce free trade as irreligious, and that the Liberals would not fancy that we are in constant danger of being corrupted by Jesuits or enslaved by the Pope. Rogier, my Prime Minister, is a man of the world; but I have another minister, a good man and a clever man, who thinks more about the Holy Father than about the budget, and is more intent on repelling the encroachments of the Court of Rome than those of the Court of the Tuileries. And now I must ask you something about England. What is to be the nature of this reform that the Whigs are threatening?

Senior.—I doubt whether it is a matter on which those who threaten it have made up their minds.

King Leopold.—I must say that when I read Lord Derby's speech throwing over protection and restriction, and declaring that resistance to democracy, and the

support of the Crown and of the House of Lords was now to be the standard of his party, and when I read Lord John's, promising wider reforms than he had ever suggested before, it seemed to me that these were the elements of a fearful struggle. Your Manchester school is a very dangerous one. Economy and retrenchment are good things, but not as the bases of a party. If Cobden and his associates merely injure the public by refusing to give you the means of obtaining the services of the best men they may do harm, but not irreparable harm; but if they refuse you the means of national defence, there is no saying what mischief they may do to you and to Europe. I cannot keep my temper when I find them talking about the honour or the friendly feelings of France. A Frenchman has no honour when what he thinks the glory or the interests of France are concerned. And as for friendly feelings, there is no hate so bitter as his hatred of England. Rely on it that if this tyranny lasts you will be attacked. Even the other day Jérôme made a violent and anti-English speech to the Senate, which the journals were not allowed to publish. And do not fancy that you can withstand good disciplined troops with militiamen, or coastguard, or rifle clubs. I know what a militia is. There could not be braver or more zealous volunteers than those who turned out with me to resist the Dutch, but I could not keep them together when opposed even to second-rate professional soldiers. I fear that this is the turn which democracy is taking with you, and it is a fatal one.

Senior.—I fear that we are on an inclined plane. The democratic element in our constitution may not be, and I do not think that it is excessive, but it is growing.

King Leopold.—My niece will see no faults in poor Sir Robert Peel; but I sometimes say to her that in his

eagerness for immediate free trade he broke up unnecessarily the great Conservative party. If he had given them time for reflection, time to be converted, they might have followed him, however reluctantly, yet without dishonour; but he required them instantly, at the word of command, to repudiate a whole political life. This was tyrannical. It failed because it ought to fail.

Senior.—One change seems to be creeping into our political habits. The admirable sense and public spirit of the Queen and Prince Albert are increasing the monarchical power. Under George IV. and William IV. it had sunk very low. On almost every occasion when either of them tried to exert it he was forced to yield; George IV., for instance, on the Catholic question; William IV. on the second Reform Bill; and again when he turned out the Whigs after Lord Spencer's death; but it seems now to be an important element.

King Leopold.—I am glad to think so. In a Monarchy the Monarch ought not to be altogether a phantom. But what are you doing with the Court of Chancery? What is this fusing of law and equity?

Senior.—I believe that what we are proposing now is good; but it does not go very far.

King Leopold.—I should be sorry that you should lose your courts of equity as distinguished from those of law. It is a very artificial system, and one that no one would propose *à priori,* one indeed which has grown up nowhere but in England and in the United States; but I believe that it works well, and produces better results than could be obtained from pure courts of law.

Thus ended my audience, after having lasted an hour and a half, and I was sorry when it was over.

M. Panigrada dined with us. I remember him here twenty years ago intent on introducing the cultivation of

maize. He still thinks that it would succeed if tried under favourable circumstances and on a considerable scale.

We talked of the state of society in Brussels.

*Arrivabene.**—The distinction between noble and roturier is more marked here than in any country which I have visited. In France it exists, but every one tries to conceal it; in Italy people that like one another live together, whatever be their difference of birth, on the principle that runs through the social arrangements of that country, *ne pas se gêner*. But here the two classes never meet. If my habits otherwise allowed it I could not give a ball or an evening party; for, as I have friends belonging to each class, I could not exclude either and I could not admit them together. There are not more than two or three families sufficiently noble to intermarry with a Mérode. Even Madame Quêtelet, though the wife of one of the most distinguished men in the country, does not mix with the noblesse. Quêtelet† himself does so sparingly. The ministers and their wives are received while in office, just as your Lord and Lady Mayoress may be; but as they are all, except Hofschmidt, bourgeois, they will cease to be presentable when they go out. No one, however, need much lament being excluded from the noble circles, for nothing duller

* Count John Arrivabene was a native of Mantua, and was imprisoned at Venice in 1821 for not having denounced Silvio Pellico. He was exiled, and during his exile condemned to death. He passed a good deal of time in London, in the house of Mr. Senior. He was naturalised a Belgian in 1840. Afterwards he was included in the amnesty, and became a member of the Italian Parliament. He lived to a great age, and died only a few years ago.—Ed.

† Quêtelet was one of the most distinguished men that the Low Countries have ever produced. At eighteen years of age he was Professor of Mathematics at the College of Ghent, and five years later at the Athénée of Brussels. He created the Observatory of which he was the director. He was a voluminous writer on science and statistics. He received all sorts of orders and distinctions in various countries. His conversation was most agreeable, full of wit and information.—Ed.

can be conceived. They have no taste for art; no literature; read nothing but the feuilletons of the newspaper; consider politics as vulgar, and care for nothing but their houses, equipages, and dinners. And I see no chance of their improvement. They do not travel, nor do they receive foreigners in their houses. They do not like to be put out, to be asked questions which they cannot answer, or to have things said to them which they cannot understand. A lady, a friend of mine, who is a great person in Milan, brought here fourteen letters of introduction. She complains that they have not procured for her a single acquaintance. That could scarcely happen in any capital except Brussels.

Senior.—How do they educate their sons?

Arrivabene.—They send them until they are seventeen or eighteen to one of the colleges, of which there are many in Brussels, kept by the Jesuits. From thence they go to the University of Louvain, where they are under a loose discipline and learn nothing; and when they quit the university they commence a life with no object, except an object which is never attained, when it is the principal object—amusement. The only professions open to them are the army and politics, and these admit but few, fewer every day, as commissions and places are more and more bartered for parliamentary support. They never think of medicine or of the law, and it is only once perhaps in three or four years that a young noble, under the influence of enthusiasm, enters the Church. Some try to make their fortune by marrying; but as a mésalliance is not to be thought of, that career is very narrow. In general they pass a listless existence far less intellectual than that of my servants.

This being Good Friday our dinner, in compliance with the prejudices of the cook, was maigre, and, as is always the case with a maigre dinner, very luxurious.

Saturday, April 10*th.*—I called on M. Vischer, and found him in some distress about a friend, a M. Bournou, who has for the last twenty years edited a newspaper, one of the most moderate and respectable of Brussels. He is a Frenchman, and his father, an old man of seventy-two, had long been settled at Oléron, in the fine country at the foot of the Pyrenees. Bournou, the son, has been very kind to his countrymen who, since the coup d'état, have been banished to Brussels in great numbers; at present there are said to be above seven hundred. Many of them arrive in great want. Bournou has opened his purse to some, and his house to others. This has been reported in Paris, and has annoyed Louis Napoleon. Not being able to reach the son, he has revenged himself on the father, and has ordered him to quit Oléron and live at Arras. The long journey and the change from a southern to a northern climate, from the fine scenery of Béarn to the naked plains of Picardy, have made the poor old man's life miserable.

Sunday, April 11*th.*—This is a general day of receptions. We went in the evening first to the party of Madame Hofschmidt, wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and afterwards to the Quêtelets at the Observatory.

The ministers are absurdly ill paid—21,000 francs a year—but magnificently lodged in a set of palaces looking on the park. As there were few guests, we were received in the petits appartemens, which would pass for splendid in London. M. Hofschmidt is a very gentleman-like man, belonging to the petite noblesse of Luxembourg. His wife, also very pleasing, had a large fortune. I asked him if he found in his correspondence any traces of the change of foreign ministers in England.

Hofschmidt.—Not the least. The language of Palmerston, Granville, and Malmesbury is identical. But it must be

remembered that we never had any disputes with Palmerston. I suspect that Austria and Russia have perceived a change.

The Quêtelets are not well. Madame Quêtelet has been suffering for several months, and Quêtelet has not yet recovered the dinners and fatigues and east winds of last May in London. He has been for some years preparing materials for a work on the proportions of the human form. They are now complete; but he wants spirit to work them up into a book. I advised him to take what appears to me the best of restoratives, a winter in Italy; and I think that he is disposed to do so. He strongly recommended me to visit Holland.

Quêtelet.—It will be an interesting but a melancholy tour. You will see a great nation gradually, but unceasingly, declining. They are still very rich, richer than we are, but their wealth is diminishing. They still retain a considerable trade, but every year some of it leaves them. They want the enterprise, the rapidity, the versatility, which is necessary to modern commerce. Their tariff was once comparatively liberal; but as they have retained it unaltered while their neighbours are diminishing protection and abandoning prohibition, it is now comparatively restrictive. In 1815, in the violence of their reaction against the political tyranny of France, they resolved also to emancipate themselves from its literary despotism, and to write only in Dutch. As no one reads Dutch, they are become the Chinese of Europe, believing, and perhaps truly, that they possess great poets, orators, and philosophers, whom nobody else has heard of. Then their political position is bad, and is getting worse. The great Orange family has sadly degenerated. We were not inclined to think highly of the first King, except as to his powers of money-making, which were remarkable. He retired from business with a larger *peculium* than has ever been amassed in a single

reign. His successor was in every way inferior to him, and this man is much worse than his father. The Chambers are getting into opposition, and the Opposition is taking a turn which may easily be pushed too far, that of economy. They are starving the public service and the military defence of the kingdom. I very much fear an outbreak, and perhaps a return to the old Republic.

Senior.—Is there any French party?

Quêtelet.—No; they are now happily free from that curse. The French domination extinguished it.

Prince Albert as a youth was Quêtelet's pupil, and has entertained very kindly relations with him ever since. When Quêtelet was in London last spring, on the business of the Exhibition, he was much at the palace, and has preserved a very grateful and very agreeable recollection of his visits.

Quêtelet.—At first I was rather ébloui at finding myself in the presence of the mistress of the first nation of the world, but the Queen's kindness and ease soon reassured me. Nothing can be more sensible or more unpretending than her conversation; and as for the Prince, c'est le naturel le plus charmant que j'ai jamais connu. I once ventured to recall to him his plans in earlier youth. 'You used to say,' I said, 'that if you were ever in a position to be able to select with perfect freedom your society, you would surround yourself with all that was most distinguished in literature, science, and art. Have you been able to effect this?' 'Not perfectly,' he answered; 'as a foreigner I am forced to be very cautious; ranks in this country are strongly marked, and any attempt to weaken the boundaries between them would excite jealousy. The Queen and I do all that we think we can venture to do to diminish the exclusiveness that belongs to English society, but we find ourselves opposed by barriers which we regret, but are forced to

respect. We could not receive you in the manner in which we are happy to be able to do, unless you were a foreigner.' At the same time I was struck with the Prince's acquaintance with the characters of most of those whose names I happened to mention, and I was also much struck by his knowledge not only of past but of present English literature. It is difficult to fancy how he or the Queen with their innumerable duties can find time for reading. Probably they read to one another, and a good deal may be acquired in conversation.

Senior.—The conversation at royal tables is generally supposed to be stiff.

Quêtelet.—Not at the Queen's. It seemed to me to resemble that of the best private society—unembarrassed and amusing. I have been fortunate enough to see much of two princes, Prince Leopold and Prince Albert, and I have found the society of both of them exceedingly interesting. The King has a remarkable extent of knowledge and clearness of judgment (justesse d'esprit), and he has the great advantage of perfect self-reliance. He has had to contend with so many difficulties, to steer through so many intricate channels, more dangerous even than they appeared to be, and his prudence, his boldness, and his resources have procured for him such unvaried success, that he feels himself, as indeed he is, more than a match for those with whom he talks, however eminent they may be. Prince Albert scarcely does justice to his own superiority. He is too modest. He seems not to be aware of the extent of his knowledge and talents: perhaps he does not think about them. The King never forgets his.

Senior.—I ventured when I had the honour of an audience from him, to talk to him as I should to any other man for whose information and ability I had great respect,

as I should talk for instance to Archbishop Whately or to Lord Lansdowne ; I sometimes asked questions and did not always agree with him. In fact I was so much interested with the matter of the conversation that I forgot that my interlocutor was royal.

Quêtelet.—You were quite right; that is what he likes, and the length of your audience is a proof. But if, instead of being a foreign visitor, you had been in his service—if you had been for instance his minister—he would, without perhaps your being aware of it, have kept you at a greater distance. Whether it be that he suspects the Belgians of a want of tact, and of a tendency to press too closely on him ; or whether he thinks that in our Republican institutions royalty is an exotic element, requiring to be nursed by some reserve and distance, he unbends little with those who are in constant contact with him. Even Van Praedt has, I believe, never accompanied him to the Ardennes.

Monday, April 12th.—General Lamoricière called on me. We talked of Algeria. He arrived at Algiers just before the revolution of 1830, a sous-lieutenant. He left it a general just before the revolution of 1848, having passed there the reign of Louis Philippe. I asked him if there were many Roman remains.

Lamoricière.—Very few traces of antiquities of any kind. The country appears to have been never cultivated or possessed by the people who have governed it. Our predecessors the Turks, the Moors who preceded them, the Arabs, the Greeks who were brought into Africa by Belisarius, the Vandals whom he drove out, the Romans, and even the first rulers of the country that we know of, the Carthaginians, were each a dominant caste as we are, or as you are in India, but they did not colonise. The Vandals seem to have destroyed everything ; almost all the

ruins that we find belong to the Greek domination, and are built of stones which once formed parts of earlier buildings overthrown in the Vandal invasion. Nothing that existed before that invasion seems to have survived it.

Senior.—What is the amount of the European population?

Lamoricière.—The army consists of between 60,000 and 70,000 men. Besides these there are about 140,000 persons of European descent, not half of whom are French. The rest are Spaniards, Maltese, Germans, or Italians. The Spaniards are chiefly from the Balearic Islands; there are more than 10,000 of them.

Senior.—Are there many negroes?

Lamoricière.—Not many. A few have been brought thither from the interior of Africa, and sold as slaves to the richer Turks. We do not tolerate slavery. A man brought into Algeria as a slave becomes as free as if he were brought into France; but Mahometan slavery is very mild, and the slaves seldom choose to leave their masters. The girls indeed often marry their masters' sons; the present Emperor of Morocco is a mulatto, the son of a servile mother.

Senior.—What were the reports that reached you of the interior of Africa?

Lamoricière.—I have had seventy or eighty persons about me, who have been at Timbuctoo. They describe it as an enormous aggregation of huts, and the seat of a very great, at least a very extensive and populous, empire. In the notions of the people of Algeria there are only three great sovereigns in the world—the Sultan of the Christians, for they suppose that though broken up into tribes called Frenchmen, Spaniards, &c., we must have one chief, who of course must live in Paris; the Sultan of the Mussulmans, whose throne is in Constantinople; and the Sultan of the

Blacks, who, they say, reigns at Timbuctoo. And they maintain that the black Sultan is by far the greatest man of the three.

Senior.—When the Carthaginians held Africa as you do, they managed to turn the natives to much better account. You cannot maintain your ground without constant reinforcements from Europe. They established a great African empire, subdued Spain and Sicily, and seemed at one time likely to subdue Italy.

Lamoricière.—Yes, but they had not a hostile religion to contend with. The pagan gods were not jealous gods. The Numidian Jupiter, or whatever he called himself, took up his station contentedly by the side of the Phœnician Hercules.

Senior.—But we are met by a hostile religion in Hindostan, and yet we use the Hindoos as the foundations of our empire.

Lamoricière.—The Hindoos are not Mussulmans. Our misfortune is to have to contend with the most fanatical of all the sects that have sprung from Judaism, the parent of all exclusive religions. And an accidental circumstance has occasioned Algeria to be the most fanatical of Mahometan countries. You know that besides the grand schism of Shiah and Soonie, which divides the followers of Omar from those of Ali, there is among the Soonies a sub-schism, separating those who believe that the Sultan of Constantinople is the head of the faithful from those who give that dignity to the Emperor of Morocco. It is not a question of dogma or of ritual, but of religious supremacy, like the dispute between the Pope in Avignon and the Pope in Rome. Algeria was the last conquest made by the Turks from the Moors, and the latter have never acquiesced in it. There was always an open or secret war between Morocco and the Dey of Algiers. This has kept alive the military

spirit and the religious prejudices of the Arabs. On the other hand, we have derived one advantage from it: the Arabs and the Moors have never combined together against us. Abd-el-Kader received no aid from Morocco.

Senior.—Are you likely to extend your frontier towards Tunis or Morocco?

Lamoricière.—I trust that we shall not. We have a country six hundred miles long and more than a hundred broad, larger than Great Britain, and not two millions of inhabitants. Nor would the conquest of Morocco be easy. It is a difficult country, and contains a large warlike population. There are tribes that can turn out each 50,000 fighting men.

Senior.—Is Algeria generally healthy?

Lamoricière.—I believe that it will become so. I have founded twenty-seven or twenty-eight towns. In general, when the earth is first moved, either for building or for cultivation, deleterious exhalations seem to rise from it. After having encamped in a place for months and found it healthy, when I have established a town there fevers have prevailed. We find the same thing in France. Deep cuttings for railways are generally followed by unhealthiness for a year or two. But this ceases in Algeria as it does in France; most of the towns that have been inhabited for some years are healthy. Bona is a remarkable example. It is situated near the mouth of a river, which used to spread above the town into a marsh. So that there were all the elements of unhealthiness; the mixture of fresh and salt water, and marshy exhalations, added to the turning up of fresh soil. And very unhealthy it was for five or six years. But we have drained the marsh, we have finished the considerable movements of earth, and Bona is become healthy. The spring climate is charming, the summer is often unbearably hot, and the winter is rainy and often cold, in consequence

of the neighbourhood of the lower Atlas, then covered with snow.

This was the day of the Brussels Longchamps. The Boulevards were thronged with people in holiday dresses walking in the sandy footpaths, driving in private carriages, hackney coaches, and cabs, along the paved carriage-roads, and riding on the soft horse-roads of which the Boulevards are composed. They are not watered, indeed no part of Brussels is watered, and two months' drought has spread over the whole a coating of dust some inches thick. A violent north-east wind, and thousands of wheels and of feet of men and of horses, produced such an atmosphere of dust that I could not stand it above five minutes, and retreated across the Octroi wall to the Quartier Léopold, where a town of palaces is in construction.

Tuesday, April 13th.—We spent the day at Gaesbeck, Marquis Arconati's castle, about nine miles from Brussels, but accessible to wheels only during the spring and summer, the last five miles, though called a road, being merely a succession of tracks in a deep soil, which a day's rain renders impassable.

The castle stands at the end of a tableland, on the edge of a deep declivity, looking south. To the north and east is a large beech forest; to the south and west you look over a Flemish landscape consisting of slightly undulating plains, intersected by hedgerow trees, and dotted over with farmhouses resembling that which Rubens has painted in his great picture in the National Gallery. Originally the castle consisted of six round towers, forming, with the curtains connecting them a circle. The Prince of Parma besieged it and beat down the southern side, so that it now consists of a semicircle containing only four towers, and the three curtains between them all look south, over what

was originally the interior court and is now the pleasure-ground of the castle. One of the towers contains the kitchen, and above it a circular drawing-room, about forty feet in diameter, with walls ten feet thick. Each window is a little boudoir. Another tower contains Madame Arconati's apartments, and the curtains afford the accommodation of a large country house. It resembles the château of Tocqueville on a much greater scale.

Here, when I first knew them, more than twenty years ago, the Arconatis, exiles themselves, presided over a little court of the most distinguished of the Italian refugees, in which Arrivabene was the Prime Minister, and Berchet, Scalvini, and Collegno were the principal courtiers. Since the amnesty of 1838 recalled them to Italy they have deserted Belgium for Piedmont, and Gaesbeck has become virtually Arrivabene's country house, and a very delightful one it is. If it were not separated from any tolerable road by the five miles of pathway which I have described, it would be besieged by Brussels sight-seers. Even as it is the number is inconvenient.

While we were there to-day a party came, one of whom, a Baron *T'* (not *De* but T', which is much more noble) Serclaes, belongs to a family tragically connected with the castle. About five hundred years ago his ancestor was murdered within its walls by the then owner of Gaesbeck. The people of Brussels, with whom the Baron T'Serclaes was popular, threatened to pull down the castle, and the Baron of Gaesbeck saved it by submitting by way of atonement to take the stone roof off one of the towers, and to cover it, as a sign of penitence, with straw. The present Baron T'Serclaes belongs to the Catholic party, and was Chef de Cabinet to M. de Theux when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs. He spoke with gratitude of Lord Palmerston, as the principal founder of the independence of Belgium.

He lamented the gradual fall of the Belgian aristocracy, not from want of wealth but of energy. From mere indolence they are letting the whole management of the country fall into the hands of the bourgeoisie. None but the lawyers, who are all bourgeois, or lower than bourgeois, learn to speak. He attributed this in a great measure to the law of equal partition which, when a rich man dies, produces as many idle men with enough to live on as there are sons. How different, he said, would have been the career of the cadets of the Mérode family, with their talents and their connexions, if they had been forced by poverty into exertion.

I have generally found the system of forced division unpopular in Belgium. They complain not only of its political but of its moral effects, as diminishing parental influence. It does not however seem to be so mischievous economically as it is in France. It is acted on with more good sense. In France the coheirs frequently divide every field and even every acre of vineyard. In Belgium they generally sell the whole, and divide the price. This however is expensive. The Government takes seven per cent. of the purchase-money for stamps; the notary three per cent., or, if no bargain be made with him, five per cent. more. It is seldom, I am told, that a purchase can be made at an expense of less than ten per cent. And as two and a half per cent. is considered a fair return, the four first years' revenue is absorbed by the expenses of transfer.

Wednesday, April 14th.—Signor Morelli,* a young Tuscan engraver, a pupil of Calametas, came to show me a

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* He is now settled in England, and has been employed by the curators of the National Gallery. He makes admirable drawings of the pictures, and afterwards photographs them.—Ed.

drawing which he has made of Marquis Arconati's Virgin and Child, by Luini. The picture is, I think, the finest Luini that I ever saw. The infantine beauty of the Child, and of a young angel, who supports it, and the majestic melancholy sweetness of the Virgin, are equal to any treatment of the same subjects by Raphael. Morelli intended to engrave it, and spent two months in making a highly finished copy in sepia. It was done in Arrivabene's house, for he would not trust the picture out of his sight, and he watched its progress. After it appeared to him complete, the artist spent a fortnight in retouching it. Then came the French revolution, and destroyed, at least in Brussels, the market for works of art, and Morelli does not venture to transfer his drawing to copper. I heard of it from Arrivabene, and begged to see it,* which produced his visit.

We spent the rest of the morning in looking at pictures. First we saw twenty or thirty which have been sent hither from Florence for sale. I thought them bad and dear. The best, a view of Venice, was rated at 1500 francs. Then we called on the Vicomte Villain XIV. to see a virgin and child, supposed to be a Raphael, and nearly a duplicate of the one in the Stafford Gallery, except that the composition is reversed, as it would be if the picture were seen in a glass, and consequently the child lies on the left arm of the virgin instead of on the right. The child is wonderfully beautiful, and has even some of the divinity of the San Sisto child. The mother is a beautiful woman, but nothing more; both have red hair. I am inclined to suspect that it is an early and very fine copy from an engraving, cut before the contrivance by which the reversing of the composition is now prevented, had been adopted. The Viscount is a pleasing

* Mr. Senior bought the drawing.—Ed.

man, whose principal enjoyment and pursuit is art. This picture, as to the authenticity of which he has no doubt, always travels about with him.

Thursday, April 15th.—Quêtelet, Ducpetiaux,* and Clark† dined with us. Quêtelet complained of the tendency of the Government to interfere in private affairs.

Quêtelet.—Every projector believes that the realisation of his scheme will be a public benefit. He applies to the Government for a subsidy or a monopoly, urges his request through some Deputy in the Assembly, canvasses for votes, and cajoles or frightens the minister into acquiescence. The Government intends to assist the Luxembourg railway, which goes through a country too unpeopled to afford passengers. It helps the betterave sugar-makers by giving them a protective duty; it even gave money to M. Würtz to enable him to erect before his painting-room his clay copies of the pillars of Pæstum.

If I were absolute King I would sell all the railways; individuals or societies would carry them on more economically and more conveniently. If they had been originally constructed by private companies, the absurdity of making Malines the centre, out of mere jealousy of Brussels, would not have been thought of. Another mistake in our present system is the frequency of elections. The Assembly is renewed by one-half every other year, so that every other year there is in half the country a general election. This joined to the numerous local elections keeps it in a continual fever.

Ducpetiaux.—It keeps the country also in a state of continual dissension. The vehemence of party, or rather of

* A distinguished lawyer, political economist, and liberal politician. —Ed.

† Sir John Clark, Bart., at that time in diplomacy.—Ed.

factious spirit, in the small towns and in the country, would scarcely be believed by those who know only the comparative tranquillity of Brussels. As uneducated persons cannot understand the questions really at issue between the Catholic and Liberal parties, the contests become personal ones, embittered by the blind violence of the priests.

Senior.—Do you regret the difficulty which your written constitution throws in the way of change?

Quêtelet.—No; if we adopted the principle of parliamentary omnipotence, we should alter our fundamental laws every year. That doctrine is a safe one only among a people like yours, who reverence their institutions as hereditary, and are averse to change. If our Parliament had been omnipotent in 1848, we should have had universal suffrage; it was proposed. The King said that if the nation willed it, he should not oppose it. Fortunately the forms necessary to an alteration in the constitution are dilatory and cumbrous; before they could be gone through the fever had spent itself.

Great complaints were made of the number of exiles thrust on Belgium by Louis Napoleon.

Ducpetiaux.—They arrive at the rate of about one hundred and twenty a day, belonging to every class except the very highest. From that class we have not had many since the first decrees of expulsion.

Quêtelet.—An acquaintance of mine came yesterday. He was a professor in one of the colleges in Paris—a man of education and character. Three or four days ago he was offered an important post in the university. He refused it. He did not wish, he said, to serve under the present Government. Two days afterwards he received a passport for Belgium, with twenty-four hours for preparation. It does not appear that the

promulgation of the constitution has in the slightest degree diminished the arbitrariness of the Administration.

Ducpetiaux.—Proudhon has been sent by us to Bastogne; the other socialist leaders are distributed in different villages. The Government probably fears their presence in Brussels, but it may be a question whether their dissemination is not more dangerous. In all the Belgian small towns and villages the cabaret is the place of meeting and of conversation. Each of these men is an apostle of socialism, and finds docile disciples. No doctrine is so readily received by the poor as that which teaches them that their sufferings are the fault of the rich; and our Flanders population is prepared for discontent by want. I wish that they could be sent to England; not speaking English, they could do you no harm. In the meantime our patriots are angry that we do not make subscriptions and public meetings for them.

Quételet.—It is a misfortune that we have preserved so much of the French procedure with its forms and delays. I was much struck in London by the easy and rapid administration of justice in your police courts.

Ducpetiaux.—I saw yesterday a notice posted up in all the railway stations which is disgraceful to the country. It stated that somebody, for having travelled without a ticket, had been fined five francs, and had undergone sixteen days' imprisonment 'préalablement.'

Senior.—What is the meaning of imprisonment 'préalable?'

Ducpetiaux.—It means that he was kept in prison for sixteen days, until it had been ascertained whether he had been guilty of fraud or of negligence. From the low amount of the fine, the Court appears to have decided that he had only been negligent; perhaps that on taking out

his handkerchief he had lost his ticket. But think of sixteen days' imprisonment on such a ground!

Senior.—How could it have occurred?

Ducpetiaux.—Perhaps the judge was busy, perhaps he was gone on a journey, perhaps the matter was forgotten. We are like the French; we care rather for equality than for liberty. It constantly occurs that a person is condemned to pay a trifling fine, perhaps three francs, and is kept in prison six months for default of payment.

Senior.—What is the maximum of imprisonment for debt?

Ducpetiaux.—Six years for a Belgian citizen; but a foreigner may be kept in gaol for his whole life. I am afraid to say for how many years I have heard of Englishmen being detained for want of money to pay their hotel bills.

Senior.—I wonder that Lord Palmerston did not send a fleet up the Scheldt; according to his estimate of the rights of a *civis Britannicus* he might have required him to be at least put on a footing with a native.

Friday, April 16th.—I left Brussels and returned to London.

London, November 26th.—M. Thiers arrived in London the day before yesterday. I sat with him this morning for an hour and a half before breakfast. He looks with alarm on our free trade legislation.

Thiers.—It may do very well during peace, but as soon as war comes you will regret your navigation laws and your corn laws. You think that your tonnage has augmented, but the apparent increase arises from the change of form which has occasioned an unusual number of new ships to be built. The Swedes and Norwegians have already almost excluded you from the Baltic; they have even taken your place in the cabotage between England and France, a trade which nourished a set of seamen whose hardy habits and local knowledge of your coast and of ours were invaluable to you. You now depend for your food on your commerce, and for your commerce, at least in time of war, on your maritime supremacy. I believe that notwithstanding the progress that our military marine has made and is making, you could now beat us with ease. But united to the American navy, the most formidable in proportion to its size that exists, we should be a tough morsel. And your laws respecting nationality, impressment, and neutrals, laws which you obstinately retain after the rest of the world has abandoned them, will force you into a war with America six months after you have begun one with us.

Senior.—Do you think war probable?

Thiers.—I think it not only probable, but certain. Whether it will take place within one year, or within two years, I will not say, but I am convinced that it will not be delayed for three years. My fears are excited partly by the character of Louis Napoleon, and partly by that of his subjects. Like all those whose reign is, or affects to be, a restoration, he is an imitator. He began by a Dix-huit Brumaire, and an appeal to the blindest and most danger-

ous of powers—universal suffrage. Now he is making himself Emperor. From a President, when he was the equal of your Queen, or of Nicholas, he becomes an illegitimate King, and will rank among his brother Sovereigns, if brother they will call him, after the Grand Duke of Baden. Is it possible that he will be satisfied with an empire bounded by Belgium, Prussia, Hesse, and Bavaria? He has succeeded in reproducing the two first acts of his uncle's drama, and you may be sure that he intends to give us the third.

Again, he is irritable, and all his neighbours are hostile. He believes not without reason that they dread his power and look on his person with a mixture of hate and contempt. Each party knows that the other is watching for an opportunity of attack, and some day one or the other will think that opportunity has come.

These however are mere superficial causes of war; there is a deeper one in the character of the nation diabolique that is at his back, or rather under his feet. You know the story of the fiend that tore his master to pieces as soon as he ceased to find him employment. Such a fiend is France. Do you suppose that the most unquiet, the most restless, the most vain, the most ambitious, the most daring, and the most unscrupulous people that the world has ever feared and wondered at, will be satisfied to stand like a Russian sentinel, with shouldered arms, in silence and darkness, forbidden to move, or to speak, or to hear, or even to see? And this after having enjoyed three hundred years of excitement?

From the beginning of the sixteenth century, the period at which Europe from being an aggregate of tribes, crystallised into nations, France has never been without some great food for her activity and her vanity. First came the Italian wars of Charles VIII. and Francis I., then the religious troubles, then the splendours of Louis XIV., the most

thorough Frenchman that ever reigned. When the military ardour of France had been exhausted by his conquests, and chilled by his defeats, she threw herself into speculation and literature. Paris became the intellectual metropolis of the world. *There* was framed and worked the machinery which overthrew superstition and feudalism. The chit-chat of the Parisian salons decided the tastes and the opinions of Europe.

As soon as we had devoured all the old religion and philosophy, we turned on Monarchy. That was a meal for only three years. We then employed twenty more in breaking to pieces and swallowing up Belgium and Holland and Italy and Spain. When you had deprived us of that amusement, a new one, and perhaps a still more stimulating one, was given to us in parliamentary life. The eyes of all Europe were fixed on the tribune of the Chamber, statesmen and orators took the place in public attention, which had been filled by generals and negotiators. We were proud to think ourselves as great in debate as we had been in arms. The brilliant and constantly shifting scenes gratified our vanity, our curiosity, our love of interference and intermeddling, and, what was quite as important, our malignity. We were delighted to hear Guizot attack Thiers and Thiers expose Guizot.

Now all this has come suddenly to an end. The pit and the boxes are still full of spectators eager to admire, to criticise, to applaud, and to hiss, but a curtain has dropped before the stage, painted with grotesque imperial decorations, but concealing the play and the actors. The coup d'état stunned us for a year, the empire and the coronation may occupy us for six months more. After that the marriage and its fêtes may amuse us for another half-year. But when all this is over something must be found for us to think about and to do.

Senior.—Will not industry and commerce, will not manufacturers and railways supply food for what you call your diabolical passion for excitement?

Thiers.—Not in the least; they interest only the gamblers of the Bourse. The French public does not care whether it travels at the rate of five miles an hour or of thirty, whether its ports are empty or full, whether Rouen and Lyons are prosperous or starving. Vanity, envy, and ambition are our real passions. The Government that prohibits our gratifying them from the tribune must give them vent in the field.

Without doubt this is a dangerous amusement, disastrous to the people and eventually fatal to the Government, and I am inclined to think that Louis Napoleon is not without his misgivings; he cannot but fear the consequences of either victory or defeat; but the current that hurries him on is irresistible. He *probably* will perish by war, he *certainly* would perish by peace; and he will prefer a remote, and perhaps a brilliant, fall to an immediate and a disgraceful one. I do not sympathise with your alarmists who, when the *Times* is brought into them at breakfast, expect to read there that the French are in Kent or in Ireland; I do not fear that in full peace and without warning he will make a 'pointe' upon London, but I feel certain that as soon as he finds us craving for a new excitement, he will stop our mouths with a war. He will have no difficulty in getting one up, the constant difficulty is to avoid one. Ten times during the last thirty years there has been a *casus belli*, which has been smoothed over merely because all parties were honestly anxious for peace. Only let him hint a wish for war, and his diplomatists or his cruisers will manage to get him forced into one in three months.

Senior.—And in what direction will the storm burst—on Piedmont, on Belgium, or on England?

Thiers.—That will mainly depend upon *you*. If your preparations for defence are skilful and energetic, if you make a landing very dangerous, and the progress of the invaders, supposing them landed, more dangerous still, you may force him to turn his eyes from the Channel. But depend on it, it is *there* that they are now fixed. The temptation to punish you for Waterloo, not only to avenge Napoleon but to eclipse him, to effect what the hero of this century did not venture to attempt, is one which his wild, irregular, presumptuous ambition will not resist unless *you* make success impossible.

And supposing the attempt once made, even if it fail, it will be a deplorable calamity to you as well as to us. A Continental war is a short one. We shall be immediately victorious, or, what is more probable, we shall immediately be beaten. In either case peace will follow. But our wars with England last for years. We hate you too much and admire you too much to acquiesce in your superiority. Unless we dictate a peace in London we shall not accept one until, after years of exhaustion, some third power—perhaps America, perhaps Russia—steps in and commands both parties to end a struggle which is disturbing all the world.

Sunday, November 28th.—M. Thiers paid me a long visit this morning. We talked of the division on Friday, and I said that I was glad that Lord Palmerston had broken with the Radicals, who were his main supporters and his most dangerous flatterers. United to the Tories he would be far less formidable; first, because much weaker, secondly, because under less mischievous influences.

Thiers.—I like Lord Palmerston as a companion. Our social relations have always been agreeable; and it is not absolutely impossible that we may have again to discuss together public business. I do not wish therefore to be

generally quoted as disapproving his public character; but I cannot but think that he will be a most dangerous member of any Cabinet, whatever be its colour. With all his good-temper, his frankness, and his cleverness, he is essentially ill-conditioned, morally as well as intellectually. He is vain, he is vindictive, he is rash, he is inconsiderate; such are his moral defects. He is short-sighted; he is narrow-minded; he sees only the details of a matter, not its broad outline; he is always aiming at petty successes and partial triumphs, instead of the large objects which are pursued by real statesmen; these are his intellectual defects. The results of these combined deficiencies in temper and in mind are that he fights for small matters; irritates by teasing objections; runs enormous dangers to obtain trifling triumphs; creates great and permanent mischief to obtain the appearance of a slight immediate superiority; sacrifices the substance to the form; hazards the game in order to gain a single trick, and wounds those with whom he is negotiating even when he yields to them. His presence in any Cabinet, whatever be his portfolio, will prevent any cordial union between the Continental powers and England. Milnes says cleverly that there is a mythological Palmerston as well as a real one, and the attributes of the mythological hero are as much exaggerations of those of the mortal as those of the Solomon of the 'Arabian Nights' exceed those of the Solomon of Scripture. Now it is the mythological Palmerston that is believed in on the Continent. Austria is convinced that his emissaries swarm over Europe; that his whole soul is employed in machinations to drive them out of Italy and establish a Constituent Assembly in Vienna. The King of Naples fancies that Palmerston passes sleepless nights devising his ruin. Even Nicholas exempts him from his general proud indifference, and con-

descends to hate and even to fear him. If you have to fight on Blackheath for the existence of London you will owe it to Palmerston, and if he is then in the Cabinet you will have to fight single-handed.

When the quadruple alliance was first proposed I saw its dangers. I said to the King, 'An alliance is a serious thing, and England is a serious nation. It will not be safe to take her up and drop her. If we accept her alliance we must stand by it when it becomes inconvenient as well as while it is useful.' But he was not to be deterred. Don Miguel had taken Bourmont to command the expedition with which he invaded Portugal. The King saw behind Bourmont the Comte de Chambord, and was resolved to have him got rid of at any cost; so the alliance was made, and France and England were mutually pledged to support the thrones of Maria and of Isabella.

You did your work loyally. Donna Maria was maintained, and Bourmont disappeared. Soon after came the invasion of Spain by Don Carlos. You summoned us to perform our part of the treaty, and to drive out Don Carlos as you had driven out Don Miguel. The King did not like the trouble or the expense, and he thought, perhaps with reason, that Don Carlos might be more under French influence than his niece. Nesselrode and Metternich, partly from sympathy with a pretender to absolutism and legitimacy, and still more from aversion to the alliance between France and England, used every effort to induce him to refuse, or at least to neglect, to perform the obligations of the treaty. What was much worse, they encouraged him in speaking slightingly of Lord Palmerston. The King's mots were very clever; he was a great master of sarcasm.

Lord Granville, as wise and as honourable a minister as you ever had, repeated nothing that could be offensive; but his successor reported faithfully all the King's mauvaises

plaisanteries, and Palmerston became Louis Philippe's bitter personal enemy, and pursued him with constant annoyances, of which only the most prominent ones, such as the events of 1840, are publicly known. The King retaliated by the refusal to ratify the convention as to the right of search, by throwing perpetual obstacles in the way of all your negotiators, and at last by the Spanish marriages.

Palmerston riposta by contributing all that he could, and it was not a little, to bring on the revolution of 1848. The 2nd of December was the inevitable consequence of the 24th of February, and *war*, as I said to you the other day, is the inevitable consequence of the 2nd of December.

Senior.—What part will Austria take in that war?

Thiers.—The young Emperor has been a little flattered by the prévenances of Louis Napoleon; he resents too, as does all the Austrian army, the unatoned-for outrage on Haynau;* he is angry with your liberation and reception of Kossuth, with your support of Piedmont, and, above all, with your attempts to dismember the Neapolitan kingdom. But he cannot but feel that in Italy, France and Austria are incurably antagonists; that even if they agree to divide the spoil, yet that we shall always be tempted to use the anti-imperial passions of the Lombards and Venetians, and their recollection of the vice-royalty of Italy, to rouse an anti-Austrian insurrection, and to profit by it. I am not without hopes therefore that when the war comes, Austria will be found on your side. And in that case, if your preparations have made *you* safe, and Belgium or Piedmont is its seat, I think that it will be short. This man has not talent enough to fight all Europe. He is a cunning, clever conspirator; he knew how to cor-

* General Haynau was attacked, in what they thought a fit of righteous indignation, by the labourers and draymen in Barclay's brewery which he had gone to inspect, on September 4th, 1850.—Ed.

rupt 20,000 men, and to overthrow a defenceless unpopular Assembly; but he does not know how to conduct a war, and he will not venture to employ those who do.

Senior.—I thought that he had some military knowledge. Has he not written well on artillery?

Thiers.—Detestably. I talked about his book to La Hitte, who was his minister and is our first authority on such subjects. 'If this fellow,' he said, 'has anything to do with our artillery, *il la saccagera.*' I trust that he will be beaten in the first campaign; that we shall bring back the Bourbons; that for the next twenty years we shall be employed in reconstructing a constitutional Monarchy, and that while France is busy at home Europe will have another interval of repose.

Senior.—I am surprised at your account of the sympathy of Austria with Naples. Francis Joseph must feel, I think, that King Ferdinand throws discredit on royalty.

Thiers.—You and I who have been in Naples, can appreciate the folly and wickedness of its Government; but Kings and Emperors know nothing of them. They see in Ferdinand only the protector of the Pope and the represser of insurrection. What calls itself the Party of Order is mad in its fears of socialism, and resents as socialist any interference on behalf of a people against a Sovereign. Gladstone is almost as unpopular in Vienna as Palmerston. I honour him for having written his letter; I honour Aberdeen for having allowed it to be addressed to him. I believe that few of its horrors are over-coloured; but the Party of Order is furious against statesmen who, professing to be Conservatives, ask for mercy or even for justice in favour of men accused of being revolutionists.

Senior.—You have now been in Rome. What is the state of the Pope's dominions?

Thiers.—Nothing can be worse than the state of that

portion which we occupy, and nothing can be more 'plat,' more abject, than the part which we play. The alliance between Louis Napoleon and the Church deprives us of all power of interference with the Pope. We are his humble servants; we protect him against the vengeance of his people; and he is guilty of all the oppression and mal-administration which are to be expected from a weak, timid, superstitious priest, who, without knowledge or experience, attempts to govern a discontented people by means of other priests as ignorant and frightened as himself.

Austria behaves very differently in the Legations. Her soldiers and administrators overrule, discredit, and indeed insult the Papal authorities; they are every day taking more and more power into their own hands, and exercise it as justly, even as liberally, as is consistent with Austrian ideas. She has shot indeed perhaps a couple of thousand people, some hundreds of whom may have been altogether innocent, or at worst guilty merely of Republicanism; but then the rest were brigands that deserved to be shot ten times over. So that substantial justice, à l'Allemande, has been done. The Legations have become a safe country, while the Patrimony of St. Peter is overrun with brigands. On the whole she has managed much better than we have. Her troops get paid and clothed, so that she gains by occupying the Legations, and at the same time is preparing them to become Austrian. As for us, I almost doubt whether we shall continue to hold Rome. We maintain there 12,000 men at a great expense, for the Pope will not pay us a farthing; it is of no value as a military position, and its occupation no longer gives us much moral influence.

Senior.—When I was in Rome about two years ago, the general opinion was that three days after you left Rome the Pope must leave it too. Even Rayneval* believed so.

* The French ambassador to the Vatican in 1850.—Ed.

Thiers.—Without attaching much importance to Rayneval's judgment, I think that at that time he may have been right. But the Romans have now been accustomed for three years to see the Pope in Rome. His Government is detestable, but yet it probably is better than it was; and the democratic party are convinced that the next general war must drive him out. They feel therefore that all that they have to do is to bide their time, that in a very few years at farthest the pear will be ripe. For this reason Louis Napoleon is a favourite with them; they believe him to be a brouillon; they believe, as I do, that his domination must end in war, and they pray, if they ever pray, that he may live to set it a-going. Whether they will act on these views, whether if we go they will resist the temptation of sending the Pope after us, I will not venture to predict. A democrat is not the wisest of men, and a Roman is not the wisest of democrats. I have often said that 'la seule chose plus bête qu'un Jacobin c'est un Légitimiste, et la seule chose plus bête qu'un Légitimiste c'est un Jacobin.' But these are the intentions which they *profess*.

Senior.—Do you think that the temporal power of the Pope can last fifty years?

Thiers.—I do not think that it can last ten years. And with his temporal power he will lose the greater part of his spiritual power. He will sink into a kind of Patriarch of Constantinople.

Senior.—You do not believe, with Montalembert, in the resuscitation of the Catholic Church?

Thiers.—I believe that Catholicism is gaining on Protestantism, but I believe that Deism is gaining upon both. The world may be divided into those who reason and those who feel. The first, like the rationalists of Germany and the educated Frenchmen and Italians, give

up, avowedly or impliedly, the peculiarities of Christianity. They accept its morality, but deny its supernatural claims. Those on the other hand who are governed by their feelings, who want to lean on superhuman support, are not satisfied with the cold inconsistencies of Protestantism, or the still colder consistencies of Unitarianism; they jump fairly over the ditch, and take refuge under the wing of an infallible Church. The unfortunate, the disappointed, women who are ill-treated by their husbands or betrayed by their lovers, old maids, girls who are unhappy at home—these are the game of the confessor. The strong, the happy, and the busy reject him.

Then in the next war America and Russia will play a great part. They are the only young nations. France and England cannot boast of more than a green old age. And neither America nor Russia have any respect for the Pope. You detest him, the Italians detest him, we despise him, Austria thinks of nothing but robbing him. Depend on it, his days of territorial power are narrowly limited.

Thursday, November 30*th.*—I called on M. Thiers at eight this morning.

Lady Ashburton had read to him in French the beginning of my report of our conversations in the spring; about, he thought, fifty pages. He admitted its general accuracy.

Thiers.—There are some few things that require correction, not because they are important in themselves, but because the report, having passed through my hands I become responsible for what I am made to say, and inaccuracies in slight points, which would be immaterial if *you* alone had to answer for them, ought not to be passed over by *me*.* For instance any one

* See above for the Conversation referred to, page 3.—Ed.

reading the Syrian story would suppose that I was Louis Philippe's minister when I remonstrated against his taking up Mehemet Ali's cause. I was then in Opposition. He sent for me as a friend and my advice was unofficial.

There are also a few expressions which, though I used them, and though they expressed my opinions, I had rather have struck out or explained. Thus you make me call Louis Philippe fin et rusé.* So he was, but those words, without explanation, convey the idea of falsehood, and *false* he was not. He had a strong will and fixed plans, and, though the means which he used to effect those plans were often indirect, often indeed morally wrong, they were not *treacherous*. The great error of his life was that he never would submit to be a constitutional King. To work a constitutional Government the different powers should be in equilibrium. The King and the Chambers should resemble the passengers in a wherry, they should be constantly endeavouring to trim the boat. If either party destroys its balance it oversets. Now he never would submit to sit still; he was always getting up to seize the rudder. I warned him that one day he would be capsized in a crise ministérielle, and so he was.

With you such a crise seldom lasts a week, or if it lasts longer it is prolonged only by the difficulty of conciliating the heads of parties. For the first ten years of his reign, in fact until he found an instrument in Guizot, Louis Philippe delighted in a crise. It gratified his love of power and his love of intrigue. He prolonged it for months. His object always was to produce a Ministry so weak, or at least so heterogeneous, as to be his tools. Nothing annoyed him so much as an attempt to cast the parts in a Cabinet against his wishes, or even without his intervention. He

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* See p. 9.—Ed.

used to hold up his thumb and say I am the one, you are the four, and in complicated affairs the one who knows his own mind will always beat the four.

Senior.—What were his means of prolonging a crisis?

Thiers.—He used to propose impossible combinations, to object to everything that was feasible, to impose conditions for the purpose of their being refused. It was thus that at length he wearied out the candidates for office, and baffled every attempt to form a strong Government until Guizot and I lui forçames la main in 1839. And at last it was in a crise that the Monarchy went down.

Senior.—Do you think that Guizot could have saved it?

Thiers.—This I will not decide, but I am sure that his dismissal and the time lost in attempting to form a Molé Administration, were the proximate causes of its fall.

I can tell you the story of that last crise as I heard it at the time from Duchâtel, Molé, and Dumon.

On the 22nd of February there had been an ébraulement at the Château. Meetings of the royal family were held, but nothing was said to the ministers. On the morning of the 23rd two alarming events occurred. A body of the National Guard interposed between the troops of the line and the insurgents. It was the first time that such an event had occurred, and every one felt its enormous importance. The other was the march of a column of the National Guard towards the Palais Bourbon, with the avowed intention of requiring the Deputies to address the King in favour of parliamentary reform.

Barrot and I went out and met them at the bridge. It was the sort of exhibition that he liked. He made to them a long harangue on their duties. I abused them as émeutiers. Between us we got them to retire.

Soon after Duchâtel was summoned from the Chamber

to the Château. He found there the King and Queen, both disturbed by the morning's news.

'The affair is very serious,' said the King. 'Does M. Guizot feel confident?'

'We have no fears,' answered Duchâtel. 'Without doubt the affair is, comme dit le Roi, serious, but we have put down more formidable insurrections.'

The Queen now interposed in a state of much excitement.

'This is a time,' she said, 'to speak frankly. I do not think that M. Guizot *does* appreciate the gravity of the situation.'

'He had better,' said Duchâtel, 'come and explain himself.' And he returned to the Chamber and carried Guizot out with him to the Château. It was not without alarm that I saw Guizot going out. I knew his unpopularity, and that if the mob had him in their power they would tear him to pieces. I had been attacked myself that morning in the Place de la Concorde, and should have been massacred if some personal friends in the National Guard had not rescued me. But he probably knew the danger, and his carriage instead of the direct road by the Place, took the quais, which were lined with troops.

I cannot state to you the details of what passed between the King and Guizot. On comparing what the King told to *me*, and what Guizot told to his friends and they repeated to me, I believe that Guizot said that one of two things must be done. That if the course adopted was resistance, the National Guard must be instantly dissolved. That if it was concession, there must be parliamentary reform. That the King would not consent to the former, or Guizot to the latter, and that it being evident to both parties that they must part, the rest of the conversation was a sort of fencing match, in which the King tried to be

deserted and Guizot to be dismissed. The King maintains that he succeeded, that is to say, he maintains that Guizot resigned; Guizot asserts that he was dismissed. The King had then to decide whom he should send for. The choice lay between Molé and me, and it fell upon Molé.

The Queen was right in thinking that Guizot did not appreciate the danger. Every émeute during eighteen years had been put down. He believed the garrison of Paris to be twice as strong as it really was. This was at about one o'clock. It was four before Molé could be found and brought to the Château; three precious hours were thus lost.

Molé accepted, and asked if he might take me for his colleague. 'What,' answered the King, 'will Europe say? What will the Bourse say when it hears that we have such a mauvaise tête at the Tuileries?' Molé insisted, and the King yielded, probably with an arrière-pensée of soon getting rid of me.

Molé sent me word that he would call on me. This kept me useless in my house for some hours waiting for him. When he came and opened his business I instantly refused. 'I never,' I said, 'will sit in a Cabinet of which I am not the head.' 'But,' he said, 'will you give me your friends; will you give me Rémusat and Duvergier de Hauranne?' 'By all means,' I said, 'if they will give themselves; and I will assist you to the utmost of my power. I will be everything except your colleague.' He went on to look for other colleagues; met with repulses from some, and could not persuade the King to accept others, and at last, after spending unprofitably five or six irrevocable hours, returned his powers to the King.

Senior.—Were your relations with the King, when you were his minister agreeable?

Thiers.—I cannot say that we were in all respects well

suited, and yet we liked one another. I enjoyed his finesse, his knowledge, his sagacity, and the charm of his manner. He liked my frankness, and perhaps did not dislike my petulance. With me he was thoroughly at his ease; not so with Guizot. The King and I were each of us too fond of having his own way to tolerate long the relation of King and minister. He wanted to see all my dispatches. I let him look at the long and formal ones, on the condition that he would not attempt to alter them, but the shorter ones, the confidential notes written while the courier was standing by in his boots, I would not show to him. There was not time; I had to give the last mot. It would not have done to waste an hour or two in sending them to the Tuileries. Then I could not bear his paix à tout prix. My rêve was a war by France and England against Austria and Russia. Such a war would have freed Italy and secured the independence of Turkey. And there were half a dozen occasions when but for him we might have had one. The greatest blunder however that his rage pacifique betrayed him into was the Syrian affair. If he had stood by me for only two months we should have come out of it not merely successfully but gloriously. Never was there such an absurdity as your thinking of conquering Syria with a few ships and 2000 soldiers. The Pasha alone had 130,000. Now, though 2000 Englishmen are fully equal to 20,000 Asiatics, they are not equal to 100,000. And in less than two months the winter would have driven your ships from the coast. I had ascertained that Austria would not send any troops to Syria. Appony promised me *that* as the price of my not attacking her. I was sure that you would not venture to take Russians there. I had an army of 500,000 men, and a fleet that could have fought one action with yours. All the coalition was trembling. Metternich said, 'I have

staked all on one card—the chance of a quarrel between the King and Thiers.' And it turned up in his favour. But you cannot wonder at my disgust.

He irritated me too on another occasion. He wanted to set free Don Carlos in utter disregard, or rather defiance of, our treaty with England. He did not venture to suggest it to me himself, and tried first to do it through Appony. Appony objected; there was no saying how I might take it, and if I were to use harsh language to the Austrian minister it might be serious. So they sent the Neapolitan, Caraffa, who might be insulted without danger. When Caraffa entered my cabinet I saw from his manner that it was for no good, so I teased him for some time, without letting him get to his business, showed him the garden of the Affaires Étrangères covered with snow, and condoled with him on having to pass a winter in Paris instead of at Naples. At last I allowed him to begin. He told his story very awkwardly. 'M. de Caraffa,' I answered, 'on what day were you instructed by your Court to make to me this proposal? When did you receive the dispatch which authorised you to ask me to break a treaty?' He hemmed and hawed, and at last confessed that he had no precise instructions. 'It is fortunate,' I replied, 'that it is not the minister of any great power that has come to me on such an errand. Go back to M. Appony and tell him so.'

I described our interview, probably in the same words in which I have related it to you, to the King. He had too much tact to let out that he had been an accomplice, and laughed over Caraffa's discomfiture. 'Il doit avoir fait très mauvaise mine,' he said; 'ce pauvre Caraffa.'

The King's great fault was his timidity. He was personally a hero but politically a coward. He never could forget the disasters of 1813, 1814, and 1815, and I could not make him feel that, though inferior to the Continental powers

united, we are more than a match for any of them separately. Prussia even joined to Holland and Belgium could not stand against us for a fortnight. Austria would not be an affair of more than one campaign; and as for Russia, the most powerful of them all, if we were fairly pitted against one another, with no allies on either side, we should crush her.

Senior.—I must venture to differ from you. You could not crush Russia when your army contained contingents from almost all Europe. How could you do it single-handed?

Thiers.—I was supposing that the Russians met us halfway, that their armies and ours were brought into contact. To march again on Moscow would be madness. So it would be for them to march on Paris. But if we were to fight in Germany, distances would tell against them as much as against us. The way to attack Russia is to begin by Poland, to get to the Vistula in one campaign, to the Dwina in another, to detach and consolidate as French, or at least as definitely separated from Russia all that is gained—and thus gradually to eat into the monster.

Senior.—What are your chances in a duel with England?

Thiers.—In your present state of defence, I think them enormously in our favour. If we had no other enemy we could spare without missing them 200,000 men; we could attack you in the same week at Woolwich, at Portsmouth, and in the Shannon, and have a reserve of 50,000 men to support the first corps that established itself in your territory. Supposing the attack delayed, as I think *will* be the case, for eighteen months, and supposing you to employ, as I fear will *not* be the case, those eighteen months wisely and energetically—to devote as much of your surplus wealth to preparation for war as you would to actual war—I think then that the struggle would be a very serious one. Our whole army might be intercepted and drowned, and if

he were drowned with it I should not much care. But any accident—a fog, a storm, a blunder on your part, a clever manœuvre on ours—might enable us to throw 100,000 men on your coast, and then I fear that you are done for.

To return to Louis Philippe's timidity. Its unreasonableness is shown by what we see now. No one can suppose that France is now stronger than she was under him. He had ten times the talent of Louis Napoleon; the generals who are now in exile are far better than St. Arnaud and Vaillant, and I will not degrade the statesmen of Louis Philippe by comparing them with Persigny or Abbatucci. Yet now all Europe is trembling before Louis Napoleon. All that they beg is not to be attacked. At that price he may do just what he likes. They stand like a dozen unarmed men before a man with a pistol. Together they are strong enough to seize him, but the first who ventures will be shot.

Senior.—I should rather compare it to the fear that is inspired by a madman. Every one who is reckless of consequences is the terror of those who are sober and prudent. A litigious man can tyrannise over all his neighbours by threatening to go to law for every trifle. A nation that is mad enough to be indifferent to the miseries and dangers of war can always bully those who know the value of peace. A nation which is absurd enough to like wasting its money on fortifications, armies, and war steamers, must always be formidable to those who wish to employ theirs in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.

Friday, December 3rd.—M. Thiers talked this morning on a subject of which he is fond, the difficulties of administration.

Thiers.—I could not bear to be an English minister.

The central Government has so few organs either for information or for action; its subordinates are so independent; it is checked by so many local authorities, local privileges, and local mismanagement, that half of its duties are unperformed, and the greater part of the other half is ill performed. Even in France, which is governed on a much wiser system, the wisest and the most complete in Europe; where there is not a single independent local authority; where the central power knows, and superintends, and indeed regulates, the concerns of every commune; where every pulsation of the heart in Paris is instantly felt in the Pyrenees and on the Rhine—even in France our internal administration has more of intelligence than of vigour. I used constantly to find my orders forgotten, or neglected, or misinterpreted. As I have often said to you, men are naturally idle, false, and timid; menteurs, lâches, paresseux. Whenever I found that an employé supposed that because an order had been given it had been executed, or that because he had been told a thing it was true, I gave him up as an imbecile. Bonaparte nearly lost the battle of Marengo by supposing that the Austrians had no bridge over the Bormida. Three generals assured him that they had carefully examined the river, and that there was none. It turned out that there were two, and our army was surprised.

When I was preparing for war in 1840 I sat every day for eight hours with the Ministers of War, of Marine, and of the Interior. I always began by ascertaining the state of execution of our previous determinations. I never trusted to any assurances, if better evidence could be produced. If I was told that letters had been dispatched, I required a certificate from the clerk who had posted them or delivered them to the courier. If answers had been received, I required their production. I punished inexor-

ably every negligence, and even every delay. I kept my colleagues and my bureaux at work all day, and almost all night. We were all of us half-killed. Such a tension of mind wearies more than the hardest bodily work. At night my servants undressed me, took me by the feet and shoulders and placed me in my bed, and I lay there like a corpse till the morning. Even my dreams, when I dreamt, were administrative. To do all this a man must have an iron will, an iron body, and, what is rarer than either, indifference to the likes and dislikes of those about him, for he is sure to be hated; there is only one exception, and that is in the case of a general. A good military administrator is the idol of his troops, because they feel that their comfort and even their safety is the result of his care and of his energy; he is their providence. But the labours of the civilian are unknown to those who profit by them. The sailors at Toulon did not know that it was owing to *me* that their ships were well stored and victualled. My subordinates respected me, perhaps admired me, but they looked on me as a severe taskmaster, whose exigencies no exertions could satisfy. I gave however an impulse to our naval and military administration, which has not yet lost its force. When the day of trial comes you will find your aristocratic first and second lords and your gentleman-like clerks, who come at ten and go at four, as incapable of coping with our trained official hierarchy as your militia would be with our Chasseurs de Vincennes; and yet you want not merely as much zeal and energy as we have, but much more. For you have to create and to improve, we have merely to keep our military establishments from falling back. I was at Havre the summer before last, and lived much with the young engineers in the naval school. Their whole souls are in their profession; they think and talk and dream of nothing but paddle-wheels and screws,

and the result is the 'Napoléon,' a far more formidable military machine than any that you possess. All her engines and boilers are below the water line. Your fleet will always be larger than ours, but I am much mistaken if, vessel for vessel, you will find it better. I doubt whether you will find it so good.

Senior.—It must have been a remarkable education which gave you this force of will and energy of character.

Thiers.—It was an education which was common to a large proportion of the French of my age. I was born apparently to enjoy an easy provincial life. My father was a merchant, not rich but respectable, trading to the Levant. My mother's family were gens de robe, and in what might then be called easy circumstances. Both were ruined by the Revolution. It destroyed my father's trade, and the appointments which formed the fortune of my maternal relations. My father died; my mother was left with no support but me, a weakly lad. The Government took possession of me, as it did of all the youths whom their parents could be forced or induced to part with, and put me into a military school, from which the seniors were drafted off every year—the few who had distinguished themselves to be made officers, the rest to be spent in the next campaign. The life was very hard, but its hardships, instead of killing me, as had been most probable, gave me in a couple of years an iron constitution. I knew that if I was to do anything for my mother, or even for myself, it must be by unremitting toil, and I worked as I believe few others have worked. I was always ungovernable, always rebelled against the regulations and the restrictions which were imposed on me. I scarcely followed even the appointed routine of study; but I went deep into every subject that interested me, and soon obtained the reputation of eminent though undisciplined industry and talent. The calamities of 1814 found

me still in the Lycée. The career of arms ceased to be promising, and Mignet and I left it to seek our fortunes in Paris. The fall of the Empire made me an homme de lettres nearly forty years ago. Its renewal makes me an homme de lettres once more.

Senior.—Some of these days you will return to the administrative labours which, after all, I see that you prefer to any others.

Thiers.—Not under this man. As to what may happen under another dynasty—nous verrons.

1853.

[Mr. Senior visited Paris in the following spring. He found the Empire fully established, and an extraordinary prosperity—a reaction consequent on the insecurity of the previous four years—was everywhere apparent. The Emperor's marriage had just taken place, and the Crimean war was looming in the distance.—Ed.]

Sunday, May 8th.—I reached Paris last night, and this morning, not liking my rooms at the Hotel Montmorency, I spent almost all the forenoon in looking for others. At last I have got into a couple of garrets on the fifth floor of the Hotel de la Terrasse, charming when one is in them, looking south, over the chestnuts and limes of the Tuileries and the dome of the Invalides, to the hills and forests of the left bank of the Seine, but to be reached only by undergoing the labours of a convict on the treadmill. The only person that I found at home before dinner was Faucher.*

When I last heard from him he was uneasy. When he became a representative he was forced by the provisions of

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* Léon Faucher, born in 1806, began life as a teacher in 1827. He soon gave up this occupation, and became the editor of several newspapers in succession up to the year 1842, when he devoted himself to less ephemeral productions. He published several works on economical questions, among which the most remarkable was his 'Studies on England.' He was elected Deputy in 1846, but he did not distinguish himself in the tribune till after the revolution of 1848, when his speech on the 'Ateliers Nationaux' placed him at once in the first rank of politicians. He served under Louis Napoleon as minister several times. After 1852 he gave up public life. He died in 1854.—Ed.

the constitution, which among its other follies excluded all civil functionaries from the Assembly, to resign his place of director of the Strasburg railway, the salary of which, 15,000 francs, was his main support. He could live however on his salary as representative.* That was taken away by the coup d'état. The directors of the Bordeaux and Cette railway offered to him their chairmanship, which would have afforded him an ample income.

They were told that it would be unacceptable in the highest quarter. They then elected him an ordinary director. A second message from the Tuileries forbade this.

Faucher.—This was very cruel from *him,* for besides my services, such as they were, while his minister, I had conferred on him, when I was out of office in 1850, a considerable personal obligation. He was deeply in debt, and as the constitution with its usual blundering left the President exposed to all the liabilities of an ordinary debtor, he was in imminent danger of an arrest and of a cell in the Clichy prison. I obtained a million for him, and, what to be sure did not signify much, on favourable terms. When I announced it to him he could not contain his joy; il me sauta au cou, and promised eternal gratitude, which he performed by trying to prevent my earning a subsistence. But the rise of the investments in which my little fortune is placed has saved me. Some have quadrupled in value; others are now worth more than five times what I paid for them; so that with my modest desires I am safe.

Senior.—Has this burst of prosperity increased the Emperor's popularity?

Faucher.—Not in the least, for no one attributes it to him. It is the result of the termination of a state of

* Twenty-five francs per day.—Ed.

insecurity of which *he* was the principal cause. His quarrel with the Assembly, his obvious determination to make another revolution, produced the alarm which, as it gradually increased during two and a half years, suspended industry and rendered capital unproductive. The success of the coup d'état restored us to the prosperity which is our normal state. Its failure might have had the same effect. All that we wanted was a decision; to know who was to govern us.

Senior.—Foreign politics look better than they did when we last met.*

Faucher.—So they do, but you might have made them look better still. You had an opportunity, such as does not occur once in a long course of years, of separating France from Russia, and restoring the alliance which secured the liberties of Europe during the first ten years of Louis Philippe. If your fleet had joined ours in the bay of Salamis, we should have been engaged in a common cause, that of securing the independence of Turkey.

Senior.—Two motives appear to me to have governed us. In the first place we thought the cause of dispute childish, and that, as far as there could be a right or a wrong in the question whether the Greeks or the Latins should kindle the sacred fire, you were in the wrong. We thought too that you were in the wrong in sending out your fleet without asking our opinion, and then expecting us to run risks on a matter in which we did not feel the slightest interest.

Faucher.—I admit that our conduct was absurd. When such a man as Lavalette† was employed it scarcely could be

* In January, 1852. See 'Journals kept in France and Italy.'—Ed.

† The Marquis de Lavalette was Envoyé Extraordinaire at Constantinople. He obtained leave from the Porte to replace the Silver Star of the Latin Church in the Sanctuary of the Nativity on December 22, 1852, and received the Keys of the Sacred Manger, thereby exciting the indignation of Russia. This dispute was the occasion of the War.—Ed.

otherwise. We had no business to stir the question; we had no business to make a demonstration and to expose you to the alternative of deserting Turkey or supporting us in our mauvaise querelle. We made, as we often do, a pitiable figure, advanced rashly, and backed out disgracefully.

But the real question was not the key of the Grotto, but the independence of Turkey; you cannot say that you had no interest in *that*. Our folly had driven Turkey into a position from which she could not retreat without losing the moral force on which nationality depends. You ought to have prevented her from retreating. In refusing to do this, merely because we had created the quarrel childishly and managed it absurdly, you were almost as silly as we were. You sacrificed the substance to the form, la grande politique à la petite politique.

Senior.—But I have mentioned only one of our motives. A stronger one was our distrust of your Government. You are in the hands of a capricious wilful despot, whom no engagements can bind; who after having embroiled us with Russia, might suddenly turn and join her in the attempt to crush us. We know indeed that such have long been his schemes. We know that his most urgent business after the coup d'état was to prepare for war with England. We believe that he continues those preparations.

Faucher.—If you do you are utterly mistaken. Preparations for a war with England are maritime preparations, and we are making none. We are scarcely keeping up our establishments. The naval budget was reduced this year by eighteen millions.

Senior.—What are you doing at Cherbourg?

Faucher.—Nothing but what we have been doing there for the last sixty years; not half so much as you are doing within a few leagues of our coast at Aurigny. Under the

name of a harbour of refuge, you are constructing there an arsenal and fortress merely to watch and control Cherbourg. If we were as jealous as you are we might complain of Aurigny as loudly as you do of Cherbourg; but we are satisfied with laughing at you. Nothing indeed can be more laughable than the fears of invasion, which are costing you £1,800,000 a year. In our whole history there never was a time in which it has been so difficult to force France into war as the present. We are just recovering from four years of misery and danger, four years during which every man was poor, and feared to become poorer still. Our whole energies, our whole thoughts, are engrossed by our efforts to repair the losses of the past and to make secure the promises of the future. Every project succeeds, every purchase rises in value; and do you suppose that we are ready to destroy all this, and to return to the stagnation, the taxes, the conscription, and the dangers of war? And of all wars that which we most dread is a war with you, for it would be long and it would be disastrous. We might sack Brighton, or even London, but we are not a nation of pillards. This would be a bad compensation for the loss of our navy, of our commerce, and of our credit. As for a Continental war, there is certainly no single enemy that we fear, not one perhaps, except Austria and Russia, that could stand against us for a campaign; but we are not a match for a coalition, and Louis Napoleon by his silly talk about Belgium immediately after the coup d'état has collected against us a real coalition.

Leopold instantly sent round to every Court and raised round us a wall which nothing but the excitement occasioned by some unprovoked attack on us would enable us to cross. If then you allowed Russia to crush the Porte merely because you thought that you were likely to want

her assistance to repel an attack from us, you submitted to a real and immediate calamity—to a calamity which menaces the independence of Western Europe, in order to ward off an imaginary danger.

I drank tea at M. Thiers's. Everybody was talking of some great affair.

Senior.—What is this matter that you are all discussing so anxiously?

Thiers.—Oh, it is the great event of the week. It is a sample of the things about which we are forced to interest ourselves. As we do not choose to assist at the great farce that is played at the Tuileries, we have got up some private theatricals for ourselves. A play of Molière's was to be acted, Madame —— was to give her house, the parts were cast, and suddenly the lady, who is rather capricious, has thrown us over. We are endeavouring to repair our misfortune.

As I was going away I said to Thiers, 'I hope that your expectations are less warlike than when we parted in December?'

Thiers.—Somewhat; but you have made a mistake in keeping your fleet at Malta and leaving Turkey to her fate. I have much to say to you on that subject.

Monday, May 9th.—Horace Say* breakfasted with me.

Senior.—Are *you* getting a portion of the general shower of gold?

Say.—Certainly; one cannot keep out of it. To please

* Horace Say was son of the celebrated political economist, Jean Baptiste, and was himself equally distinguished as a writer on that science. M. de Tocqueville used to say of him that his *esprit* was full of *finesse*. He died in 1860. He was the father of M. Léon Say, the present minister.—Ed.

Faucher, who is much connected with it, I took some shares in the Crédit Foncier, expecting neither much profit nor much loss. Some months after, finding the affair launched and my co-operation unnecessary, I sold them, and found that I had gained 2000*l.* by the transaction. Taylor's machine establishment at Marseilles has been converted into a joint-stock company. I could sell my shares in it for 50 per cent. more than they cost me.

Senior.—When I was there, just this time two years, there were not four hundred men on the establishment, and they were kept at only half-work.

Say.—Now there are one thousand six hundred, and we cannot execute half our orders.

Senior.—How do you compete with us, under your high duty on iron?

Say.—Where we compete with you is in the foreign trade, for the law gives us a monopoly of the home trade, we pay no duty. We are allowed to import freely English iron ton for ton, for the iron that we export, so that we sell to the foreigner at two-thirds of the price which we are forced to exact from the Frenchman, to the disadvantage, not only of our agriculture, railroads, and manufactures, but also of our customs. Iron now affords scarcely any revenue; at a moderate duty it would give a large one.

Senior.—I hoped that Louis Napoleon, the first ruler since his uncle who has been free from parliamentary exigencies, would have been able to despise an interested clamour, and to return to the low duties of the Empire.

Say.—He is free from the influence of the Assembly, but not from that of the owners of forests and iron-works. He feels more and more every day his weakness, his want of a root in the country. He is anxious to

discontent no one, particularly the rich. The poor he despises. The lower classes in the country, so far as they think about him at all, are still rather favourable to him, and those of the towns he can terrify. He has spies in the principal cabarets or guinguettes, and any one who utters an imprudent word may find himself in twenty-four hours on his way to Algiers or Cayenne. Without doubt he is thus accumulating a mass of hatred, but at present it is an inert mass.

Senior.—I have been walking along the new street which runs from the end of the Rue de Rivoli almost to the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Say.—It is a grand work, though it may not be worth the 100,000,000 that it will cost. Its object however is rather the safety of the public than its convenience. It runs in a broad flat line through the labyrinth of lanes which formerly surrounded the Hôtel de Ville and made it always liable to a surprise; and the master of the Hôtel de Ville is generally the master of France. You observed the vast solid building now in construction which is to terminate the new street. It is to be a fortified barrack, to protect the Hôtel de Ville from the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Senior.—These precautions seem to be of little value against a real insurrection. Louis Philippe showed Lord Lansdowne over the Hôtel de Ville, just after he had finished it, and said with triumph, 'in the vaults I can place four regiments of cavalry,' but when the time came the cavalry was not there.

Say.—Yes, they were there, but they were not allowed to act. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 24th February, Léon and I went to the Hôtel de Ville, as I was a member of the Conseil Municipal I thought that it was my post. The middle of the Place was empty, though there were crowds of armed blouses all round, and we could see

soldiers at the windows. The two parties seemed to be waiting to see which would begin.

I was surprised to find the gates wide open. I went up the stairs into the room usually occupied by the Préfet de la Seine. On a sofa on one side of the fire was Rambeauteau, the préfet, on the opposite sofa lay Sebastiani, the commander of the garrison. Each was silent and inactive. I went up to Rambeauteau.

'How comes it,' I said, 'that the gates are open? Do you wish to invite an attack?' 'I am nothing here,' he answered; 'talk to the general.'

I turned to Sebastiani. He slowly took out of his pocket a sheet of paper on which were two lines in a large handwriting; they were—

'Cessez tous moyens d'attaque et faites rentrer les troupes.—LE MARL. ISLY.'

'What,' he said, 'can I do after receiving such an order as that?' Immediately there was a shout, and I could see from the window the people rushing into the Court. Léon and I ran down to prevent their massacreing the soldiers. They had already begun doing so. We threw ourselves between them and their prey, and by entreaties and reproaches got them to desist. I sent out the troops who were composed of the gendarmerie d'élite by back exits, but many of them were murdered before they got home.

Senior.—What became of the préfet and the general?

Say.—I do not know; when I returned to the room in which I had left them they had disappeared.

Tuesday, May 10th.—I called on Guizot early this morning. He would talk of little but English politics. He is delighted with the advent of the present Ministry, struck by the boldness and wisdom of the budget, and particularly glad to see Lord Clarendon at the Foreign Office. He

differs from all the Frenchmen that I have talked to as to the Eastern question, deplores indeed the result of the rash intermeddling of France, but believes that France and England united could not have prevented that result, and that we were right in not making a useless demonstration.

I reminded him of his fears of war when we met in January, 1852.

Guizot.—The danger is not over, but it is adjourned. I have not the least doubt that Louis Napoleon is resolved on a large extension of the frontiers of France. But he cannot make the attempt now. Europe is armed, and France is intent on nothing but money-making and quiet; and physical obstacles may arise against his ever making it. He is not destined to long life. He has not nearly the energy that he displayed even a year ago. He works much less, and seems to feel and to desire much less. His schemes of conquest, schemes that I know he still cherishes, may be cut short by death.

Senior.—And then, of course, the consequence will be Henri V., the re-establishment of the constitution, and the renewal of the old parliamentary duel between M. Guizot and M. Thiers.

Guizot.—M. Thiers and M. Guizot are getting old, but all the rest will probably happen. I look on the return of Henri V. and the succession of the Comte de Paris as events which may be expected with more confidence than can often be extended to le futur de la France.

From Guizot I went to Lavergne.* From Lavergne I went to Rivet.† He is the first person that I have seen

* This conversation is not published.—Ed.

† M. Rivet was a Deputy and Sous-chef du Cabinet in the Martignac Ministry during the Restoration. He was a Prefect and a Deputy

who distrusts the apparent prosperity. 'Everything is rising in price,' he said, 'because nothing is realised. If those who have bought railway shares at cent. per cent. were to resolve to keep them, they would find that they had invested their money at perhaps two or three per cent. per annum. I keep out of it all, for I foresee a crash as bad as yours of 1847, or perhaps worse.'

I dined with Thiers. The party consisted of M. and Madame Thiers, her sister Mademoiselle Félicie, her mother Madame Dosne, Cousin, and Mignet.

A friend who is leaving Paris as a residence told me that his principal motive was the frivolous tone into which Parisian conversation has fallen. 'I cannot bear,' he said, 'the perpetual chatter from which all subjects of real interest are now systematically excluded. It suits Thiers, who can talk about anything or nothing, but I like the exchange of ideas.'

Our dinner to-day was an example. We talked of nothing but the comedy 'La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes,' which had been acted by amateurs at Madame Boucher's; of the merits of the actors, of whom Vielcastel and Madame D'Haussonville were admitted to be the best, and of the possibility of procuring wives for Mignet and Cousin. Several were proposed, but each of them repudiated a partner 'of a suitable age;' and though the discussion continued long after we were in the drawing-room, I do not believe that anything was definitely arranged.

At last some other people came in, and one of them, a M. de Beuve, a member of the old Liberal party, began

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during the reign of Louis Philippe, and joined the Left against M. Guizot. He was a member of the Constituent Assembly, and afterwards a conseiller d'état during the Republic; but he resigned his functions and gave up public life after the coup d'état. He died some years ago.—Ed.

questioning me on English politics. The general superiority of the Cabinet was admitted, but doubts were expressed whether its foreign policy were as bold and as wise as its home administration. This led to the Eastern question. 'It is evident,' said Madame Dosne, 'that the English Government refused to join in the demonstration in defence of Turkey, because it could not trust our master.' 'Of course,' said M. de Beuve and several others, 'that was her motive, and she was right. If she made common cause with one so reckless and so faithless, she had nothing to expect but to be abandoned at his next caprice, and probably to see France join Russia against her.'

Thiers.—This is the way with all you Legitimists and Orleanists and Liberals. You are so delighted to see him get a slap on the face that you do not care at what expense it is given. The expense this time is the independence of Turkey, perhaps the independence of Europe.

The English Cabinet trusts to the good faith of Nicholas, and to his assurances that he will not enter Constantinople. Nicholas, without doubt, is an honest man, and, as far as that is possible, an honest statesman, but the promises of no statesman are to be trusted for one instant after they interfere with the interests or the wishes of his country. Such motives are irresistible. They sweep away like chaff understandings and engagements, and even treaties. In this instance however I believe Nicholas; I believe that he has no intention, and what is more, no wish to place a Russian garrison in Constantinople. He has no desire to possess it physically if he can hold it morally, and that he will do. Menschikoff, the protector of the Greek populations, will be master in Constantinople as Repnin sixty years ago was in Warsaw. He will gradually prepare the minds of the Turks to submission or retreat.

I know Menschikoff well. His family are among my most intimate friends. He is an old general covered with wounds, with all the courage of a soldier and all the arrogance and finesse of a Russian. In him Nicholas sends his most able and his most confidential agent. Nothing will be softer than his manner or more overbearing than his pretensions. As soon as I heard of his mission I saw that without the interference of England and France, Turkey must fall. You have refused to interfere; you have let Nicholas twist himself round the buffalo. In a few years he will have broken all its bones, and then, and not till then, he will begin actually to swallow it.

Senior.—But do you attach no importance to the argument that we could not safely enter upon any joint course of action with Louis Napoleon?—that we had a right to consider the proposal as a trick to get us into a quarrel with Russia in order that we might be more vulnerable to France?

Thiers.—I attach *no* importance to it. Not from any belief in his honesty or in his sense, but because when once your and our joint action had begun it would have been impossible to retreat. This country will bear much, but it will not bear to see France an accomplice in giving Constantinople to Russia. The instant your fleet and ours were united for a common object the public opinion of France would have kept him steady in its pursuit.

Senior.—Tell us then what you would have done if you had been Lord Aberdeen, and what you think would have been the course of events.

Thiers.—I would have answered the French note by saying that England could have nothing to do with the quarrel about the Holy Places; that France must back out of that folly as quickly and as decently as she could.

But that as to any further demands of Russia, England would support Turkey in resisting them, and that the English fleet would join the French in the bay of Salamis.

I would have sent the same message to Turkey, and have supported it by the presence of the fleet. And this would have been enough. Menschikoff's demands would have been retracted, or, what is more probable, would never have been made. Nicholas is not a soldier. He tried it once many years ago at Varna, and got no credit, and has never since taken part in actual warfare. Nor does he like to give to any general the illustration of great military success. From the Balkan to Constantinople is a long and difficult march, especially for an army with a Russian commissariat, and if he had attempted to go by sea the French and English squadrons would have burned his ships and his arsenals and Sebastopol itself in a couple of days.

I repeat that you have lost your best chance of securing the independence of Turkey and re-creating the Anglo-Gallic alliance, an alliance always important to the safety of Europe, and peculiarly necessary *now* when Austria has become the slave of Russia.

Senior.—And what is your prophecy under existing circumstances?

Thiers.—My prophecy now is that Turkey will be gradually prepared by Russia for dismemberment. That during even our lives the time will come when the great Christian powers will hold a congress of partition. Russia of course will take Constantinople. You will be offered Egypt. It will be a mischievous present to you.

Bonaparte and Kleber, the two highest authorities on the subject, each estimated that to hold Egypt against the

Fellahs and the Arabs would require 30,000 French troops. It would require 40,000 English, for in that climate you would have two men in the hospitals for one of ours. And 40,000 men you cannot spare. You will be unwilling to accept it, but you will do so, rather than submit to have no morsel at the great feast of the Turkish partition. And dearly you will pay for it when Russia is mistress of the Black Sea as well as the Baltic. France and England will then sink into second-rate powers. She will have an army twice as large as ours, and a fleet equal to yours. Sweden and Norway are already her vassals.

When I was in the Foreign Office I had plenty of proof that the house of Bernadotte are as ready to betray their new country as they were to betray their old one.

Senior.—What part will France take in the partition?

Thiers.—She will take none; nothing that could be given to her would pay her for what she would have to acquiesce in. If she is in weak hands she will grumble, protest, and stand aloof. If she is in strong hands she will make a war *dans laquelle elle saccagera l'Europe.* The chances probably will be one hundred to seventy-five against her; but if she falls she will fall in a good cause, fighting for European civilization; if she succeeds she will come out of it greater and stronger than she ever was.

I have sacrificed my whole life to the English alliance. I always believed, and I believe now, that the civilization of Europe depends on it. If it had existed in 1848 the Continent would not have endured one year of anarchy to be succeeded by many of despotism. Sometimes it has been destroyed by you, sometimes by us. It was our fault in 1836; it was yours in 1840; it was ours in 1847; now again it is yours.

I finished the evening at Madame de Circourt's.* Her parties would be very pleasant if the rooms were larger or the company smaller.

Wednesday, May 11th. — I called on the Duc de Broglie.† His opinions as to the state of mind among the Parisians agree with those of Lavergne.‡

Duc de Broglie.—The feeling that is uppermost and lowest, that breaks out most easily in conversation, and at the same time has sunk most deeply into their hearts, is the fear of change. This feeling of course is temporary. It is the lassitude after four years of fruitless agitation. But it may take four years more before we have again spirit enough for any political exertion.

Senior.—Is the marriage§ popular?

Duc de Broglie.—It is what he is, nothing. No one thinks about him or about her. We should scarcely know who are his ministers if we had not learned their names in order to avoid them. No one that belongs to the Court belongs to any other society. At Lord Cowley's, one of the few places at which they are to be seen, they are kept at a distance as if they were lepers; no one joins them, no one talks to them.

Senior.—Is much importance attached to the projet de loi just presented by the Government to the Corps Législatif, restoring the punishment of death for political offences?

Duc de Broglie.—So much importance is attached to it that, servile as our Corps Législatif is, it is thought

* Madame de Circourt's salon was one of the most agreeable in Paris. She was a Muscovite by birth, full of talent and vivacity, and a brilliant talker. She died in consequence of an accident in 1863. Her very distinguished husband still survives her.—Ed.

† The present Duke's father.—Ed.

‡ This conversation is not published.—Ed.

§ That of the Emperor.—Ed.

possible that the law will be refused. If any law ought to be precise, it is a law of treason, since it is the law which a Government is most likely to extend and pervert, and this law is so studiously loose and so expansive, that it is obviously intended to be capable of a liberal construction. Every one, it says, is to be punished with death who does anything for the purpose of destroying the Government, or of changing it, or of altering the succession, or of exciting the citizens to insurrection. If it should pass it will be no contemptible weapon in his hands.

Senior.—But is such a weapon necessary? Cannot he now shoot any one whom he wishes to get rid of?

Duc de Broglie.—No, he cannot. Now that the state of siege is over no one can be condemned to death without being regularly tried and convicted of some offence legally capital. A man therefore who has been guilty merely of treason cannot be directly put to death, though of course he may, even without trial, be sent to die in Cayenne. It is said that he wishes the death to be inflicted here, and with his servile Legislature he will probably carry his law.

In the afternoon Thiers called on me and took me to the Louvre. I was delighted to go over the pictures with so excellent a critic. On our way he returned to the Eastern question, and repeated to me, in nearly the same words, all that he said yesterday. The subject dwells in his mind.

Senior.—You have told me what you would have done if you had been Lord Aberdeen two months ago. What would you do at present? What would you do to-morrow?

Thiers.—I will tell you in our next walk.

I observed that when we were in the streets or in the gardens Thiers, while he was talking, kept constantly turning his head over his shoulder, without doubt to see whether any spy was listening.

A Polish friend of mine, Mierzejewski, had contracted this habit so inveterately that he carried it from Warsaw into the Bohemian forests, and kept looking round for spies when we were in the Carlsbad woods, a mile and a half from any human being.

On my return I found in my room Ampère,* whom I had not seen since his return from America. I asked him what part of his tour had pleased him most.

Ampère.—Mexico and Cuba; the thin air and gigantic mountain scenery of Mexico, and the softness and richness of the country round the Havannah.

Ampère returned to Paris the day after the professors of the Collége de France had to take the oath of fidelity to the Emperor. He was advised to go before the authorities and offer to take it. 'No,' he said; 'if I had been here yesterday I should have taken it, just as I should have given up my purse to a Mexican robber; but as I did not think it necessary to run after the American and cry, Monsieur le voleur, voici ma bourse, I do not think it necessary now to undergo a most disagreeable ceremony. If I am summoned I shall obey, but I have not been summoned.'

Ampère's position in the Collége de France has been much deteriorated since the coup d'état. By the constitution of the college the professors were immovable; they

* Jean-Jacques Ampère, who died in 1866, was the son of the celebrated mathematician, André Ampère. His tastes, unlike those of his father, were not scientific but literary. He was professor successively at the Athénée of Marseilles, at the Sorbonne, and at the Collége de France. His lectures were published and, together with his articles and travels, form several volumes. But he was far more eminent as a talker than as a writer. His early days were spent in the society of Madame Récamier and Chateaubriand, and he possessed, as his friend Tocqueville said of him, the real old French *esprit*. He was very animated and full of action. He read aloud admirably, and was a most delightful companion and friend. The lives of the two Ampères were reviewed recently in a charming article in the 'Edinburgh.'—Ed.

had a freehold in their office, as our fellows of colleges have, and after twenty years' service were entitled to lecture by deputy and reside where they liked.

A decree made immediately after the coup d'état enables the Emperor to dismiss them, and a law is in progress in the Corps Législatif which may be construed to deprive them of the right to appoint substitutes. They thought of requesting to be expressly excepted, but they were advised to remain quiet, or they might be expressly included. They are not popular with the Government. It disapproves generally of classical and moral literature, and specially of such teachers as Ampère, Michelet, and Quinet.

Thursday, May 12th.—Faucher called on me this morning, and immediately after came the Duc de Broglie.

I mentioned ——'s* story about the offers made to the Comte de Chambord and his refusal. The Duke expressed his disbelief.

Faucher.—I am inclined to believe it. The matter, however, is of little importance, for most unquestionably the Count will never have an opportunity of granting or refusing a charter. I do not profess to know what are the sympathies of the French, if they have any; but I know what are their antipathies, and of all their antipathies, that against the branche ainée is the most bitter. The idea of fusion has got into the heads of fourteen or fifteen people, such as Molé and Guizot, Duchâtel,† Dumon, Tocqueville, Beaumont,‡ and some

* With a view to the fusion.

† Comte Charles Duchâtel was one of Louis Philippe's ministers. He escaped to England at the same time with Guizot and Dumon, and, as well as Madame Duchâtel, was well known and much liked in London society. Madame Duchâtel's salon was one of the most agreeable in Paris. She died in March, 1878, and her husband some years previously.—Ed.

‡ Gustave de Beaumont, a great friend and adherent of Tocque-

others, among whom you, my dear Senior, live when you come to Paris, and they fancy that it has been taken up by the French people. The French people, if they hear of it at all, hear of it with pity. They do not choose to be the subject of a bargain, still less of a bargain in favour of a race whom they would hate if they did not despise them.

Duc de Broglie.—In such a country as this it is not wise to speculate on the events of a few months; to discuss what is to happen in a few years is pure waste of time. In 1847 who would have thought what we now endure to be within the bounds of possibility?

Senior.—Does the espionage continue in full vigour?

Faucher.—I will tell you what happened to me a few weeks ago. I had gone out early, and instead of returning, breakfasted at a café in the Palais-Royal. One or two of my old parliamentary acquaintances sat down by me and began talking about the Emperor. I listened to their stories without saying anything except 'Bah,' 'Really,' 'Can you suppose that to be true?' and similar interjections. A couple of days after the Minister of Police sent for my brother-in-law, Wolowski,* and told him that the police had been informed that I had been de-

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ville, whose biographer he became. He wrote several other works, one upon Ireland, another called 'Marie; ou l'esclavage aux Etats-Unis,' &c. He was for a short time ambassador in England in 1849. He was a delightful converser, full of animation and energy.—Ed.

* Louis Wolowski, M. Faucher's brother-in-law, was one of the first political economists in France, where he received his early education. In 1831 he took part in the Polish revolution, and did not return to his adopted country till after the defeat of his own in 1834. He was in Paris during the siege of 1870–1, and never entirely got over his sufferings at that time. He became a Senator, and died last year of grief at the loss of his only grandchild. He was well known and a great favourite in London.—Ed.

claiming in a café in the Palais-Royal against the Emperor, and that as a friend he would advise me to breakfast in future at home.

Senior.—Did you take any means to repel the accusation?

Faucher.—No, I did nothing; the accusation still remains uncontradicted in the archives of the police.

I see that your newspapers are now forming schemes for creating to the south of the Danube a Christian empire that is to take the place of the Mussulman; but I suspect that the Russians will be in Constantinople before the new united States of Moldavia, Bosnia, and Servia are consolidated. You had better have joined us in keeping the Sultan there.

Duc de Broglie.—Of course it would have been better if any foreign power could safely accept so rash and faithless an ally. England was right in not trusting to engagements which probably were proposed only for the purpose of being broken.

Faucher.—They could not have been broken. If once the English fleet had joined ours, France would have broken with Russia irreconcilably. I quite agree as to the absurdity of the original cause of quarrel, though it must be remembered that it was Guizot who first tried to make what the Americans call political capital by supporting the Latins against the Greeks, and rebuilding the cupola of the Sepulchre in the Roman instead of the Byzantine style; but I think that sending our fleet to counterbalance Menschikoff was wise as well as bold. If you live in the same house with a drunkard, and he sets fire to it and then implores you to assist him in putting it out, is it wise to answer, 'My dear sir, it is your own fault. Why did you apply the torch? How do I know that you will not do so again? You must take the consequences. Put it out if you can without teazing me.'

A large white building has been erected on the Terrasse du Bord de l'Eau to the great injury of the gardens and of the Place de la Concorde. I asked what was its object.

Duc de Broglie.—Its ostensible object is to hold the orange-trees in winter. They used to be placed in the long range of apartments under the gallery of the Louvre. Those have now been turned into a cavalry barrack, where the soldiers smoke and light candles, with only a floor between them and the chef d'œuvres of Raphael and Titian. Visconti proposed to erect an orangery in the Quai d'Orsay, but he was ordered to deform the Terrasse with this building, planned by the Emperor himself to contain, when wanted, a regiment or two of cavalry.

I drank tea with Tocqueville, and found there Lanjuinais. We talked of Voltaire, and it was remarked that, notwithstanding his liberalism and his English experience, he seemed never to have desired or even to have conceived real liberty—*i.e.* the intervention of the people in the Government. An enlightened despotism, making good laws and adhering to them until it should think fit to alter them, satisfied his wishes.

Saturday, May 14th.—I breakfasted with Edward Ellice and his charming niece. Thiers is quite engrossed by the Eastern question. He seems to have repeated to Ellice yesterday nearly all that he had twice said to me. I am inclined to think that the habits of public speaking lead him to repeat himself. He thinks over a subject in words and sentences, and they naturally reappear when he takes it up again. Lord Aberdeen, after having read his autobiographical conversations of last spring, told me that he had heard from him nearly the same story in nearly the same words. I am sorry to find that the commentary which Thiers promised to me on those conversations is not yet written.

He has been too much engaged, he says, in completing his eleventh volume, now going through the press. As soon as it is out he is to write this commentary and bring it to me in London.*

I dined with Faucher, and met there Mignet, Wolowski, and Count Daru, the son of Napoleon's minister, who himself was Vice-President of the Chamber of Peers on the 24th of February. An opposition, it seems, is getting up against the Bill punishing capitally political offences.

Senior.—If it should be rejected, will the Emperor enact it by a decree?

Daru.—No; he could not venture that. He would dissolve the Corps Législatif, and take means for electing a new one with a large majority pledged to the Bill. And the fear of his doing this will occasion it to pass. A seat in that body, when once the disgrace of belonging to it has been swallowed, is too profitable to be readily endangered, especially while these railway concessions are before it. A member said to me the other day, 'I do not choose that anybody, or even I myself, should suspect that my vote is biassed by my interest. Therefore before the discussion comes on, I sell all the shares that have been presented to me.'

Senior.—You accept them?

Daru.—Of course I accept them; it would not be civil to refuse, but I give fair notice to the donors that I shall dispose of them before I vote.

It is an instance of the difficulty of obtaining information in the absence of a free press that Daru and Lavergne,† each a competent judge, are directly opposed as to the supposed reduction of public expenditure.

* This he never did.—Ed.

† The conversation with Lavergne is not published.—Ed.

Daru.—It is true that the military force has been materially diminished in number, but that is made up by the increase of pay and allowances. As for the navy, that is precisely in the state in which it has been for several years, neither increased nor diminished, and that footing is a very modest one. We cannot think where you got the notion that we are making naval preparations. We are scarcely keeping up what we have; our dockyards are unmanned. There is not one in which we could fit out a ship in an emergency. Again, as to railroads, though the pay taken by the State is less, the number in which it does take a part is much greater; and that part though diminished is considerable. We give for instance to the Bordeaux and Cette 50,000,000, besides a guarantee of income which may become onerous. The only real reduction is in Algeria, and that does not counterbalance the increased expense of the Court.

Senior.—Do you think that the military reduction will go further?

Daru.—I do not think that it can, unless we can make a treaty for a general European disarming. For the last century there has always been some Sovereign whose military force has regulated that of the other four great powers. In the beginning it was Frederick the Great; he set the example of large armies and aggressive wars, and we were forced to follow his lead; afterwards it was Napoleon, now it is Nicholas. Neither Austria nor Prussia can safely reduce their armies while his gigantic armies are not only kept up but increasing, and we cannot reduce ours below 350,000 men while our three great rivals have together perhaps 1,800,000. Our force, in fact, is not now in proportion to theirs, at least numerically. We have 65,000 men in Algiers, 5000 in our other colonies, and 12,000 in Rome. This reduces our force in France to

248,000. Take away 12 per cent. as sick or necessarily absent, which is about the true proportion, and you have not 230,000 left. The military division of which Paris is the centre requires 70,000, leaving not 160,000 for all the rest of France, including all our fortified towns.

Senior.—Would it be possible to obtain a copy of Dufaure's report on the French navy?

Daru.—I fear not; I doubt whether any copy exists except Dufaure's own manuscript. It contained so true and therefore so severe an account of the state of our arsenals that the employés strove, and successfully, to suppress it. It was to have filled four volumes; we printed two, and were printing the others when the coup d'état came. The Government seized them, and I have no doubt has burnt them.

Mignet went with me after dinner to Thiers', and Wolowski walked part of the way.

Mignet.—We look on all this as a mere phase in our revolution, and a transitory one.

Senior.—But how is the scene to be changed? How are these actors to be driven off the stage?

Mignet.—That I will not guess. It is scarcely ever safe to guess in France. What happens is always l'imprévu.

Senior.—In one contingency, and not an improbable one, his death, I am told that Jérôme would probably be allowed to walk quietly into the Tuileries.

Mignet.—I have no doubt that he would. The son of a usurper can generally seize his father's sceptre; but he seldom retains it. In our case the utter contempt into which that branch of the Bonaparte family has fallen makes the retention of power by Jérôme and his son one of the very few things which are impossible.

I went afterwards with John Romilly* to the Duc de Broglie's. We talked of the prosperity of the country.

Duc de Broglie.—To a stranger it must appear greater than it really is. There is great activity in the Paris shops. Under the stimulus of the Government encouragement, and perhaps of Australian gold, joint-stock companies are springing up, and the prices of their shares keep swelling and swelling. The provincials are crowding to Paris to make rapid fortunes on the Bourse. We have pulled down a large city so that the price of apartments, and indeed of houses, has risen fifty per cent.; all this looks like great prosperity. And considerable prosperity there is. The undeveloped resources of France are enormous. Both our climate and our soil are better than yours, and our territory exceeds yours by two-fifths. England, indeed, separated from Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, is not larger than one-fourth of France. If England can contain 18,000,000 of people, France could support quite as well 72,000,000. We want nothing but peace, confidence, and commercial freedom. The first we have, but neither the second nor the third. The consequence is that few operations de longue haleine are undertaken. Except railroads, nothing is attempted that is not to be completed within a year or two, and even as to railroads, shares are bought rather to be resold than to be kept. A man builds a house because it will be finished and saleable in a year; but he does not drain or reclaim, he does not plant woods; *seris factura nepotibus umbram;* for he fears that fifty years hence grandchildren and forests may both be wanting.

Senior.—Your fears of war have diminished since we talked on that subject in the beginning of 1852.

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* The late Master of the Rolls.—Ed.

Duc de Broglie.—They are diminished, or rather they are suspended, but they are not over. There certainly was a time when he intended war, and he never gives up an intention. It suits his obstinate but indolent mind to keep it unfulfilled but yet not abandoned, to accumulate slowly the means and to wait with almost torpid patience for an opportunity. And you must remember that his favourite mode of action is a surprise, and that there perhaps never was a great military movement which might so easily be managed by surprise as an invasion of England. There are always 80,000 men in Paris, and equipments for five times that number in Vincennes. The railroads would take them to Boulogne and Calais in seven hours, and in seven hours steamers might be collected to meet them. The danger is adjourned but it is not over. My prayer therefore is peace. But unhappily peace depends on him, and I fear that he may take the same view of his future prospects that I do. If that be the case we shall have war.

Thiers called on me and we walked for a couple of hours in the Tuileries gardens. He often renews a conversation where he left it off, and he now began with the foreign policy of England.

Thiers.—I have not, of course, the presumption to think myself wiser than Lord Aberdeen and Lord Clarendon, men for whose talents and moderation and experience I have the highest respect, but I own that it seems to me that their policy is a little too favourable to the individual and a little too suspicious of the nation. Lord Cowley is said to be on the most intimate terms with celui-ci. This is perhaps an unavoidable necessity, but if you have any confidence in him you should also have some in us, and not believe so readily as you appear to me to do that our

national conduct and our adherence to national engagements depend altogether on a single will.

Senior.—And what would you do if you were in Louis Napoleon's place? If you had his absolute power and your own intelligence? Would you adhere to the treaties of 1815?

Thiers.—To that I answer oui et non. I would *not* adhere to them if I thought that breaking them was the only means of making la grandeur de la France and preventing Russian domination. Depend on it a nation can no more be stationary than a man. Deprive either of them of ambition and what remains is vapid and spiritless. I speak disinterestedly, for my *own* ambition is gone. I envy Guizot, who retains all the vigour and all the aspirations of youth. I aspire to nothing but to finish the story of the Empire, and then to pass what remains of my life in retreat, amusing and interesting myself with one more historical work, less detailed but more comprehensive. But I am not, like a nation, immortal. I have run through my career of ambition, and if I were to begin a new one I should not have time to get far in it. France has hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years before her. If her ambition deserts her, if she thinks of nothing but peace and wealth, if she surrenders to others the first place in influence and in arms, and desires merely to be at the head of literature and art and civilization, she will not long preserve that advantage. Military and political superiority carries with it every other pre-eminence.

Three hundred years ago the first power in Europe was Spain. The consequence was that her literature, her habits, and her language were everywhere diffused and copied. She lost her political greatness, and every other greatness fell with it. Venice, as long as she was a great naval power, was the Queen of Italian art. She produced no Titians

after she ceased to rule the Adriatic. When France is no longer feared she will no longer be admired. When Paris is no longer 'la ville diabolique,' from which eruptions containing a great deal that is good, but perhaps more that is bad, flow over Europe, Madame Barenne will no longer be able to make Mrs. Senior and Madame Thiers pay for a cap three times what it is worth. Fashion will fly after power. Not to the Thames, for *you* will not be our heirs, but to the Neva. A long war and a long peace has each its inconveniences. Napoleon's wars had so brutalised him that he never took even into account the human suffering through which his objects were to be obtained. If Prussia was troublesome he determined to efface her from the map. 'It will cost me,' he said, 'only 200,000 men.' Berthier was one of the best of the marshals of that period. Forbin, my intimate friend, was his aide-de-camp, and has told me many stories of him. He seemed to think men born in order to be killed. In one of the battles of the first Russian campaign a post had been furiously contested between us and the Russians. Berthier came up and saw the field covered with dead, each man lying in his place. 'Ah,' he said, 'que ça est beau. Tout le monde est à sa place. Il faut faire voir cela à l'Empereur; cela lui fera plaisir.' Ten days after the beginning of the campaign of 1812, Berthier called together Napoleon's aides-de-camp. 'How is this,' he said, 'we have been ten days in the field, et pas un de vous ne s'est fait tuer? Est-ce ainsi qu'il faut servir l'Empereur?'

Well, now we are fallen into the opposite extreme. We are so terrified by the idea of war that we can scarcely dare to move a regiment without asking leave from Austria and Russia. I would not submit to such cowardice. If it were impossible to rouse France from her lethargy without

breaking the treaties of 1815, I would break those treaties. But I believe that Italy and the East afford a safer and a finer field of exertion than Belgium or Savoy. All would depend on *you*. If you would join us; if, after having solemnly agreed to accept no extension of territory for ourselves, we devoted ourselves to the erection of a great kingdom in Upper Italy, to be a bar against Austria; and a great Christian kingdom to the south of the Danube, to be a bar against Russia; England and France would have acquired glory enough to entitle them to another half-century of repose.

Senior.—What sort of instruments has your great man to work with?

Thiers.—Nothing can be more pitiable. With the single exception of Vaillant, who is a man of honour and patriotism, besides being the first engineer in Europe, there is not one whom I would hire as a clerk. There is neither sense nor honesty in the whole gang. Honesty however he cares little about. He scarcely believes in it more than Louis Philippe did. Like him, Louis Philippe despised mankind. But his was a good-natured contempt; it had a mixture of pity. This man's is an ill-natured contempt; it has a mixture of hate. I divide the men whom I esteem into three classes. First come those who are really honest, and they are very rare. Then come those who are not merely honest but scrupulous (délicats). They of course are rarer still. At the top of all I put the very few who are not only scrupulous but devoted; who not only refrain from all that would injure their country, but are ready to sacrifice themselves to its glory. Such a man is Vaillant, such is Tocqueville; such was Peel, and such I believe to be Lord Lansdowne.

Wednesday, May 18th.—I called this morning on Lan-

juinais.* 'I hear,' he said, 'that you are in a state of great prosperity in England.'

Senior.—Certainly. It is the triumph of theory. We are governed by philosophers and political economists, and you see the result. But you also are prospering, though no one will accuse your rulers of being philosophers.

Lanjuinais.—Our prosperity is a gleam between storms; the horizon is dark all round. This system cannot last, and it can end but by a period, longer or shorter, of calamities, not the less frightful for being undefined.

Senior.—How is this to end?

Lanjuinais.—Its most probable termination is by his assassination. The members of the secret societies, all resolved on his destruction, are supposed to amount to hundreds of thousands.

Senior.—On what data?

Lanjuinais.—Why, you may calculate the number in Paris from what occurred at the funeral of Madame Raspail. She died in the country, and was brought to Paris for burial. It was known only twenty-four hours before; but 25,000 workmen followed her hearse, uttering no cries, making no speeches, not even talking to one another, but far more impressive from their silence. Another estimate may be formed from the number of those whom he has banished—they are more than 100,000; including their families, more than 400,000.

Senior.—I thought that he had banished only 10,000?

Lanjuinais.—The number of those whom he has

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* Son of the well-known member of the Convention during the First Empire. He was a Deputy in the reign of Louis Philippe, and joined the party of the Left. He was again elected as Deputy in 1848, and accepted the portfolio of Agriculture and Commerce in the Ministry of M. Dufaure. After the coup d'état he retired from public life. He died some years ago.—Ed.

actually transported is 20,000; but those who have been *internés*, that is, driven from their homes and their occupations, and forced to live, if they can get a living, in the towns which he has assigned to them—are 80,000.

Senior.—Has this number been ascertained with any approach to accuracy?

Lanjuinais.—It is the result of inquiries made in the different departments. In one alone, the Nièvre, 20,000 were transported or *internés*. When you consider that not only all these 400,000 persons, but all their friends and relations, are his bitter personal enemies, and add to them those that hate him on public grounds, and recollect that they can find no vent for their feelings by writing or by public speaking, or even, except in their clubs, by conversation, you may estimate the numbers that must belong to the secret societies.

Senior.—Assassination is very difficult.

Lanjuinais.—It is very difficult to a single individual. It is much less so when attempted by several; five or six determined men by a sudden rush could separate him from his attendants. It is true that though Louis Philippe was attacked about once a year he always escaped. But the attacks on Louis Philippe were made by solitary persons. He had not excited one-hundredth part of the hatred which surrounds this man, nor would his death have had one-hundredth part of the importance of Louis Napoleon's. He had able ministers and a popular successor. If this man falls now, before we are prepared with a substitute, he leaves us to immediate anarchy.

Senior.—What is his fate if he escape assassination?

Lanjuinais.—He will then perish in an insurrection. Anything disturbing the present prosperity, a bad harvest, a commercial panic, the prospect of war, would hasten the catastrophe. But if things take their course, the

constantly increasing contempt into which he and his associates are falling, must render him insupportable to us. If his Administration were pure though ill-judging, or if it were able though corrupt, we might bear it; but it unites the most scandalous profligacy to the most childish unskilfulness. You must have seen a proclamation on the scarcity of lodgings, which the Government has stuck upon all the walls. As the habitations of more than 50,000 persons have been pulled down, and 50,000 more have been attracted to Paris by these vast public works, the workpeople are dreadfully crowded. Whereupon the Government informs them that houses are to be built at the expense of the State in Paris and in the principal towns of large size, in which comfortable apartments, furnished as well as unfurnished, are to be provided for them at moderate rents to be fixed by the Minister of the Interior. Conceive the State becoming a general lodging-house-keeper, exacting its rents, taking care of its furniture, and proportioning the supply of apartments to the demand! The immediate effect of this announcement has been to stop the private speculation which was beginning for providing apartments for workpeople. No one ventures to contend with the moderate rents proposed by the Minister of the Interior. Of course the houses will not be built, or, if they are, they will be utterly unequal to the demand. The workpeople laugh at the idea. They say that it is a mere scheme to get a *pot de vin* for Persigny. A strong proof of his décadence is the opposition in the Corps Législatif to his Bills introducing capital punishment in treason and giving 300,000 francs to Maréchale Ney. The majority against each of them in the committees to which they have been referred is six to one. Probably Maréchale Ney will relieve him by declining the proposed present. The rejection of the other Bill will be an open quarrel between him and the Corps Législatif.

Senior.—Will he dissolve it, and try a fresh Assembly?

Lanjuinais.—No; he will not dissolve it for that purpose; he will abolish it, and govern with the Senate alone.

Senior.—How can that be? The constitution gives to the Corps Législatif exclusive power over the budget.

Lanjuinais.—He and the Senate can alter the constitution,* and he will do so; but of course this will push him one step further, and a long one, towards his ruin. Another cause of unpopularity is the annual deficit. New taxes would excite opposition, and he cannot make further retrenchments without wounding his own vanity, and perhaps ours.

Senior.—Of course he could fill up his deficit by reducing his tariff.

Lanjuinais.—Of course he could; but that would produce eighteen months of discontent, and neither he nor his ministers have sense enough to know that it would be followed, as it has been with you, by permanent popularity. All the protected interests are combined. The peasants think that the duty on cotton favours their wool, and that the sliding scale on wheat is essential to tillage. The proprietors of woods and of forges join with them in order to have their assistance in keeping out iron, and while iron, wool, and wheat are protected, all other producers clamour for equal advantages. The protective system hangs together, and it will be broken through by no one who has not the support of scientific convictions. As for him, when the cup is full it will run over; the first émeute in which a regiment wavers will overthrow him.

Senior.—And what will follow?

Lanjuinais.—If the generals agree they will send for Joinville or Chambord, and we shall accept their nominee.

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* This is a mistake, they cannot, at least in this respect.—N. W. S.

If they disagree we may have the Republic, or we may have civil war, or we may have anarchy. I predict nothing but the downfall of the Louis Napoleon dynasty.

From Lanjuinais I went to Dumon,* and found him installed in his magnificent cabinet in the Rue Lafitte as president of the Lyons railway. He is still more gloomy than Lanjuinais.

Dumon.—I have no hopes. All my anticipations are fears. I fear his death and I fear his life. If he lives we shall have a greater and greater deficit, a worse and worse Administration, and more and more scandalous robbery of the public, until the people rise and drive him out. If he were to die now we should fall into the hands of Jérôme and his son Napoleon Bonaparte. Partly from necessity and partly from a concurrence of tastes and opinions, they would throw themselves into the arms of the Rouges. We should have ateliers nationaux, impôt progressif, and inconvertible paper. Such a reign would not last six months; but what an amount of mischief may be done in six months!

Senior.—Will Louis Napoleon try to save himself by war?

Dumon.—That is his last card, and if he lives he will play it, but it will produce his immediate destruction. The French are divided on almost every subject. They are Republicans, Anarchists, Doctrinaires, Orleanists, Legitimists, Fusionists, and I know not what besides; but on one single subject they are united, and that is the determination to remain at peace. Even the old jealousy of England is dead, or at least suspended. A war too requires a loan, and the mere expectation of a loan would destroy all the apparent prosperity that strikes you. What I pray

* Minister of Finance in the Guizot Ministry. He escaped to England in 1848, and was perhaps the most brilliant converser among the distinguished exiles who then enlivened London society.—Ed.

for is that he may live until we have agreed on what or who is to succeed him, and may die before he attempts his war.

I drank tea with Lamartine. He is not looking well, though certainly better than when I saw him four years ago. He has just experienced one of the casualties of a wine country; all his vineyards, which form the sole cultivation on his estates, were caught by frost a few weeks ago. 'We shall not,' said Madame de Lamartine, 'have a drop of wine to drink or a piece of money to spend.'

Thursday, May 19.—I breakfasted with Ellice, and then went to Madame de Circourt's. A Basque poet named Jasmin, a barber at Agen, was at her house yesterday, and recited his Basque verses for four and a half hours to an audience who, according to Madame de Circourt, listened with unbroken attention and untired delight. He is it seems a sort of Burns, self-educated, but without Burns' pretensions to equality. She is no contemptible judge, and puts him at the head of the living poets of France. An English audience could not have listened for four and a half hours to Milton. From Madame de Circourt's I went to Duchâtel's. He too had heard Jasmin three times. The first time he was delighted, the second rather tired, and the last bored to death, but he admits that Jasmin is no ordinary poet. Duchâtel thinks better of the prospects of the country and Emperor than most of my friends.

Duchâtel.—I see no reason to fear a crisis; the quantity of business done is certainly very great; but so is the capital. We are now investing the savings of four years; and the expenditure is not excessive. The landed proprietors, and they form four-fifths of the proprietors in France, are not spending their incomes.

Senior.—I have heard stories of vast prodigalities.

Duchâtel.—The people who frequent the Court are said to be spending a great deal of money on dress. I cannot say whether it is true, as I never go there, and never meet anybody who does. But they are a very small party, and I daresay are indemnified by the master. As for him, he may I think last for years. There is without doubt frightful corruption in Paris and frightful compression in the country, and a painful silence and darkness everywhere. But we are getting accustomed to all this; every class is prosperous, the peasants and landlords as well as the manufacturers and shopkeepers and merchants; and prosperity is now all that we care about.

I was to have passed the early evening at Tocqueville's, but he was not well enough to receive me; so I went only to the embassy. The only French of my acquaintance that I saw there were the Flahaults.

Friday, May 20th.—I found Cousin* in the library of the Institut, and we took a long walk along the Quai d'Orsay. He could talk at first of nothing but the Eastern question, and of his fears that Louis Napoleon may seduce us into an offensive alliance.

Cousin.—All his passions and all his interests impel him to war, especially to a war with you by his side. To be engaged with you in a common cause would introduce him into the great family of Sovereigns; it would extricate him from the *isolement* in which he is now left, excluded by general hatred or contempt, not only from the serious discussions of diplomacy, but from the courtesies by which they are softened. Then he has personal insults

* Victor Cousin, the celebrated philosopher and historian. Author of 'Du vrai, du beau, et du bien,' and of many biographies of the ladies of the seventeenth century.—Ed.

to avenge. When the news that our fleet was ordered to the bay of Salamis reached Nicholas he poured out on Louis Napoleon all the expressions of contumely which French, not very barren of them, and afterwards which Russian, could supply, and ended by exclaiming, 'Et ce cuistre-là veut que je l'appelle mon frère.' War would give him a policy; Changarnier and Lamoricière and Thiers would ask on their knees for employment; even the Faubourg St. Germain, the most respectable portion of France, the only aristocracy that is left to us, the descendants of the Richelieus and Montmorencies, who have made France what she is, even they must support him when he carries the flag of their country. But what have *you* to get by war, and what have you to lose?

Have you ever considered the course which that war will take? You think probably that it will be a mere maritime contest; that you will blockade the Bosphorus and the Sound, and starve Russia out. I am convinced that it will be a land war, and moreover that it will begin by being an Italian war. Austria must join Russia. She cannot keep Hungary and Galicia in spite of the native population and of the Russian armies. We shall immediately throw 60,000 men into Upper Italy. We shall revolutionise Naples; the Austrian troops will leave Tuscany and the Legations and concentrate themselves in Lombardy and Venetia. The campaign of 1796 will be renewed, but this time Piedmont will be our ally instead of our enemy. We shall give Upper Italy to Piedmont, and reward ourselves with Savoy. This perhaps you would not much complain of, but we shall not stop there; the struggle will be revolutionary in Italy. This will make it revolutionary in the North. We shall not be able to compress the democratic elements that are boiling up in Germany. Baden and Wirtemberg and Bavaria and Hesse, all socialist at bottom, will rise on

their despotism and their bureaucracies. Prussia will be frightened and join Austria and Russia. We shall have another thirty years' war, a war not of interests but of principles. What *you* will get by it will be to take Palmerston for your minister instead of Aberdeen, to double your debt, and to see France seize Belgium after Savoy. What *we* shall get by it will be the extension of our frontier, and the consolidation of the most hateful of tyrannies, a democratic despotism; the union of the army and the rabble to crush knowledge and refinement. It cannot be denied that our master has the three qualities which most conduce to political success. Il est hardi, il est réfléchi, il est fourbe. If you ally yourselves to him, you take an associate whom you know to be utterly false, utterly unscrupulous, and bent on objects which you have resolved that he shall not obtain. And what is your motive for submitting to such an embrace? Not the fear that Nicholas may march on Constantinople. He does not think of going there. You are afraid that if Turkey enters into an engagement with him respecting the Homoiousian Christians his moral influence over her will be augmented. But she has entered into such engagements with him already, and they do not seem to have increased his influence. Moral influence does not depend on treaties but on hope and on fear, on the hope of benefit or the fear of evil. What he is doing now must diminish his influence, so far as it rests on hope, for he has shown that he is the bitter fanatical enemy of Turkey. So far as it rests on fear, it rests on his physical force, and *that* will not be increased by the treaty.

If you really go to war on such a ground the future historian will believe that it was only a pretext. He will say either that you were afraid of being reproached with timidity, or that you thought that the progress of Russia must sooner or later be resisted, and that this

was the best opportunity for doing so. I cannot admit the first supposition; you have not the childish suspicious vanity of France. Europe knows, and *you* know, that you have courage and perseverance and strength to meet every enemy and every emergency. And, as to the second, I am convinced that a worse opportunity for a Russian war could not occur. If you intend to make such a war, put it off until France can be your trustworthy ally. Put it off until she has shaken off this tyranny, until she is mistress of her own conduct, until she is again cette bonne France—honest, faithful, and kindly—whose word is as much to be depended on as her sword; who will stand by your side with no arrière-pensée of turning and stabbing you as soon as the fray has begun.

Senior.—You foresee, then, that France will throw him off?

Cousin.—I foresee it if we remain at peace. His only chance of keeping us in subjection is to intoxicate and brutalise us by successful war. And a war in which England is his ally will be successful. This occasions the terror which haunts me day and night. I know that what is passing through my mind must be passing through his. I know that what I have been saying to *you he* must have been saying to *himself*. I am as sure of it as if he had told me so; indeed much more sure, for if he had told me so I might have doubted. In order to seduce you into war he will employ every artifice which his powers of simulation and of dissimulation, and they are very great, place at his disposal. He will renounce all ambitious views; he will renounce all separate action; he will communicate to you every dispatch that goes to Lacour,* he will modify them at your pleasure; he will put his fleet under your admiral and his diplomacy under your Foreign Office. He will be your slave, until you are committed—to be your master for ever after.

* Successor to Lavalette at Constantinople.—Ed.

Senior.—Who will be generals if he succeeds in getting up a war?

Cousin.—The two best are St. Arnaud and Changarnier. I think that the opinion of military men puts Changarnier first. Then come Canrobert, Cavaignac, and Lamoricière, but *longo intervallo*. Military genius is very rare, even in France. Massena was the only one of our marshals who was really a general. Soult was merely an administrator; Marmont not even that. Jourdan inferior to Marmont. This leads me to differ from your estimate of the Duke of Wellington. During all his peninsula campaigns he never was well opposed except when he had to meet Massena, and *then* he obtained no advantage. I put him far below Marlborough, and I put Marlborough far below William III. William, unsuccessful as he was, was the greatest of the English generals. If he failed it was because he was opposed to men still greater than himself. To Condé, and Turenne, and Luxembourg. What a battle was that of Senef, fought when he was only twenty-four, with a raw army of different nations against French troops, commanded by Condé!

Senior.—You tell me that we ought to wait; that we ought to suspend our resistance against Russia until France shall have thrown off her tyrant and can again be depended on as an ally.

Cousin.—Yes; and I repeat it. To attack Russia single-handed would be rash, but it would be prudence compared with the madness of accepting Louis Napoleon for your ally. You must wait.

Senior.—But how long are we to wait? And what are the means by which your freedom is to be worked out.

Cousin.—Those are questions which I will not pretend to answer. I foresee his fall, but neither the when nor the how. One means is obvious; mais c'est affreux

que d'y penser. I abhor assassination. Providence seems to intend to deter men from such a crime by ordaining that even while successful in its immediate attempt it shall almost always fail of its ultimate objects; but this man is so identified with his system that it would fall with him. With all his faults he is a gentleman, in the English sense of the word. He has had the education and he has the manners and the feelings of the aristocracy, but the Bonaparte dynasty goes out with Louis Napoleon.

Senior.—But how will it go out, or rather how will its successor come in? If he is shot to-morrow, what will happen on Sunday?

Cousin.—If he is shot to-morrow, on Sunday you will see Joinville and Aumale in Paris proclaiming Henry V. Such at least is the intention which they profess, and I believe them, et je l'avoue que je m'y résigne.

Senior.—Résigne! I thought you would accept Henri V. with joy, and submit to him with resignation. What better alternative can you propose?

Cousin.—None; and I was wrong perhaps when I used the word résigne. But it is difficult to get rid of twenty years' habits of speaking and thinking. I cannot forget my long attachment to the Orleans family.

Senior.—Perhaps you are like Thiers; a fusionist only on the condition that Henri V. adopts the Comte de Paris.

Cousin.—No; I do not impose such a condition, much as it would delight me; for the Comte de Chambord has already rejected it. And I had rather take him, with all the chances of his having a son by a second wife, than allow this rent in the house of Bourbon to continue.

Senior.—Some of my friends think that neither the heir of the branche aincé nor the heir of the branche cadette will succeed; that we shall have another plébiscite, and that Joinville's name will come out of the urn.

Cousin.—Not Joinville's. If we are to elect from that family the choice will fall on Aumale. He has talents, knowledge, and courage; mais il a aussi de la morale, and that will prevent his accepting a sceptre which, according to the doctrines of legitimacy, the only safe foundation for an hereditary Monarchy, belongs to his cousin. C'est affreux, I repeat, to allow one's mind to dwell on assassination; but I cannot conceal from myself that it would be the speediest remedy that we could employ, and that it is also the remedy which we are most likely to employ. It is only the conspiracies—indeed only the conspiracies in which several persons combine—that we are likely to hear of. The solitary attempts and those in which only one or two persons join can be stifled. I believe that they are frequent, and I fully expect that one of them will at last succeed.

Senior.—But if he escape like Louis Philippe?

Cousin.—Then he will sink, as Louis Philippe did, under the constantly increasing weight of the unpopularity occasioned by his constantly increasing tyranny. What chances he has thrown away! A very, very moderate amount of liberty would have reconciled us to his usurpation, or at least have induced us to accept it, in preference to the possibilities of a new revolution. But he complains even of the phantom of freedom which he thought himself forced to allow us. He cannot bear the shadow of control.

Senior.—But the democratic element in your constitution is very powerful.

Cousin.—Very powerful on paper. We have universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and a negative on the budget. But which of these powers can we use? We can make no amendments in the budget, and to reject it en bloc would be to render all government impossible; it would not be opposition, but anarchy. Then we have vote by ballot. But the polling-places are filled by the officers

of the Government. The only billets offered to you are those of the Government candidate. You wish to write your own billet. 'Quoi,' they say, 'vous voulez écrire votre billet? Vous voulez donc faire de l'opposition?' If you persist you may find yourself in three days on your way to Cayenne. If the debates even of this Assembly of nominees were published it would be something; but the only report is made by the President named by the Government. Montalembert who, though he loves the Church above all, next to the Church loves liberty, has made three or four bold and liberal speeches. Five cold insignificant lines in the *Moniteur* are the only record of them.

Louis Napoleon has exempted himself therefore from all parliamentary influence; he has forbidden the press to tender him any advice; he imposes silence on his ministers. He has often, while he was President, said to me, 'I intend to have no Président du Conseil. I am responsible; I choose to act; all that I ask from my ministers is obedience, and skill in details. The outline of all my measures will be drawn by myself.' Now what but blunders on blunders can be the fruit of such blind self-conceit? The cup is rapidly filling; if you have only a year or two's patience it will run over.

Senior.—And you feel certain that the branche ainée will succeed to him?

Cousin.—As certain as one can be with respect to anything in France. Monarchy is the only form of government under which France has ever prospered, and a limited Monarchy is the only monarchical form which it now will tolerate. But the limits must not be strict; our Sovereign must have much more to do and much more means of doing it than yours. Thiers's King 'qui régne et ne gouverne pas' is nonsense. We should prefer King Stork to King Log. The brightest part of our history was the Restoration. We had then a real house of peers. I do not

call Louis Philippe's nominees for life, peers. I never looked on myself as a *Pair de France*. Our House was merely a bad court of justice and a bad spouting club. Louis XVIII.'s house was filled with venerable and historical names permanently attached, by their ancestors and by their successors, to the destinies of France. Where do you think is French honour, French integrity, French generosity, to be sought for? Among the vieilles marquises of the Faubourg St. Germain. You will not find there much knowledge or much curiosity; much acquaintance with what has been, or much interest in what is; but you will find kindness, simplicity, patriotism, truth, disinterestedness, friendship, domestic affection; in short, all the virtues, and I fear all the prejudices, of an aristocracy. Their great political defect is their hatred of the Orleans family; a hatred which the fall of that family has perhaps rendered still more spiteful by embittering it with a few grains of contempt.

I then went to Horace Say and found him preparing to leave Paris for St. Germain, where his mother-in-law has taken for the summer a house in the town with a large garden, and is to pay for it six thousand francs.

Say.—The rents of houses near Paris have doubled in the last two years. Tout le monde dit que ça ne peut pas durer; tout le monde sait que ça ne peut pas durer; tout le monde est pressé de jouir.

Senior.—I hear from you and from everybody else que 'ça ne peut pas durer,' but no one will tell me how it is to end.

Say.—Of course not, for no one can guess, but this prophecy 'que ça ne durera pas' will tend to produce its own fulfilment. A power in which no one confides will tumble at the first touch. You see how sensitive our funds

are; the mere fact that news had come from the East, the nature of which was unknown, sent them down six per cent. It was only on finding that yours had not fallen that they recovered.

I went to Thiers, and found him walking with Lord Ashburton in his charming garden, expounding the benefits of centralisation.

Thiers.—The Minister of the Interior is the guardian of the ville de Paris. It is his business to prevent the Conseil Municipal from wasting their revenues.

They used to come to me with extravagant or interested projects, almost all of which I rejected. Once they wanted to build two great entrepôts for wood and forage and corn at each end of Paris, while the one which they had was not half-occupied.

'I see,' I said, 'gentlemen, what you want. You want to raise the value of certain properties near Villette and Passy. You shall not job away the money of the public while I am in office.' They came back year after year, and at last I gave them a permission in these words—

'Considérant qu'un bon père laisse faire à ses enfants des folies pour les enseigner par l'événement; considérant que la ville de Paris ne sera jamais corrigée que par sa propre expérience; la permission de faire une mauvaise chose est accordée.'

They built their entrepôts, and in three years sold one, as useless, for half what it had cost.

Then they wanted to move the station of the St. Germain railway from the Rue St. Lazare into the Place de la Madeleine. I refused. 'See,' they said, 'what it is to have a minister with artistic propensities. He is afraid that our engines will blacken the peristyle.'

'That would be a sufficient reason,' I said, 'if it were true; but I refuse because it will cause 10,000,000 to be

divided between the railway and the city, and will not add to the revenues of either 100,000 francs.'

A year or two after, when I was out of office, Pereire said to me, 'I owe you eternal gratitude.' 'Do you?' I said; 'such debts are seldom acknowledged. How did you contract it?' 'You saved my company,' he answered, '10,000,000; if we had carried our station to the Place de la Madeleine we should have been ruined.'

Marseilles came to me to ask to be allowed to spend 10,000,000 in cutting a canal. This was the amount of the estimates of their engineers. 'The canal,' I said, 'will cost 20,000,000. How can you attempt such an expenditure with an income of only 1,800,000 francs?' 'This is just like M. Thiers,' they said; 'he always thinks he knows more than the practical men. If he had said 12,000,000 that would have been bearable, but 20,000,000 is indecent.'

'It was only,' I answered, 'in pity of the narrowness of your comprehensions that I said 20,000,000. I now tell you that if I was fool enough or negligent enough to grant your request it would cost you 30,000,000.' Well, some years after, when I had long been out of office, Louis Philippe wished to visit Marseilles, and he was told that nothing would put them in such good humour as to let them make their canal; they made it, and it did cost 30,000,000.

What the Minister of the Interior is to the cities the Conseil d'État is to the communes. For thirty years Cuvier was the leading member of the committee to whom the financial questions affecting the communes were referred. He knew the physiology of every one of those little bodies politic just as he knew that of every gold-fish in that basin. He knew what little fish was gaping for what little job; and he was inexorable. In vain did Maires and even Deputies assail him. No commune had to complain in his time of local taxation.

Do you know why *your* Government is localised and *ours* centralised? It is owing to the territorial circumstances of the two countries. Montesquieu was wrong when he said that laws depend on climate. Poetry, and religion, which is a part of poetry, depend on climate, but institutions depend on the situation and configuration of the soil. You are an island. You are protected by your channel. You want no large armies. You need provoke no wars. You do not require a machinery which can collect in *one* hand and drive in *one* direction the whole force of the nation. You consider all interference as an evil and allow as little of it as is compatible with tolerable order. We are in the midst of hostile neighbours. Paris is not even now three marches from the frontier. We are always in danger of an attack, and have often to make one, if we wish to keep our relative position. We must always therefore have a master, and the influence of that master must always be felt, and felt instantaneously in the remotest extremities. Societies as well as frogs have their embryos, their tadpoles. Your tadpole is a parish, with its vestry of ratepayers and its elected office-bearers, constables, overseers, and I know not what else, very inefficient, but very little troublesome.

Our tadpole is an état-major with its colonels, and captains, and lieutenants, and ensigns, and sergeants, and corporals, all nominated by the chief; all active; always intermeddling; sometimes for good and sometimes for evil.

Do you think that we could manage the conscription through local authorities, or by any power depending on local authorities? Every year about 330,000 young men attain the age at which they become subject to the ballot. All who draw the lot are examined, not cursorily, not in their clothes, they are stripped to the skin. Eighty thousand are annually taken, and as nearly half of those who

are examined are rejected, it follows that nearly half the 330,000 pass before the medical officers and the prefects. The prefects are half-killed by the fatigue.

Senior.—It follows too that about one-half of the able-bodied young have to serve.

Thiers.—That is true; and we could not keep our place in Europe on any other terms. Our army, including the gendarmerie and other quasi-military bodies amounts to nearly 500,000 men. Including the navy, it much exceeds that number. Could this be done by voluntary enlistment? With all the riches of England you find it difficult to keep up 120,000 men. It would require three of our budgets to get 500,000 volunteers. But with the conscription, if it were necessary; if we had to put forth our whole force in a good cause; if we were fighting by your side to protect European civilization from Russia, we could send out a million and a half. Could we do this if we had to take local interests into consideration? If we had to listen to the complaints of mothers, or farmers, or landlords? The ruling powers with you have always been local—the clergy, the great families, and the freeholders. The ruling powers with us have long been unconnected with local feelings—the hommes de lettres and the army. Who have governed France during the last twenty years? Not lawyers, or aristocrats, or proprietors; not Dupin, or Molé, or Broglie, but Guizot and Thiers; two hommes de lettres qui n'avaient pas le sou.

Ashburton.—But, is this centralisation compatible with a representative Government?

Thiers.—Ah, that is the question. Perhaps it is not; but it is our duty not to despair until this incompatibility has been proved. I admit that to govern constitutionally a centralised country is not easy; but I will not yet admit that it is impossible.

Well, you see what the Corps Législatif are doing, ça pousse. He thought that he had cut down all freedom to the roots. And so he had, but the roots are not killed; the earth is moving above them; you will see the new stalks shoot up. He thought that he had filled his Chamber with mutes and tools. And so he had, but the traditions of representative life have transformed them; the mutes are beginning to murmur, and the tools to turn against him.

You asked me the other day, my dear Senior, what I would do in his place. I would give free scope to this rising freedom; I would allow them to kick at me as much as they pleased, being sure that if I yielded to the kicks they would not be able to kick me out.

This year I would make this decree—'Considering that it is difficult to draw the line between constitutional and ordinary laws, all laws whatever are within the jurisdiction of the Senate.'

Next year I would decree—'Considering that the discussions in the Corps Législatif often bring to light new facts and suggest new inferences, the Corps Législatif is empowered to make amendments in the budget and in the other matters submitted to it.'

A year after that I would decree—'Considering that the ministers may receive from the Senate and the Corps Législatif and impart to them valuable information, the ministers shall have places in those bodies.'

And in 1857 I would decree—'Considering that free discussion is useful, and is impeded by the subjection of the journals to suppression, no journal shall in future be suppressed. All the other liabilities of the press are retained.'

With these decrees we should have a constitution; Guizot and Molé and Broglie would adhere to him. I would too, after them, not before. They would make an Administration which I would support, though I would not

enter it; you would form an alliance with Louis Napoleon; and as for Henri V. and the Comte de Paris, they would neither of them ever cross the frontier. He might die like Louis XVIII., on the throne. Instead of that he will kick again, and then the end will begin.

Senior.—Will he dissolve?

Thiers.—I cannot venture to predict the course which so strange a being will follow. I cannot see the road which he will take to his ruin; I only know that he will arrive there. *Fata viam invenient.**

As I was returning I asked at a bookseller's for the Constitution. 'Nous avons,' said the woman; 'la Constitution de quarante-huit, et de trente, et de quinze, et de quatorze, et de l'an trois, mais pour celle du moment, nous ne l'avons pas.'

I dined at Lady Sandwich's, in the splendid apartment in the Rue St. Florentin, long occupied by Talleyrand. Dumon was there. I asked him about Jasmin.

Dumon.—He is certainly one of the great poets of France. There are some of his things which, well as I know them, I can even now scarcely read without tears. Here is one of them, 'L'Aveugle.'

He read to us one or two pages. I could make out a word or two, but not the general sense.

Senior.—How did the people at Madame de Circourt's manage to follow him?

Dumon.—Oh, they had translations in their hands. Besides, he is a great actor; his delivery doubles the effect of his verses.

I remarked to Mademoiselle Dosne that it was Friday.

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* This is the third time since I have been here that I have heard this quotation.—N. W. S.

'Nobody attends to that,' she said, 'except in Lent; at that time we eat maigre on Fridays and Saturdays.'

Saturday, May 21st.—I breakfasted with Ellice and then went to the Institut, when a dull paper on the Statistics of Piedmont was read. Nobody listened to it.

In the afternoon I went with Wolowski to his villa at Montmorency. It is a charming country. Before dinner we walked to the place in which Rousseau lived during the four years immediately preceding his flight to avoid the *prise de corps* decreed against him by the Parliament of Paris.

It is a cottage in a garden belonging to a house on the top of the hill on the slope of which Montmorency is built. It consists of two stories: on the ground floor is the kitchen and Thérèse's bedroom, on the other his own bedroom and a closet. In a summer-house in the garden he is said to have written the 'Émile' and the 'Contrat Social,' and to have finished the 'Héloïse.' The views both from the garden and from his bedroom are magnificent. The Hermitage, where he lived for a year as Madame d'Épinay's guest, is about a mile from the town. We had not time to reach it.

Sunday, May 22nd.—Dussard breakfasted with me. I had not seen him since 1851.

Dussard.—We Republicans could not bear this tyranny unless we knew that it was temporary; and yet my fears as to the nature of the catastrophe that is to end it are such that I cannot say that I wish to hasten it. We are in the state of a sick man who can be cured only by a severe operation. This series of revolutions and disappointments has broken the strength of the French character. Like weak men, or like women, we submit to oppression instead of resisting the first injury. Another and another succeeds, until we are

poussés au bout, and at last turn on our tyrant with all the rage which we have been silently accumulating while he thought us so submissive.

We stood on my balcony and looked at the tall chimneys which are beginning to fringe the Seine and to vomit their clouds over the palaces and gardens of the Quai d'Orsay and Passy.

Dussard.—We shall lose our climate. Paris is becoming a manufacturing town. Our system of centralisation attracts to it all our capitalists, and the French capitalist is so timid that he never likes to invest except under his own eyes. I have known men who had mortgages on houses walk by them once a day, to spy out any want of repair. You see a great roof and chimneys near the telegraph of St. Sulpice. It is an establishment for refining and hammering iron. Both the iron and the wood with which it is fused are brought from near St. Étienne, and the finished work goes out to a considerable extent in that direction. Of course enormous loss is incurred by bringing backwards and forwards such heavy materials. It would be much cheaper to establish the whole at St. Étienne. But the man at its head does not choose to quit Paris or to reside at a distance from his works.

Dussard was followed by Dunoyer.* He is an able man, but his mind is occupied by one idea. He can see nothing in the revolutions which have been disturbing France ever since he was born but a struggle for public employment.

Dunoyer.—How many places has your Government to give in the Civil Service?

Senior.—Perhaps ten thousand.

Dunoyer.—Ours has to give more than three hundred

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* An eminent political economist and member of the Institut.—Ed.

thousand. They are the objects pursued by all except the peasants, the shopkeepers, and the artisans; by all who are not actually engaged in agriculture, manufactures, or commerce; in short, by all the idle and the ambitious who form the public opinion of a country. As every place has at least five candidates, and every candidate hopes that a revolution will turn out the actual possessor, above a million of our most active talkers and writers are always agitating to overturn the existing constitution for the mere purpose of ejecting those who hold its places. You hear people complain of the absence of liberty. They do not wish for real liberty; they do not care about it; what they want is the means of overthrowing the Government for the time being, whatever that Government may be. Of course the worse the Government is, the more points on which it is vulnerable, the more grounds on which it can be held up to public scorn or indignation, the easier is the task of the revolutionist; and as this is by far the worst Government that we have had during this century—the most corrupt, the most profligate, the weakest and the least respected abroad, and the most oppressive at home—it will have the shortest existence.

After he left me I called on Wolowski at the office of the Crédit Foncier in the Rue Trois Frères. He is the *directeur* or, as we should call him, the governor, of this gigantic trust company, of which Faucher, Drouyn de Lhuys, Lavergne, and some other men of considerable weight are the *administrateurs*, which corresponds to our title of directors. This company offers to make the fortunes of its shareholders, and at the same time to relieve the landed interest of France from a portion of the heavy mortgage interest by which it is now depressed. For this purpose it proposes to borrow at not exceeding 4*l.* 8*s.* per 100*l.*, and to lend at not exceeding 5*l.* per 100*l.*, a

difference of 12*s.* per cent. being thus allowed to meet the expenses of management, cover losses, and pay dividends.

Senior.—Your margin appears to me to be too small. The trust companies with which I am acquainted borrow at four per cent. and lend at 7*l.*, or borrow at 5*l.* per 100*l.* and lend at 10*l.*

Wolowski.—The Government gives us privileges of great value. It has made us a present of ten millions of francs to begin with; it has given us extraordinary remedies against our debtors. The protection which the laws of France endeavour to throw over borrowers is abolished as respects our mortgagors. We have summary powers of sale on one month's default of payment. Further, we are prohibited from taking any but a first encumbrance, or from lending without a previous valuation, or more than half the amount of that valuation. We are also bound to require payment of the principal by annual instalments extinguishing the debt at the furthest in fifty years; and, lastly, no other company lending on landed security can be established for twenty-five years.

Senior.—And how much, do you expect to be able to borrow and lend?

Wolowski.—About three milliards. That is about one hundred and twenty millions sterling. Our data are these:—The whole amount secured on mortgage in France amounts to thirteen milliards; but of this six milliards do not represent advances of money; they are in the nature only of recognisances for honesty. The eight milliards (320,000,000*l.* sterling), which represent actual debts, bear interest always amounting to five per cent., often exceeding it. This arises from the anxiety to which I have already alluded of the law to protect the mortgagor and the obstacles which it raises against the realisation of the security. We believe that every mort-

gagor will be anxious to obtain the better terms as respects interest which we shall offer, and that we shall be able to accept good securities to the amount, as I said before, of three milliards, or 120,000,000*l.* sterling. Now twelve shillings per cent. on 120,000,000*l.* sterling is 720,000*l.* Our capital is to be five per cent. on the amount that we borrow. If we borrow 114,000,000*l.* and add to it 6,000,000*l.* more, which in that case will be our paid-up capital, we have 120,000,000*l.* to lend. We shall of course lend our 6,000,000*l.* of paid-up capital at not less than four per cent. If we add to this interest 300,000*l.* more, taken from our surplus of 720,000*l.*, or five per cent. on our 6,000,000*l.* of capital, these sums together make 540,000*l.*, or nine per cent. on our capital, leaving 420,000*l.* a year for expenses and losses. We of course believe in the accuracy of our calculations and the realisation of our hopes, and what is more important, so does the public, for our shares are selling at a premium of one hundred per cent.

Monday, May 23rd.—I went to take leave of Thiers, and found him as usual in his garden.

Thiers.—Well, what is the impression produced on you by what you have seen and heard during the last fortnight? Does not he appear to you, even in that short time, to have lost ground? This opposition in the Corps Législatif is an enormous event. The powers of that body cannot be legally diminished except by what is omnipotent, the will of the whole nation. They are inferior to those of your Commons only in the absence of the right to introduce and to amend Bills; but they have all your powers of rejection. They are masters of the budget; not a franc can be raised without their consent. In fact their powers

resemble those of your House of Lords. They have not indeed the moral influences of an ancient and rich aristocracy; but they have what is almost as great a source of power, a constituency of all France voting by ballot. The last election took place during a reign of terror. The voters went to the poll with the police by their sides and Cayenne in prospect. The Government practically dictated the returns. If its own nominees—men selected for their timidity and their subservience—turn against it, what has it to hope from those who will be sent to it by a comparatively free election? He cannot dissolve, he must submit to the renewal of parliamentary government, or try a new coup d'état; and a new coup d'état will be fatal.

You must not despise us too much. The people of France did not basely surrender their liberty, nor were they unable to defend it. It was stolen from them by a surprise. But even the usurper, though supported by 500,000 bayonets, and opposed neither by organised bodies nor by an aristocracy, did not dare to inflict on them a despotism. He was forced to leave to them universal suffrage, ballot, and the budget. These levers are already shaking him. In less than two years they will overturn him. When we parted in December I advised you to prepare for war. I then thought the danger imminent. If I thought so now I would tell you. Next to France, the country for whose safety I am most anxious, is England. We together have to defend freedom and civilization against the despotic barbarism of the North. We are Greece, with Macedon on our frontier. But his plans have taken a different direction. Personal feelings, the feelings which most excite him, have succeeded to national ones. Instead of avenging Waterloo, he is burning to

avenge the intrigues of Austria against *himself* at Rome. and the affronts offered to *himself* by Russia at Constantinople, and indeed in Paris. He is furious at the marriage of Leopold's son to an archduchess, while he was not allowed to mingle his blood even with that of abdicated royalty. Your great safety, however, is the preparation which an invasion of England would require. You cannot have less than a year of warning.

Senior.—Some of my friends here hold a different language. They say that in a week you could be ready for a pointe on London.

Thiers.—Those who tell you so have never prepared an army for a campaign. It is true that a military nation can, without many previous arrangements, make an inroad on an unwarlike neighbour. It would not take us long to make a rush on Belgium. But if a serious invasion is to be attempted, if good troops are to be encountered, and an army is to be got ready to which the honour of the country can be trusted, six months is a very short period. First, the different regiments must be sifted to get from each of them two bataillons d'élite for foreign service. These battalions must be united in brigades, and the capacity of the regimental officers tested by the chef de brigade, in the same way in which those officers tested that of their own privates and sous-officiers. The brigades again must be united in a division. They must be accustomed to act together, to know how far one regiment and one brigade can rely on another. The general of division has to do only with the colonels. He sends away all those whom he finds too old, or too negligent, or too ignorant, or too dull for real fighting, and the comparatively low social position of our regimental officers, more than two-thirds of whom have risen from the ranks, enables him to do so

without mercy. It is thus, by a long-continued process of selecting, and training, and changing, and promoting, and discharging, that a division is moulded and welded into one mass of homogeneous materials, the efficiency of which can be relied on as we rely on that of a well-constructed machine. If any one step in the process be omitted, or even hurried over, the machine becomes imperfect, and if it be opposed to one that has been properly prepared, it breaks in the general's hands. But all this takes time. I said six months, but that is too little. The army that gained Austerlitz had been subjected to this training for more than two years.

Senior.—But the army of the hundred days, which gained the great battle of Ligny, was raised by Napoleon in less than six weeks.

Thiers.—Yes, but you must recollect what were his materials. More then 180,000 veterans, men who, though young, had passed years under fire, whom in his presumption he had scattered all over Europe, from Dantzig to Alexandria, were restored to France by the peace. He had only to stamp, and the legions sprung up. And after all what was the result? This hastily collected army was broken, was scattered, was actually dissolved, as no French army ever was before, in a single battle. Would the army of Austerlitz have thus fallen to pieces? I will not say that that army would have gained Waterloo, though if it had been ready, as it would have been, to attack at eight in the morning instead of at eleven, the chances would have been in its favour; but I affirm that it would not have been ignominiously beaten. It might have failed; but it would not have been destroyed. Now nothing but a first-rate army could invade England. They must be men like those of Cortez, whose courage would not flinch when

they saw nothing but the enemy before them and the sea behind them. Napoleon thought 180,000 men necessary; and 180,000 of his men were worth 300,000 of ours. Where can a double fleet be found—one to carry the troops, the other to defend them? For the transports, even if ships of war, could not fight; the soldiers would rise on the crews. No men could bear to stand or lie inactive behind a ship's sides through which shots were driving. It is difficult to keep them steady under a cannonade on the field, when they are supported by the constant hope of attacking in their turn. The transports must be kept out of fire; and how is this to be done unless a fleet large enough to keep yours at bay, that is to say larger than yours, accompanies them? We have no such fleet, and it would take at least a year to get one; therefore I repeat you will have a year's warning.

Senior.—But what do you say to the dash on London? *That* could be done with short preparation.

Thiers.—London could not be entered by less than 25,000 men, and to bring 25,000 men to London 50,000 must be landed in Kent or Dorsetshire. Such an army, and the fleets that would have to carry and protect it, could not be got ready in six months. The idea however of a dash on London is preposterous; 50,000 men thrown on your shores might indeed do you enormous mischief, but they would be ultimately sacrificed themselves, and such a sacrifice would be fatal to the best established government. Depend on it that if he attacks you, and I still believe that if his career is not cut short he *will* attack you, he will attack you seriously. It will not be to burn London, but to dictate a peace there. The Egyptian expedition was the rashest attempt that history records; rasher even than Moscow. It contained the

germ of Napoleon's subsequent life. It showed his marvellous powers of combination and execution, and the wildness with which his imagination led him to despise moral and physical obstacles. No one would compare the political and military ability of Turenne with that of Napoleon; but I have often thought that if we had had the former in 1796, instead of the latter, we should have preserved the Rhine and the Alps. We should have been the first power in Europe, instead of one of the five powers.

Senior.—Whom have you to form an army now?

Thiers.—No one except those who are in exile. Vaillant is good in his own line, but not as a general or an administrator. We have indeed the largest *matériel* in Europe. I myself had 3500 cannon cast; and, as I knew that in our next war we should have to rouse the people of Italy and Germany against their Sovereigns, I provided for them as well as for ourselves. But while this man retains his power our *personnel* will be inferior.

Edward Ellice and I dined with the Duc de Broglie. We met there the family and Faucher, Corcelle,* Rémusat, and Dumon. I sat between the Duc and his eldest son, Prince Albert de Broglie; on the other side of the Duc was Rémusat. The Broglies go to Claremont next week, and could talk only English politics. As I have found every-

* Count François de Corcelle shared the opinions of Tocqueville before the Revolution of 1848; but after that time his ardent Catholicism drew him nearer to Montalembert. In 1849 he represented France at the Vatican, and assisted the Pope in restoring the Papal Government. Pius IX. entreated him to remain and be his Prime Minister; but M. de Corcelle refused to forsake his own country. From 1852 to 1871 he took no part in politics; but after the Franco-German war he again became Ambassador to the Vatican.—Ed.

where the case in Paris, they are astonished at the boldness and comprehensiveness of our budget.

Prince Albert de Broglie.—What a contrast it is, not merely to the miserable mixture of fraud and routine that is now before our Corps Législatif, but even to the finance of the best times of the Monarchy. We never think of making changes that are to penetrate down to the lowest roots of society. We do not form plans which require years of tranquillity for their accomplishment. We do not consider the budget as a means of civilization and progress; with us it is merely a machine for getting money to pay the army, the navy, the court, the clergy, and the public creditor with as little trouble, and therefore with as little innovation, as possible. If we find that we have a surplus we increase our establishments; if there is a deficit we issue bons de trésor, or anticipate the receipts of future years.

Duc de Broglie.—What strikes me most is the success of Mr. Gladstone's propositions. I have heard you say that a clever original budget must turn out a Ministry, since those who are touched scream, and those who are relieved are silent. Here is a budget which touches every one, and bears heaviest on those who are most apt to scream, the landed interest, the Irish, and the ten pounders; and yet it seems to pass by acclamation.

Rémusat.—What saves it is its comprehensiveness. Every one is touched, but every one is relieved. Then the portions of it which are most startling from their novelty are most supported by their justice. The exemptions enjoyed by Ireland, by the land, and by the 150*l.* incomes were indignantly submitted to because it was supposed that any Chancellor of the Exchequer who dared to grapple with them would be worsted. The bulk of the English

would feel that Gladstone is their champion against certain privileged classes. They wonder at his courage, admire his skill, and are determined that he shall not be beaten.

Faucher.—The great defect of our statesmen is that alluded to by Albert de Broglie, their blind apathetic spirit of routine. Their highest ambition is to tread in the steps of Colbert and Louis XIV.; at home to encourage manufactures by protection, and abroad to extend our influence by diplomacy or war. To effect the great purposes of statesmanship—to improve the wealth, and the education, and the virtue, and the happiness of a people—requires knowledge such as neither Guizot nor Thiers possess. Guizot or Thiers however, even if he had been a political economist, would have been paralysed by the prejudices of all around him. A constitutional minister can seldom be much in advance of his age. But if we could have a really philosophical minister *now*, if Louis Napoleon could find a Gladstone, and had also sense and courage to employ him, what wonders he might do. With what a swing would France press on to take the first position among civilized nations if the fetters of prohibition were knocked off her limbs.

After dinner I had a long conversation with Corcelle, whom I have hardly seen since his mission to the Pope in 1849. Scarcely any one approaches a Sovereign without being subdued, and Corcelle, though a man of sense, is one of the few real Catholics whom I have met on the Continent. His testimony as to the Pope therefore must be taken with some allowance. It was very favourable.

Corcelle.—He has talents and cultivation. All his desires are benevolent, and, as far as is consistent with his want of political knowledge, liberal. He was sincerely attached to Rossi, and supported his reforms, not with the

arrière-pensées of many of the other Italian Sovereigns, but cordially and sincerely. His conduct during all the unhappy events of 1848 was at least honest; he never concealed his aversion to charging the paper money on the property of the ecclesiastical corporations, or to the expulsion of the Jesuits, or to the attack on Austria; and I doubt whether any prudence on his part would have prevented the revolution. The cowardice of the aristocracy, the perverse folly and wickedness of the Republicans, and the ignorance and violence of the lower classes, united to make a constitutional sovereignty impossible.

Senior.—Is it possible now?

Corcelle.—Certainly not; nor if the Roman people are left to themselves is any government possible there, except that of a rouge republic. The Roman question is as perplexing a one as the Turkish one, perhaps more so. We cannot stay there for ever. We cannot give up Rome to the anarchists. We cannot give it up to the Austrians. And I do not see my way clearly to any fourth alternative.

Senior.—One scheme has been to send the Pope to be Monarch of Elba, and to unite Rome and her present territories to one of her neighbours.

Corcelle.—You must not place him on an island; the access to the chief of Christendom must not be uncertain and expensive. Indeed, if he were removed from St. Peter's, he would lose much of his influence over the less educated Catholics. You must leave him the sovereignty of Rome and of the Campagna, as far as Orvieto to the north, Albano to the east, Civita Vecchia to the west, and Ostia to the south. The Catholic powers must contribute to provide him a revenue and the means of maintaining the public buildings of Rome. If the Roman territory were

declared neutral, no army would be necessary, nor any customs or taxes, except for mere municipal purposes. This, and the affluence of strangers, would reconcile the Roman people to the absence of liberties which they have never had and are not fit for. A large revenue indeed might for many years be derived from excavations. Not one-tenth of the treasures covered by the soil of Rome and by the waters and mud of the Tiber has probably been revealed.

When Corcelle had done with the affairs of Rome, I went into another drawing-room, where Dumon, with his back to the mantelpiece, was haranguing on the politics of France.

Dumon.—The object of this *peine de mort* bill is not to repress insurrection in the streets. That is kept down, not by the fear of the scaffold, but of the musket. The état de siége is more coercive than any civil tribunal. Louis Napoleon is not legislating against émeutiers but against pretenders. What he wishes is, that if Joinville or Chambord enter the French territory during his life, or if on his death an attempt is made to disturb his arrangements as to the succession, there should be a power, which there is not now, instantly to shoot or behead the pretender. I do not know that there is much to complain of in this. The bill however is so vaguely drawn as to be capable of a dangerous extension. The correspondences with Frohsdorf or Claremont, in which we are all of us engaged, may be held to be conspiracies against the existing Government. I honour therefore the Corps Législatif for its opposition. It adds to the importance of what they are doing, that no one trusts their courage or their patriotism. No one believes that they would venture to kick if they did not think he was falling.

Senior.—What do you suppose to be the principal forces that are undermining him?

Dumon.—I think that what is doing him most mischief is the circumvallation which the Northern powers are erecting round France. Holland has now virtually reunited herself to Belgium, and Belgium to Austria. He has made Austria his enemy by the Roman expedition, and Russia by this detestable folly of Lavalette's. France feels that she is becoming a nullity in Europe, and this irritates her more than any internal misgovernment would do. And there is plenty too of this misgovernment. We do not believe in his budget; and even according to that budget he has incurred in four years four hundred millions of floating debt. We are humiliated by the corruption of his Court, and indignant at its profusion. The Empress, it is said, is to take the waters of Eaux Bonnes. Henry IV.'s castle at Pau is to be covered with gold and silk for her reception. The Tuileries are not large enough for him, so he is doubling the Elysée Bourbon. Jérôme has eight salons at the Palais Royal, or as it is now called, the Palais Impérial, which would have been grand enough for Belshazzar. The Princesse Mathilde is furnishing a rival palace. Morny has become richer than Rothschild. *We* may laugh at these prodigalities, and say that a great nation never was seriously injured by the private profusions of its rulers; that one campaign costs more than a dozen palaces; but the public does not calculate. It looks with a mixture of envy and terror at what appears to it to be boundless expenditure. Another of his dangers arises from his attempt to court at the same time the clergy and the army. Between these bodies, sprung in general from the same origin, there is no sympathy, or rather, there is a strong repugnance. The priest envies the freedom and the gay unlimited prospects of his brother peasant, who

has risen to be an officer; the soldier despises the narrow views, local prejudices, and ascetic practices of the priest. Every favour which Louis Napoleon bestows on the Church is ascribed by the army to weakness or to hypocrisy. There is a rumour that he intends to erect an altar on the field at Satory, and to make the troops hear Mass before every review. He could not do anything more dangerous.

1854.

[Mr. Senior's next visit to France was just at the outbreak of the war with Russia. He had intended to go on to Algiers, but the interest of the situation was so great that he remained four months in Paris. The conduct of the war, the alliance between France and England, and the failure of the fusion were the principal subjects of conversation.—Ed.]

Tuesday, February 4th.—I went to Mrs. Grote at the Hotel Montmorency, and found Faucher with her.

Faucher.—Well, I told you last May that the fusion was a folly. Now it has been attempted, and never was failure more complete. It has destroyed the Orleanists and given no recruits to the Legitimists. If Louis Napoleon had any moderation; if he could bear to put any restraints on his caprices or on his profusion; if he would let us have a parliamentary constitution giving to our representatives *some* real power, however limited, he might despise all pretenders, whether united or separate.

Senior.—Is your Emperor stronger than when we parted in May?

Faucher.—Stronger as far as the pretenders are weaker. Stronger too among the educated classes, because we feel that he is necessary to us in a war too serious to allow us with impunity to quarrel among ourselves. But among the masses the war and the famine have shaken him frightfully. The famine is the worst that has occurred since 1817. The crop of wheat is deficient by about ten

million quarters. That is by about a third. You want ten millions; Germany wants ten millions. The harvest has failed in Poland; we get little from Odessa; America remains, and the best information that I can obtain leads me to think that she has not ten millions to spare. All this is exaggerated by the folly of the Government. Instead of preaching prudence it has tried to inspire confidence. It has even endeavoured to deter men from taking means to diminish the calamity; *accapareurs* and hoarders have been punished in several of the provinces. The Government of France is following the example of your Devonshire mobs. The only useful measure that it could have taken, that by which you saved Ireland in 1847—the importation of maize—has been neglected. Our own crop of maize has failed, and none has been brought in from abroad. The suffering in the provinces is already dreadful, and it has six months to go on increasing. Then the squall of war catches us just as our sails are most expanded. Every effort has been tried, and with miserable success, to drive us into the most extravagant enterprises and speculations. There will be a panic and a ruin such as were never seen in France.

In Paris we make some allowance for the difficulties of his situation. We do not hold him altogether responsible for the bad season or for the negotiation, though we think that he has aggravated the evils of the one and somewhat mismanaged the other, but the provinces are exasperated. He promised them unexampled prosperity; he is bringing on them unexampled distress. He stimulated them to begin enterprises and speculations almost beyond their means under the most favourable circumstances. They have now to carry them on under the least favourable ones. The splendour of his Court, which at first dazzled, is becoming contemptible, or rather hateful. He is accused

of wasting on fêtes and buildings the money that is necessary for our defences. Even his economies are unpopular, since they are believed to be only means for extravagance. He sent back to their homes a little while ago 60,000 men; they were all from the infantry, *le nerf de l'armée*. As each infantry soldier costs about three hundred and fifty francs a year, this saved twenty-one millions. It has all gone in fancy balls and receptions, and in a third of our regiments the companies are reduced to forty men each. And this on the eve of a war with the most powerful Sovereign in Europe, and on his own ground! I hear that the alarm at the Tuileries is great and increasing. There is a party there that would even now sacrifice Turkey to obtain a respite for their master and themselves. When Russia sent last week to ask what were the purposes for which our fleet was in the Euxine, Louis Napoleon summoned a Council and required the separate opinion of each minister on the answer. The discussion was sharp; Persigny for resistance, Fould for submission, were almost violent. Louis Napoleon ended it by declaring that he could not break with England. It is seldom however that he now hears both sides of a question. He was forced to do so when we were his ministers. We could not indeed often boast of convincing him, but he could not avoid listening, or at least pretending to listen. We however were *ministers*. These men are clerks. They tell him only what they think he will like to hear.

I do not believe that he knows the severity of the famine, or that he suspects the hostility of public opinion. This year fearfully recalls to my memory 1847. There is scarcity as there was then; there is distress as there was then; there is disaffection as there was then; there is a general presentiment of a coming revolution, the murmuring of a distant storm, as there was then. The difference is that

all these premonitory symptoms are now greatly aggravated. The scarcity, the distress, the disaffection, and the alarm are all much greater, and to swell the tempest comes the new element of war. If his young unrooted power withstands such forces as these I give up political prognostication.

Monday, February 6th.—I found Thiers at home, and walked with him for an hour and a half in his conservatory.

Thiers.—I was a true prophet. I told you that nothing but force, or the threat of force, would keep Russia out of Constantinople. If you had moved up your fleet when we did ours, the threat might perhaps have done, now it must be the reality. I trust however that by the delay you have gained one great object, that you have obtained the neutrality of Austria. In this struggle she holds the casting-weight. No military operations on the lower Danube can succeed if an Austrian army from Transylvania oppose them. We cannot hope that in the present state of the contest she will join us against Russia, though nations have no gratitude, Sovereigns have. Francis Joseph is Austria, and he cannot strike Nicholas immediately after having been rescued by him; he will leave to us therefore the task of repelling him, but he must be aware that our failure would be fatal to his country. The acquisition by Russia of the Crimea and Bessarabia was a severe blow to Austria. Her acquisition of Moldavia and Wallachia would be a fatal one.

Immediate dangers however influence us so much more than remote ones, that very skilful and very bold treatment will be necessary to keep Austria straight. The least alarm as to her Italian provinces throws her into the arms of Russia, and a war against Austria and Russia united is a thirty years' war. Now, though the Piedmontese have been sobered by misfortune, the rest of the Italian Liberals are as wild as they

were in 1848. Merely to give them no direct encouragement will not be enough either to repress them or to allay the fears of Austria. The presence of Palmerston in your Cabinet, and of a Socialist as our master, are sources of alarm to the one and of confidence to the other, which cannot be counteracted by mere negative conduct. You must order them to keep quiet, you must enforce your orders by threats. They must be told that if they interfere with us while we are fighting the great battle of civilization against military barbarism we will join Austria in crushing them. They ought to understand, if an Italian Liberal can understand anything, that they have as much at stake as we have. If Russia succeed they are beaten down for ever, if she is driven back into her deserts their turn must come.

There are few things indeed for which I am more anxious than to see Austria in Rome and in Naples. It would add nothing to her strength; it would occupy her army, and it would double her vulnerability. If she were afterwards to turn against us, not an Austrian would ever return to Germany, except as a released prisoner. All this however is rather our business than yours. What you have to do is to stimulate our inertness and to decide for us in our irresolutions. You would scarcely believe it, but not a single preparation has yet been made to send an army to the Danube. You ought immediately to enter into a treaty with us not merely of alliance but of co-operation. The number of ships and of men, the places and the times should all be settled; each country should keep an account of its expenditure, and divide the cost at the end. An English fleet in the Baltic, an Anglo-Gallican one in the Euxine, 80,000 French troops and 20,000 English on the shores of the Black Sea, this is what is necessary. You must not deceive yourselves; your enemy

is a savage, but he is a very powerful savage; he plans and contrives his measures with the prudence and sagacity of a European, he executes them with the recklessness of an Asiatic.

Senior.—But I am told that even if you were to begin to-morrow, it would take four months to place 80,000 Frenchmen on the seat of war.

Thiers.—It would take that time if they were all to be furnished from France. But we might carry to Varna from Rome 12,000 men and from Algiers 24,000 in three weeks; these with 10,000 English would do for the present.

Senior.—For how much do you reckon the Turks?

Thiers.—One must not trust Turkish statements of numbers, but they are called 150,000 men.

Senior.—I did not mean to inquire as to their number, but as to their value. How many Turks are worth one Frenchman?

Thiers.—If we are on the field before they have been demoralised by defeat, I reckon a Turk as two-thirds of a Frenchman, that is, of an average Frenchman. But every man in our Algerian army is worth a couple of our ordinary soldiers, every man in the Roman division is worth a soldier and a half. This is an additional reason for wishing to give up Rome to Austria, for of course we cannot remove our garrison until Austria relieves it. We cannot abandon Rome and the Romans and the Papacy to the Mazzinists. The occupation of Rome is useless to us as a military position; it is enormously expensive. We are degraded by being made the spectators, almost the instruments of the Pope's misgovernment. And what is far the most important, the 12,000 excellent troops that are there might in three weeks be on the Black Sea. Austria too can do much more for the Roman people than we can. The Pope trusts her; they have a common cause; he dreads us,

and always fancies, if we whisper the least remonstrance against his tyranny, that we are making a party for ourselves. But I repeat that you must force us on.

Senior.—Who is the man among your ministers whom it is most important to excite? Who is the man of influence?

Thiers.—There is no one. Drouyn de Lhuys is the most respectable, but he is only a clerk like the rest. The only impulse comes from Louis Napoleon.

Senior.—I am told that he thinks more about balls and and parties, and horses, and other royal amusements, than affairs of State.

Thiers.—He does so, but he does not altogether neglect his business; and he must know that if he is beaten in this war he will have no more palaces or fêtes. As far as good faith is concerned, he has behaved admirably in this matter. What I want you to inspire into him is decision and energy.

Senior.—Is it true that there was a violent dispute in the Cabinet as to the answer to be given to the last Russian question?

Thiers.—I have no direct evidence, but I believe it. He is now suffering *par où il a péché.* If we had a free press and a tribune I could rouse all France against Russia in a fortnight. But when he thought that public opinion was against him, he destroyed all the means of influencing it. No one attends to what is said by his nominees in the Chamber; no one reads his paid newspapers; our dread of war—of a war to give a few wretched monks the key of a grotto—of a war to be carried on two thousand miles off, where no conquests are to be made and no glory to be got that is not shared with you—of a war which will ruin all the speculators (and all Paris has been speculating)—this dread has been allowed to operate uncounteracted;

not only uncounteracted, indeed, but aggravated. All the Legitimists, all the Orleanists, except the few who have stood aloof from the fusion, have sacrificed their love for their country to their hatred of the Bonapartes. Parties are necessarily incident to freedom; but until we have learnt the rules of party warfare, our freedom will never be safe, or even useful. Now these rules I take to be that I may call my opponent a villain though I know him to be honest, that I may abuse his measures though I know them to be useful, that I may deny his facts though I know them to be true, that I may attack his arguments with sophistry and even with falsehood. All this he will do to me, and therefore it is fair that I should do it to him. But we must both of us abstain from using as our battle-field the foreign relations of the country. In these relations an error is fatal. We may quarrel among ourselves; we must be united against the foreigner. This I repeat we have not yet learned. Our Bourbonists cannot bear to see a Bonaparte strengthened by the alliance of your admirable Queen. They cannot bear to think that his despotism may be consolidated by the prestige of military glory. Their whole influence is exerted for Russia. They would sacrifice Turkey to deprive their enemies of a triumph. They are striving to make *us* distrust you, and *you* distrust us. They are striving to make the war unpopular; a month hence they will be striving to make it unsuccessful. I believe that they are mad enough to wish, and even to hope, for another foreign restoration.

Senior.—What do you think of the fusion as a mere party move?

Thiers.—I think that it was inopportune and insolent. Inopportune, because it was obviously a Russian move, and every move in that direction widens the chasm that is opening throughout Europe between the peoples and the Sovereigns. The good sense of the people leads them

everywhere to abhor Russia. The private interest, or what they suppose to be the private interest, of the Sovereigns leads them to worship her. It was insolent because it affected to hand over France as a property, as the subject of a family settlement. France always hated the elder branch; now it despises the younger branch. This alliance between the pretenders has been almost as useful to Louis Napoleon as his own alliance with England.

Tuesday, February 7th.—I found this morning Cousin in his chambers in the Sorbonne.

Cousin.—At last, Thiers and Palmerston have succeeded. We are at war, and Heaven knows whether you or I shall live to enjoy peace. Of all follies that a rational Government ever committed, our war with Russia is the most astounding. I can understand *your* motive. You wish to crush the rising Russian fleet. You wish to support the Caucasian tribes as a barrier between Russia and India. You are resolved that Russia shall not command the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, and thus turn the Black Sea into one vast Russian lake. You wish to keep your commerce with Turkey and the Danubian provinces, and to be masters on the Mediterranean. But what had we to do with this? *We* do not want to see the Russian navy destroyed. We wish to cherish it, as we wish to cherish all the secondary maritime powers, to be a check on yours. *We* do not wish to see the Mediterranean an English lake. *We* do not wish to have you always hanging over the coast of Africa in irresistible force, ready to imprison and then seize our army in Algeria, as you did our army in Egypt. *We* have no India to protect, no commerce with Turkey that we care about; we do not even inquire who rules in the Black Sea. Thiers' Russophobia drives him mad. It is true that she was making a step in the direction in which

she has made many before. She wished to increase her influence in Constantinople. Why need we object to her doing so? We did not object when you seized Aden, turned it into a Gibraltar, and became masters of the Red Sea. You allowed us to establish ourselves in Africa. Why should we quarrel with Russia for imitating our example? You say that her protectorate of the Greeks would be the prelude to her annexation of Moldavia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, and Roumelia. I have no doubt that it would, and that such an augmentation of Russia would press heavily on Austria and disturb *you*. But what harm would it do to *us?* Austria is our enemy, *you* are very suspicious friends. We are not called upon to take up your cause or your quarrels, and I seek in vain for any French interest that would suffer from the extension of Russia from the Pruth to the Mediterranean. And to prevent this we are embarked on a thirty years' war.

Senior.—Nay, if Austria is neutral we hope that the war will not last two years.

Cousin.—Austria cannot be neutral. You will not permit it. Palmerston requires her to join you. Her situation is terrible. If she quarrels with Russia she loses Hungary and Galicia. She will rather risk the loss of Italy. Already in anticipation of her hostility the agents of Louis Napoleon and Palmerston are rousing Lombardy, Venetia, Tuscany, and Naples.

Senior.—Palmerston has no foreign agents. He is home minister. He is thinking about strikes, and sewers, and interments, and rural police.

Cousin.—Palmerston is Prime Minister. He tolerates the nominal premiership of *le bon et sage* Aberdeen, but he moves all the wires. He went out because your management of the war was too scrupulous for him; the Cabinet fell on their knees before him to call him back,

and he has returned their master. He is the only man whom the English trust, and the fury of the English against Russia and against all the abettors of Russia is indescribable. *Ils sont capables de tout.* Safe in their island from foreign attack, safe in the prosperity and loyalty of the people against domestic dangers, they do not care whether they attack the Continent by revolution or by despotism. Naples is to be handed over to Murat, to the tyranny of a Bonaparte. That rids you of one Bourbon.

Senior.—All tyranny is bad, but even Louis Napoleon is better than Ferdinand.

Cousin.—Louis Napoleon, certainly, for he is intelligent, but Murat is not. The Neapolitans however can scarcely lose by any change. Sicily of course you take under your own protectorate. It cannot remain Neapolitan, and its proximity to Malta gives you the best right to it. Piedmont is burning to retaliate for Novara; the army, the King, even Cavour, are bursting with their impatience for war. Their 60,000 men, with 25,000 French, will march from the Ticino to Venice, and your fleet will meet them there. In return they will give us Savoy, and that is the only part of the scheme that I like. Savoy holds the key of the Alps. The Savoyards are discontented Piedmontese, but they will be loyal Frenchmen, and they will give us the best soldiers and the best priests on the Continent. Isabella is to be driven from Spain; that rids you of another Bourbon; and Montemolin has not talent enough to seize her place. Whom do you think that Palmerston puts there? A Cobourg. You intend to make Spain a second Portugal. This is what we have to gain if we succeed in our war. If we fail we sink into a second-rate power. Thiers' conduct in forcing us into a war is inconceivable.

Senior.—But Thiers does not see the Emperor; he does not print; he is not a representative. What are his means of influence?

Cousin.—He does not see the Emperor; he could not without dishonouring himself; but he inspires him; Vaillant and one or two others are always going backwards and forwards between them.

Senior.—So much for your foreign affairs. How are things at home?

Cousin.—Worse than when we parted in June. All resistance, indeed all opposition, is dead. No one ventures to speak in the provinces or to write in Paris. There is not a journal that has not received its second warning, and with the third comes suppression; and the worst of it is the resignation with which it is borne. The aristocracy has been destroyed. The bourgeoisie which destroyed it and ought to perform its duties, thinks of nothing but getting money; the people think about nothing but getting bread. The classes that are called intelligent (I am sure I do not know why)—the lawyers and doctors and literary men and politicians—are indeed fretful under the yoke; but they are a small and timid minority. The only good thing that has happened is the fusion.

I went in the evening to Madame de Circourt's. I found there the Princess Mathilde, Kergorlay, Merimée, and about a dozen other persons whom I did not know. The party was rather stiff, and we talked no politics.

Wednesday, February 8th.—Madame de Circourt called on us. She explained the dulness and stiffness of her yesterday's party. 'Until this winter,' she said, 'the separation between the Imperialists and the rest of the Parisian society was complete. The Imperialist salons contained no Liberals or Bourbonists; the others contained

no Imperialists. Conversation was unrestrained, as you did not fear shocking your neighbour. But as Louis Napoleon's power consolidates itself, more and more of his former opponents are joining him. Kergorlay has become a Deputy, Merimée a Senator. They still come among their old friends, but they are not sure of their reception. This throws a gêne over society. Then almost every one's fortune is endangered by the fall in the value of the public and private investments, the failure of the crops of corn and potatoes, and the blight of the vines. The two last seasons in Paris were times of unexampled display. Habits were contracted which people are unable to continue, and do not like to give up. Many of my friends stay at home because they cannot afford to dress as they used to do. Madame Pozzo di Borgo, a very great lady, has opened her magnificent apartments twice. On one evening there were ten guests, on the other there were only four.'

After Madame de Circourt left us I called on Guizot. We talked of Louis Napoleon. 'His two years of absolute power,' said Guizot, 'have changed him much. His ambition is yielding to his vanity. I will not say that he has altogether thrown away his wild notions of conquest, but he has put them aside. He is now seeking for excitement by the reckless expenditure of boundless wealth. He delights in the improvement which begins by destruction. The cité of Paris looks like a town that has been bombarded. Whole acres of buildings are cleared away every day. In vain those who are to be ejected protest. They are told to take their indemnity and be silent. Houses that were built not six months ago according to plans furnished by the Government have been pulled down because they interfere with some new arrangement. But if he destroys like Attila or Genghis Khan, he builds like

Aladdin. His furniture too and his equipages are all in the Aladdin style.'

Senior.—He must be terribly put out by this war, which comes to interrupt his amusements.

Guizot.—He is not only put out, but seriously alarmed. The war must be very expensive, and he can provide for it only by diminishing his civil expenditure, by loans, or by taxes. He cannot bear to diminish his expenditure; that would hurt his vanity, and after all would not do much; he cannot borrow except on ruinous terms, and he is not strong enough to impose taxes for a war which we are entering into rather to serve your interest than ours.

Senior.—Are not you as much interested in checking the growth of Russia as we are?

Guizot.—I will not deny that we are interested in checking her growth, as we are in checking the growth of every power that threatens to predominate, but we are not impelled to do so by motives so powerful or so immediate as you are. Her absorption of Turkey would not affect our commerce or endanger our distant dependencies. Nor will I deny that her obstinate policy of aggrandisement must at last have been opposed by force. A war with Russia was probably inevitable. But it has come too soon. It is not a war to be undertaken in a famine by a nation divided into hostile factions and governed by a usurper, who by suppressing public opinion has deprived himself of the assistance of public enthusiasm; whose councils no statesman of high character will enter, and whose armies our best soldiers refuse to command. His is not the head that ought to direct our efforts in such a struggle.

Senior.—Have you had any intercourse with him?

Guizot.—We had once a long conversation. I happened to be President of the Academy when Montalembert was chosen, and I had to report to him the election.

He detained me for an hour talking about the perverseness of the Assembly, the difficulty of managing it, its ignorance, and its inconsistencies. His manner is exceedingly good, simple, mild, and gentleman-like. The worst part of it is the false expression of his eye. It is impossible to deny him courage, perseverance, and dissimulation. His temper is under his command. He does not forgive, but he is not easily irritated, and he is master of the *charlatanerie* which carries away the French people. He inherits all this from his uncle.

Senior.—You believe then in his legitimacy?

Guizot.—I do; though the physique is not that of a Bonaparte the mind is. But he is totally without his uncle's power of invention. His intellect is sterile. He can copy and has done so successfully, but he cannot originate. In this semi-maritime war to be carried on at the further end of Europe in co-operation with you and Turkey, and with supplies which must be sent from France, he has no precedent in his uncle's history. He sent a little while ago his aide-de-camp Desmaretz to Bedeau, to offer service to him, Lamoricière, and Changarnier. Bedeau answered in the name of all three, that if France were engaged in a struggle for interests of her own they were ready to serve as privates, but that they would accept no commands from *him*, especially in such a war as this. He will have to do his work with inferior workmen.

Mrs. Grote and M. Cousin dined with us. He talked about little except English literature. He denies that we have any great prose writers.

Cousin.—Bacon comes the nearest. He would have been a great writer if he had not been a little infected by the bad taste of the age.

Addison, Adam Smith, and Johnson, in his later works,

were suggested, but he would not give to any one of them higher praise than that of elegance.

Thursday, February 9th.—In the evening I went to Guizot and found there Villemain,* Lavergne, and Azevedo. A question was started whether France or England had changed most during the present century. It was not resolved, but it was admitted that England had the most improved.

Villemain.—In many things *we* have gone back. Before the Revolution we were a reading people. One sees from the autobiographies of that time, from those of Marmontel for instance, and Rousseau, that even the inferior bourgeoisie were educated. Every country town had its literary circles, many of them had academies in which not only the sciences but the great writers of France and of Italy were studied. We were not so engrossed by the serious cares of life as to disregard its ornaments. *Now* the time that is not devoted to the struggle for wealth or power, to place-hunting or to money-making, is spent at the café or the theatre. No one reads anything except the newspapers, and not much even of them is looked at, except the feuilleton.

Senior.—How happens it then that your books have so great a sale?—that twenty-five thousand copies is the usual impression?

Villemain.—The sale is abroad. Russia takes a very

* The celebrated writer, professor, and politician. He was a member of the Academy in 1821, Minister of Public Instruction in 1839 and 1840. He resigned in 1844 on account of his health, and resumed his literary labours. He was a master of style. Cousin put him among the four great writers, viz. Tocqueville, Villemain, G. Sand, and himself. Cousin was difficult to please, he used to say of another well-known writer, 'Ce pauvre ——, il *croit* qu'il écrit le Français.' M. Villemain is dead.—Ed.

large proportion. They read nothing but French, and do not reprint. A great deal goes to Belgium, Holland, and Germany. Algiers takes three hundred copies of every work that succeeds. You are among our worst customers, though you buy more of ours than we do of yours.

Friday, February 10th.—Lavergne breakfasted with us.

Lavergne.—Have you any news?

Senior.—No; have you?

Lavergne.—*I!* how should *I* have any news? The French have been deprived of their perceptive senses. They neither see nor hear. No one speaks to us except the Government, and we do not believe what it says. The worst of it is, that this state of silence and darkness does not displease us. We have been so worried by journalism and tribuneism that we are content to repose under despotism.

After breakfast I called on St. Aulaire.*

St. Aulaire.—Of all the follies that I have witnessed in my long life, the most monstrous is this offensive alliance of France and England against Russia. We, with a tottering Government and a disputed succession, an army on its peace establishment, our statesmen in disgrace, and our generals in exile, are going to attack the most powerful, and above all the most unassailable Sovereign in the world, at a distance from our resources and in the neighbourhood of *his*; in a country without supplies, and on a sea without harbours. And this in a quarrel in which we have no interest, which we began for the sake of the Pope, and carry on for the sake of England. Such is our folly. As for you, you are allying yourselves to your hereditary enemy, who not two years ago was preparing to invade you. You are

* Comte de St. Aulaire, formerly Ambassador to England, author of the 'Histoire de la Fronde,' &c.—Ed.

relying on his promises, though you know him to be without faith; you are instructing his sailors whom you know to be learning to practise your lessons on you, and you have the simplicity to fancy that he will not desert you, if things appear to turn out ill, and will not require an extraordinary payment, a payment which you are resolved not to make if the war succeeds. We shall both of us bear the punishment of our folly. *We* shall be disgraced by defeat or see this man's tyranny established by victory. You will have to fight for Belgium after having fought for Turkey.

From St. Aulaire's I went to Thiers. He talked only of his history. It is to fill three, perhaps four, volumes more.

Thiers.—The most interesting period of it is the year 1812. In that year the effects of Napoleon's system showed themselves. Till then there had been room for accident. But as his career was prolonged, the operation of permanent causes became more and more apparent.

The three causes of his destruction, causes which will destroy every one who imitates his attempts at universal conquest, were: First, the gradually increasing hatred of the whole civilized world; secondly, the necessity after he had subdued all that was near and easy, of attacking difficult countries like Spain, or countries both distant and difficult like Russia; and thirdly, the exhaustion of the military population of France, and the consequent youth and weakness of his troops. The army that invaded Russia was heroic in courage, but feeble in strength and constitution. Of 600,000 who left our frontier only 100,000 reached Moscow. One might have said of that army, as was said of that of Louis XIV. at the end of *his* wars, that it would have been good if it could have lived to come of age.

Senior.—Do you believe that Moscow was burnt by accident or by Rostopchin?

Thiers.—By Rostopchin. The Russian generals were

ordered everywhere to follow Lord Wellington's example when he retreated before Massena in Portugal. They burnt six hundred villages and towns on the road to Moscow, and were not likely to have any scruples as to burning one more, though it was a capital.

Here we were interrupted, and I lost the rest of his criticism on the Russian campaign. On my return I found Horace Say sitting with Mrs. Senior.

Say.—Is it true that you intend to send 10,000 men through Paris on their road to Marseilles?

Senior.—I heard nothing of it in London, and I do not believe it. It would, I think, cost more both in time and money than sending them direct by sea.

Say.—I am very glad to hear so, for it would be mischievous. We are so unused to war and so afraid of it, that anything bringing vividly under our notice the fact that we are engaged in it would create a ruinous panic; it might depress our securities ten per cent.

Senior.—Do you anticipate much financial difficulty at the beginning of the war?

Say.—Considerable. The Government is now paying on its bons de trésor, with a year to run, five and a half per cent. Yesterday it borrowed thirty millions from the bank. The papers were forbidden to notice the transaction; but my next door neighbour, who is a director, told it to me. The directors were surprised and alarmed at the proposition; but —— is the slave of the Government. He advised his colleagues to obey, and they did so without discussion.

Senior.—How was it paid?

Say.—In notes.

Senior.—Might not the Government borrow a great part or all the sixteen millions of bullion and coin in the bank cellars, and protect the bank by a restriction Act?

Say.—They could do so, but it would be a fatal step. It would be thought a revolutionary proceeding. In our minds assignats and the guillotine are associated. I can scarcely describe the storm that it would excite. A crazy Government like this would be blown away.

Senior.—And yet the Provisional Government was able to give a forced currency to bank-notes?

Say.—Yes, but there was an excuse for it. The bank was known to be perfectly solvent, but was assailed by a run which would have exhausted its cash before it could realise its securities. The forced currency given to its notes was intended to allow it time to procure specie. A bank restriction Act imposed for the purpose not of enabling the bank to get in its securities, but to part with them, and that to a borrower who is not amenable to law, would overturn a firmer Government than this.

Senior.—Is anything known about the Belgian mission?

Say.—Nothing accurately. The general opinion is that its object is to remind Leopold that he has recognised this dynasty, and ought not to take counsel with those who are plotting its overthrow; or to settle the precedence of claims, all of which are offences to the ruler of France and to the nation which has elected him.

He was followed by Rivet, who sat with us for an hour and a half.

Senior.—I hear that you have been an active Fusionist.

Rivet.—The fusion has had my best wishes and the slight assistance which I could give, and I sincerely rejoice in it. It has produced an excellent effect.

Senior.—Does no one complain that France is treated as a patrimony?—that she is denied the liberty of choice?

Rivet.—We must not be cheated by commonplaces; what we want is good government, and what is called

our liberty of choice has given to us nothing but folly or tyranny. We elected the Convention; we elected Napoleon; we elected the Provisional Government; and no one can say that we did not elect this man. I am no Legitimist; I do not admit that Henri V. has any *droit divin;* but I recognise in him a *droit d'utilité.* I accept him not because he has a right to France, but because France has a right to him; because he is the person pointed out to us by his birth as our national Sovereign. We are accused of having thrown ourselves into the hands of the Absolutists, of having accepted him without conditions. These again are mere words. No one can seriously believe that the successor of Louis XVIII. and of Louis Philippe will attempt to reign except constitutionally. His supporters are not, like those of Louis Napoleon, the uneducated classes. The largest, the most active, and the ablest portion of his friends are the friends of liberty.

Senior.—But what is the practical object of this fusion? Do you intend to give France a revolution at the beginning or in the middle of a war?

Rivet.—By no means. Our object is not a revolution but a succession. The crown is in the hands of the army. The great bulk of the officers are Orleanists; next to them come the Legitimists; the number of Republicans and of the Bonapartists is trifling. Now the army is resolved not to bear a Bonaparte dynasty. It tolerates this man. It would not tolerate his cousin or even his son. We do not believe that his life will be long; accident or illness will cut it short. Until the fusion no one could tell whom the army would take as his successor. It was this fear that made Lamoricière and Changarnier eager Fusionists. In fact it came from Belgium.

Senior.—Are you sure that it did not come from Russia?

Rivet.—Quite sure. No Russian agent had anything to do with it. The exiled generals and Leopold were its principal promoters; Leopold has now made his peace with the Emperor, and is willing to accept his wife's portion.

Senior.—I thought that Prince Napoleon's mission to Brussels was a menace, that it was to advise him to mind his own affairs.

Rivet.—On the contrary it was a compliment. The message was an invitation of the Duke and Duchess of Brabant to the Tuileries, and it is said they are coming. Have you seen the diplomatic papers which have just appeared in the *Moniteur?*

Senior.—No; but I am told that they have produced a bad effect, as they show that your Government has been driving us on to war.

Rivet.—The effect as yet has not been altogether bad. Their bold arrogant tone has delighted the bourgeoisie, which, though it hates war, likes blustering. But if war comes the reaction will be terrible. Already, since we hear that *you* are so furious, *our* anti-Russian ardour has cooled. We feel that we have been led into a war in which we have much to lose and nothing, at least as long as it is confined within its present limits, to gain.

Senior.—Is it nothing to have driven back Russia?

Rivet.—How is she to be driven back unless we are to march to St. Petersburg, or at least to reconstruct Poland at the expense of our friends the Prussians and Austrians? Suppose we send 50,000 men to Varna; that may be enough to prevent the Russians from crossing the Balkan; it may be enough to keep up the contest on the Danube. As yet we have seen two armies, neither of them apparently very good, skirmishing together without any clear result. If we send thither an army, and Russia, as will be the case,

reinforces hers, the same indecisive struggle may go on. Even if we advance into the Principalities in sufficient force to drive her out of them, are we to garrison them and remain quiet until she returns with twice her former numbers, or are we to follow up our advantage and march again to Moscow? What will such a war cost, and what will become of the popularity of the man who forces us to pay for it? You may be assured that he will not long force us to do so. He liked to play at diplomacy; he hoped to please the clergy and to tempt the Pope to Paris by reviving a treaty which had slept for one hundred years about a key and an altar; he wished to look big and to talk big before Europe, but he never intended war, he has made no preparations for it, and he will get out of it as soon as he thinks that yielding is less dangerous than persevering. That will be the case before a year is out. By that time the war will have become so unpopular that he will choose to think himself forced to escape from it by a separate peace, which he will buy by sacrificing his allies, perhaps by joining the enemy.

Sunday, February 12th.—Sir Henry Ellis* paid me a long visit this morning.

Ellis.—The few friends of the English alliance are in great alarm. The Emperor's fidelity to you is attacked both by threats and by solicitations. He is told, what he must know to be true, that the war is more than unpopular; that it is universally detested. And he is told, what is perhaps also true, that if he can now effect a peace, even at the expense of some concession, at the

* Sir Henry Ellis was frequently employed in diplomacy. In 1835 he was our ambassador in Persia, and in 1842 he went as envoy to the Brazils. He attended the conference at Brussels on the affairs of Italy in 1849. He died in 1855.—Ed.

expense of admitting some qualified Russian protectorate over the Greeks, he will be the idol of Europe; that Austria and Prussia and the Baltic powers will owe to him their deliverance from a dangerous neutrality, and that Nicholas will be too happy to treat France as a reconciled friend and to turn all his wrath on England. If he takes this course I do not see how England can avoid following him. You cannot drive Russia out of the Principalities, even if all Europe stood neuter. You may indeed destroy Cronstadt, and perhaps Sebastopol, and you may stop the Russian commerce in Russian ships; but America and the Baltic powers will offer their flags. If you attempt to enforce the old laws of maritime war, and seize enemies' property in neutral bottoms, you will have those neutrals siding with Russia; it is a painful necessity, but you must follow his lead. If Nicholas is mad enough to resist, and the war once begins, I have no fears. England and France are strong enough to prevent it from lasting long enough to create dangers from any other quarters than Russia; but if he offers any terms which this Government is willing to accept, your Government must not refuse them. If Aberdeen or Clarendon are committed too far they must sacrifice themselves to their country, and resign.

Senior.—What do you believe as to the Belgian mission?

Ellis.—I believe that Leopold feels that it is no longer safe to oppose Louis Napoleon, and that his cousin's mission was to persuade him to show his good feeling by letting his son visit the Tuileries, and that it has succeeded. After all, what is the difference between the Vienna note, even as explained by Russia, and the treaty of Koutchouk-Kainardji? The first article of that treaty is 'La Porte promet de protéger la religion Chrétienne et ses églises.' Can there be a more explicit concession of

the right of Russia to protect by her interference the Greek subjects of the Porte than is given by these words? La Cour* tells everybody that the rejection of the Vienna note by Turkey was suggested by Lord Stratford; the French public believes this, and imputes his advice partly to his hatred of Russia and partly to his jealousy and dislike of everything that has not originated with himself. I believe that the rejection was a great mistake, and that the commentaries made on it by both parties were a still greater one. Both parties had escaped with honour from a great difficulty. Whatever were the terms of the arrangement, you may be sure that Russia will make another encroachment on Turkey whenever she thinks that a good opportunity is offered, and not till then.

Then I hear English people express a wish to see the Black Sea opened; they ought to wish to see it closed. Under the existing arrangement Russia is sealed up within it. Let it be open, and her fleet joined to the French fleet would oppose a strong front to you in the Mediterranean.

After Sir Henry Ellis left me I called on Dumon. I asked him if it was true that the Government had borrowed 200,000,000 francs from Rothschild.

Dumon.—I saw Rothschild yesterday. He told me that he had the money ready for them, but that nothing was concluded. They have taken credit for 60,000,000 from the bank, of which only 30,000,000 is actually advanced to them. But as that gives them only a cash balance of 54,000,000 they must soon ask for the rest. They were wrong in not borrowing the 200,000,000 a year ago, but now they had better delay it till the effect of Louis Napoleon's letter to Nicholas† is known.

* He succeeded Lavalette as ambassador to the Porte.—Ed.

† See page 239 for this letter and the answer.—Ed.

Senior.—What are its contents?

Dumon.—We do not know accurately, but they are supposed to be a middle course between the Vienna note and the Turkish amendment of it. Whatever the terms may be the French public will not quarrel with them. It cares little about the matter in dispute, and is anxious only to get out of the quarrel by any means whatever before more money has been spent and more speculators have been ruined.

From Dumon I went to Thiers.

Thiers.—Have you seen L.?

Senior.—No; but I am to see him to-morrow.

Thiers.—Take care what you say to him as to the state of public opinion in England. He and his master are thinking of nothing but escaping from the war. If they suspect that you *waver* they will *run.*

All the Royalists are against it. They cannot bear to see Louis Napoleon fortified by the English alliance, and the more discreditable the compromise is to the *country,* the better it will please *them,* because it will be the more discreditable to *him.* The *bourgeoisie* cares only for its material interests, and is for *la paix à tout prix.* And of the small number of persons whose motives are patriotic, many are weak enough to believe that English interests are those really at stake, and that we have little to do with the matter. Even if he were virtually to give up all that we have been negotiating for, such a capitulation would be well received in France.

It is wonderful that the high position which he has certainly acquired in Europe should have done him so little good in France. We have ceased to identify ourselves with our Government. Its triumphs do not please us, for, as we have nothing to do with our own affairs, they do not gratify our vanity. Its defeats and humi-

liations delight us, so far as they are steps towards its ruin. The only good that this Eastern question has done to Louis Napoleon is, that it has absorbed public attention. While we are discussing the chances of war and peace we think less about him and his. So far, that is a diversion; even the fusion has been useful to him?

Senior.—I am told that the army is Royalist, and that the fusion has done him harm by uniting it in favour of one pretender?

Thiers.—It might have done him harm if it had been complete, and if that pretender had engaged to give or to accept a free constitution. The army *is* Orleanist, but it adheres to the principle which placed Louis Philippe on the throne, the sovereignty of the people acting through parliamentary institutions.

Senior.—To return to the Eastern matter. What are your expectations?

Thiers.—I am inclined to expect that Nicholas will yield; that is to say, that he will accept the terms which Louis Napoleon will be willing to offer to him. He finds that all Europe is closing together against him. Already I see one of the symptoms of change: the Russians are abusing Kisseleff and Brunnow. They say that Brunnow, from his want of birth and of energy, had no influence at Windsor, which is just the sort of speech that might be expected from a Russian. They accuse all their agents, and Madame de Lieven among the others, of having deceived the Emperor; at least of not having truly represented the feeling in London, the Tuileries, and Vienna. *Their* defence is, 'the Emperor is angry with us for not having told him the truth. He would have been much more angry if we had done so.' As for you, you must acquiesce. You are at Louis Napoleon's mercy. You can no more resist all Europe than Nicholas can, and all Europe will be against you if

you object to any terms that we approve. I expect therefore peace.

The immediate consequence, I think, will be the suspension of Russian intrigues in Europe. *Elle fera la morte.* We have found, she will say, that our exertions in favour of royalty and of order have met with nothing but ingratitude. We shall not repeat them. We shall leave the German and Italian Sovereigns to be dealt with by their peoples. She will hope, and perhaps she will not be disappointed, that their tottering thrones will fall when she no longer supports them, and that the centre and the south of Europe may relapse into the anarchy and weakness of 1848.

She will caress France by every means in her power. She will try to form with us what I call '*le pacte du diable*,' Lamartine's favourite policy; to divide Europe with us, taking of course to herself the lion's share of influence as she has already of territory. If we have a parliamentary Government she will fail. There is no alliance which France values so much as that of England, or dreads or detests so much as that of Russia. But I will not answer for the result if we are then under the yoke of this man or of any other tyrant. Without a press and a tribune public opinion cannot be expressed or even formed.

I dined with Thiers; Duvergier de Hauranne, Mignet,* and Buffet (formerly Minister of Commerce) were the only guests. I alluded to the answer of the African generals to Louis Napoleon's offers.

Duvergier.—The story is not true, though it is not far from the truth. The generals knew that Louis Napoleon intended to offer them high, indeed the highest, commands; they agreed to act in concert, and it was decided by the majority, one being dissentient, that an answer should be

* Author of the 'Histoire de la Révolution,' of 'Marie Stuart,' 'Antonio Perez,' &c., and perpetual secretary of the Institut.—Ed.

given. Louis Napoleon heard of it, and therefore abstained from making the offer.

Thiers.—It is deeply to be regretted that three such men as Changarnier, Lamoricière, and Bedeau estimate so inadequately the importance of the crisis. Even if the war were what they call it, a mere guerre politique, it is a war in which the lives of fifty thousand men may be wasted by one piece of negligence or ignorance. The seat of war is an uncivilized, unhealthy country. If fever once breaks out among troops so crowded as ours must be, it will lay waste our regiments as it wasted yours in Walcheren. The Russians entered the Principalities with 120,000 men. They have already lost 40,000, and the Principalities are a better country than Bulgaria. Our generals in Belgium have been trained to barbarous war. They have been accustomed to plan campaigns and provide resources. Their souls would have been in their business. The men whom we must now employ have never commanded more than divisions, never comprehended more of a campaign than the portion which they had to execute. They are intriguers rather than soldiers. A friend of mine called the other day on a man who is to have a high, perhaps the highest command. He was thinking about nothing but the fantastic costume in which he was to disguise himself for one of these fancy fêtes.

Much was said about the correspondence published in the Blue Books and in the *Moniteur*. Duvergier read to us from the *Moniteur* the translation of Lord Clarendon's last letter, in answer to the parting note of the Russians. Thiers said it was digne et politique.

I dined with the Czarkowski's. Except Faucher* and myself all the rest were Poles. I sat next to the general who commanded the Piedmontese at Novara.

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* Madame Faucher is a Polish lady, sister of Wolowski.—Ed.

'How do you pronounce your name?' I asked.

'Sharnowski,' he answered, and he wrote it down for me.

Senior.—But this is not the unpronounceable way in which I have been accustomed to see it written.

Chrzanowski.—No; I have given it to you as it is pronounced.'*

He is a spare little man about five feet four. I asked him about the Piedmontese army.

Chrzanowski.—That which I commanded was a *milice*

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* Chrzanowski passed thirty years fighting against or for the Russians. He began military life in 1811 as a sous-lieutenant of artillery in the Polish corps, which was attached to the French army. With that army he served during the march to Moscow, and the retreat. At the peace, what remained of his corps became a part of the army of the kingdom of Poland. He had attained the rank of major in that army when the insurrection on the accession of Nicholas broke out. About one hundred officers belonging to the staff of the Russian army were implicated in that insurrection, and were dismissed, and their places were supplied from the army of the kingdom of Poland. Among those so transferred to the Russian army was Chrzanowski. He was attached to the staff of Wittgenstein, and afterwards of Marshal Diebitsch, in the Turkish campaigns of 1828 and 1829. In 1830 he took part with his countrymen in the insurrection against the Muscovites, and quitted Poland when it was finally absorbed in the Russian empire. A few years after, a quarrel was brewing between England and Russia, Muscovite agents were stirring up Persia and Affghanistan against us, and it was thought that we might have to oppose them on the shores of the Black Sea. Chrzanowski was attached to the British embassy at Constantinople, and was employed for some years in ascertaining what assistance Turkey, both in Europe and in Asia, could afford us. In 1849 he was selected by Charles Albert to command the army of the kingdom of Sardinia. That army was constituted on the Prussian system, which makes every man serve, and no man a soldier. It was in fact a militia. The Absolutists and the Austrians made common cause, whereas the Rouges, or Mazzinists, were bitterest against the Constitutional Liberals. Such an army, even if there had been no treason, could not have withstood a disciplined enemy. When it fell a victim to its own defects and to the treachery of Ramorino, Chrzanowski retired to Paris.—N. W. Senior. He died several years ago.—Ed.

mal organisée. The men were enlisted for only fourteen months. At the end of that time they were sent home and recalled when they were wanted, having forgotten their military training and acquired the habits of cottiers or artisans. We had no officers that knew anything of their business, nor even any sous-officiers. Our drill-sergeants required to be drilled themselves. The generals, and indeed the greater part of the officers, were divided into hostile factions—Absolutists, Clericals, Austrians, Rouges, and Constitutional Liberals.

Senior.—Was there any real Austrian party?

Chrzanowski.—A considerable one at that time. There prevailed then among the noblesse of the Continent an exaggerated fear of the Rouges. Austria and Russia were looked on as the supporters of order against Mazzini, Kossuth, Ledru Rollin, and Palmerston.

Senior.—Who were the Clericals?

Chrzanowski.—The supporters of the Jesuits and the clergy. These and the Absolutists and Austrians made common cause; whereas the Rouges, or Mazzinists, were bitterest against us Constitutional Liberals. Such an army, even if there had not been treason, could not have withstood a disciplined enemy.

Senior.—What is your estimate of the Austrian army?

Chrzanowski.—The officers are excellent; perhaps the best in Europe. Like yours, they are gentlemen. They have the spirit and the influence which belongs to gentlemen. And they know their duties, which *yours do not.* The men are strong and well trained, but they hate the service. They are not volunteers, like yours, or conscripts, like the French. Each commune has to furnish a certain number of men. The Government officers select them

arbitrarily. Those who are chosen feel oppressed, and never have the good will of the volunteer, who has taken to the army as a profession or of a conscript who is paying his debt to his country. The generals are good. Hesse is fit to command 200,000 men, and I know of no one else in Europe who is so.

This is the great want of the French. They think that Africa has given them a supply of generals. It has not. It has given them good partisans; men who can scatter irregular skirmishers; but they do not know what it is to fight a European enemy. They do not even know whether they shall preserve their presence of mind under artillery. Not one man in a hundred does so. I do not speak of those who run, but of those who stand. Some men get excited and wild; some, and that is the majority, are stupefied; their eyes are dazzled, their faces get pale and long, their knees tremble, they scarcely know where they are. This does not prevent men from standing and firing and executing orders; but it totally unfits them for command. For that, perfect coolness under grape-shot, shells, and balls is necessary. Lamoricière and Changarnier may find that they possess it, but they have not yet been tried.

Senior.—Have the Russians any good generals?

Chrzanowski.—None on a great scale. Lüders is their best. I would trust him with 30,000 or 40,000 men, but with no more. Their regimental officers are ignorant and bad; the men are good, the best perhaps in the world after the English and the Turks.

Senior.—Do you put the Turks so high?

Chrzanowski.—I put them at the very top. Not the officers, still less the generals, but the privates have every soldierly quality. The Turk is strong, he is docile, he is

sober, he is intelligent, he has a contempt for life which is both fatalist and fanatic, and he can live on nothing. If you could train and officer them as you did the Portuguese, you would make them the best troops in Europe; as good as your own, perhaps better. When their military organisation was good, two centuries ago, no European armies could stand before them.

Senior.—Do you know Turkey?

Chrzanowski.—Well, I once visited the whole of European Turkey and the coast of the Euxine on a mission of inquiry from the English Government.

Senior.—What is the most civilized portion?

Chrzanowski.—No portion can be called civilized. The most prosperous is a strip of coast on the south of the Black Sea, extending about five hundred miles, from near Broussa to Trebisond, and from fifty to one hundred miles broad, which was the last resting-place of the Turks before they conquered Constantinople. In this district, except at Sinope and one or two other maritime towns, no stranger is allowed to settle. The Turks keep it to themselves and live there in patriarchal simplicity. The crime of theft is unknown; there is not a bar or a lock in the country.

Senior.—To return to this war. What chance have the Turks with only naval assistance against the Russians?

Chrzanowski.—None whatever. They must in time be overwhelmed by numbers and by greater strategical skill. Omar Pasha is a clever man. He was once my aide-de-camp, but he is not fit to conduct a campaign.

I know the Russians well; I have been fighting them for more than forty years. I began in the invasion of 1812 as a sous-officier of artillery. I marched to Moscow. The artillery was rather better off than the rest of the army.

We had many horses with us, and when we had nothing else we killed and roasted one. Napoleon's conduct in that war was inexplicable; at least the only explanation of it that I can give is that his head was turned by success. He made no provision for feeding that vast host. He had been accustomed to live in the invaded country. The Russians burnt it before him, and his army was reduced from 600,000 to less than 200,000 before the battle of Borodino. I was near him in part of that battle. It was ill-planned and ill-fought. He attacked the Russian position just at its strongest point and lost thousands of men unprofitably.

Senior.—What was the French loss?

Chrzanowski.—About 30,000. The Russians lost 40,000, but the ultimate result was that he entered Moscow with not much more than 90,000 men.

Senior.—What troops bore best the retreat?

Chrzanowski.—The French. They stood the cold better than the Germans, Poles, or Italians.

I ended the evening at the Princesse de Broglie's, where I found, besides the family, Dumon, Cousin, and Duvergier. They laughed at the expectation of peace.

Duc de Broglie.—You will find that this letter of our Emperor is written as much for Paris as for St. Petersburg.*

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* The Emperor Napoleon wrote to the Emperor of Russia:—'Your majesty has given so many proofs of your solicitude for the tranquillity of Europe, and by your beneficent influence has so powerfully arrested the spirit of disorder, that I cannot doubt as to the course you will take in the alternative which presents itself to your choice. Should your majesty be as desirous as myself of a pacific conclusion, what would be more simple than to declare that an armistice shall now be signed; that all hostilities shall cease, and that the belligerent forces shall retire from the places to which motives of war have led them? Thus the Russian troops would abandon the Principalities, and our squadrons the Black Sea. Your majesty, preferring to treat directly with Turkey, might appoint an ambassador, who

It is meant to be taken *here* as a last attempt to retain peace; it is meant to be taken *there* as an assumption of equality, as a soufflet in return for that administered by Nicholas in his letter of last year, when he refused to be our brother. If it is published, as I hear it is to be, in

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could negotiate with a plenipotentiary of the Sultan a convention, which might be submitted to a conference of the four powers. Let your majesty adopt this plan, upon which the Queen of England and myself are perfectly agreed, and tranquillity will be re-established and the world satisfied. There is nothing in the plan which is unworthy of your majesty, nothing which can wound your honour; but if from a motive difficult to understand, your majesty should refuse this proposal, then France as well as England will be compelled to leave to the fate of arms and the chances of war that which might not be decided by reason and justice.'

The Emperor of Russia replied on the 9th of February:—'I have made, for the maintenance of peace, all the concessions, both of form and substance, compatible with my honour; and in claiming for my co-religionists in Turkey the confirmation of the rights and privileges which they have long acquired at the price of Russian blood, I claimed nothing which was not confirmed by treaties. If the Porte had been left to herself, the difference which has so long kept Europe in suspense would have been solved. A fatal influence has thrown everything into confusion. By provoking gratuitous suspicions, by inciting the fanaticism of the Turks, and by deceiving their Government as to my intentions and the real scope of my demands, it has so exaggerated the extent of the questions, that the probable result seems to be war. My confidence is in God and my right, and Russia, as I can guarantee, will prove herself in 1854 what she was in 1812. If however your majesty, less indifferent to my honour, should frankly return to our programme; if you should proffer me a cordial hand, as I now offer it to you at this last moment; I will willingly forget whatever has wounded my feelings in the past. Then, Sire, but then only, we may discuss, and perhaps we may come to an understanding. Let your fleet limit itself to preventing the Turks from sending additional forces to the theatre of war, I willingly promise that they shall have nothing to fear from my attempts. Let them send a negotiator; I will receive him in a suitable manner. My conditions are known at Vienna. That is the only basis upon which I can allow discussion.'—See Irving's 'Annals of our own Time.'

to-morrow's *Moniteur*, I shall consider it a proof that all hope of peace is abandoned.

The rise of the funds was mentioned.

Duc de Broglie.—The funds know nothing. *Ils sautent pour mieux reculer.* The rise proves merely that the Emperor Rothschild, whose plans are better formed than those of either of the other Emperors, has given them orders to do so.

Tuesday, February 14*th.*—Dumon, Circourt, and Lavergne breakfasted with us. We read in the *Moniteur* the Emperor's letter, and found it what the Duc de Broglie expected it to be.

Dumon.—The writing, and still more the publishing, such a letter, shows that those who believe Louis Napoleon to be anxious for peace are mistaken. He is obviously resolved on war. It is a bold experiment, and, so far, a successful one. *Le postillon a monté, il a claqué, et il reste en selle.* But I think that it must ultimately fail. The fatalist historical school, that of Mignet and Thiers, maintains that human affairs go round and round in an unchanging circle; that a republic is followed by a despotism; that despotism begets war; war, revolution; revolution, a constitutional king; a constitutional king, a republic, and so on. We are now beginning the third act, the war; I believe that the others will follow. Louis Napoleon was elected on two conditions, prosperity and peace. He gave to us the first; any tolerably fixed Government would have done so. If he had left us to ourselves, if he had merely kept down the anarchists, and so given free play to the industry that was anxious to be employed, and to the capital that had been kept idle only by fears, we should have made for ourselves a great and steady, though perhaps a less dazzling, prosperity.

But he is no political economist, or rather he is a political economist after the school of Louis XIV. or of his uncle. He thinks that he knows what is good for us better than we do; that we require to be directed and encouraged and stimulated. So he set on foot or promoted the wildest speculations: railways that will not pay; banks of issue that will fail; and trust companies that are to borrow and lend milliards. Then he cherishes the common royal doctrine that expenditure is a good in itself, and that the poor profit by the extravagance of the rich.

So he is forcing the municipality of Paris to pull down a fourth of the town. The expense of the mere destruction is ruinous; that of the rebuilding it no one ventures to estimate. He is doing indeed for Paris what Nero did for Rome, and Tilly for Magdeburg, and what the fire of London might have done for you if you had made a wise use of it. But it will ruin our local finances, which are devoted to public purposes of great importance. All our hospitals and all our works of common utility depend on them. Our city will be as fine as ancient Rome, but the Maison Dieu will be starved, and our fine city will be undrained. As to his personal expenditure, the millions which he has wasted on his fêtes are little compared with what he has made other people waste on them. The expense of dress, even when moderately indulged in, swallows up a much larger portion of a French income than of an English one. French women in general spend actually more on dress than Englishwomen of the same class, and have to take it from a smaller fund. He has led his Court, and his Court has led the rest of the world, to a personal extravagance that never was known before. Of course this must be taken, at least by those who do not run into debt, from some other form of expense. None suffers so much as charity. Our richer classes, especially the women, spend

much in alms. Our religion commands it, and the absence of a poor-law makes it necessary. Those whose little pensions and accustomed presents have been cut off, curse the new habits of expense to which they are sacrificed, and the Court to which they truly attribute them. The prosperity which was the first of his promises is passing away. The other promise, that of peace, may be said to have been broken already. He says that he has been forced into a war. Until the publication of the last correspondence we believed him. We thought that he was the victim or the dupe of the ambition of Russia, or of your desire to destroy Cronstadt and Sebastopol, and support Circassia. Now we find that *he* has been the great promoter of war; that his tone has been peremptory when yours was conciliatory, and that every decisive move has been prompted by him. This letter crowns the whole. It throws on him the responsibility of the war, and that responsibility will crush him. Every day's experience strengthens my conviction that we have become too civilized for despotism. It is incompatible with the intelligence and the powers of combination of modern Europe. As it is not enlightened by discussion it is sure to mismanage public affairs; the people are now acute enough to find this out, and strong enough to punish it.

Senior.—Do not you consider Austria civilized? Yet she bears her despot patiently.

Thiers.—The patient part of Austria is the barbarous part. The civilized portion has been for thirty years heaving with suppressed insurrection, which every now and then breaks out. If Austria had been homogeneous she would have been constitutional long ago. The despot keeps down the whole because the separate portions, differing in language, religion, race, and knowledge, cannot combine against him.

I went to Madame de St. Aulaire's. The letter again was the only topic.

St. Aulaire.—Where can we find an example in modern diplomacy of a Sovereign taking a controversy out of the hands of his ministers, addressing to his royal opponent a long recapitulation of all the incidents in the dispute, proving to him in good set terms that he is a fool or a rogue, quoting against him his own confidential communication, and ending with a proposition to which he says that he has the consent of his ally, which would change the whole character of the negotiation?

Duc de Broglie.—You will not find an exact precedent, but you will find two which have some resemblance. They probably were the models which our master copied. One was a letter from Napoleon, I think when Consul, to George III., the other was a letter from him to the Emperor Francis. Each of those letters however was written after the negotiation had virtually terminated. They could do no good, but they could do no harm. They were proud but respectful. They did not reargue the dispute, they merely expressed an earnest desire that even at the eleventh hour it might be amicably settled.

This letter has every fault that a composition can have: it is ill-conceived and ill-expressed. It is *plat et insolent, servile et brutal,* a mixture of apology and insult. Think then of its propositions. The Russians are to quit the Principalities in return for our quitting the Black Sea. We can leave the Black Sea in twenty-four hours, and return to it in twenty-four hours more. Nicholas is to move one hundred thousand men a couple of hundred miles, which will take a couple of months, with the chance of having to spend two months more in sending them back if the negotiations fail. Then he is allowed to negotiate directly with Turkey (in opposition it must be observed to the rule which western Europe has main-

tained for one hundred years, that negotiations with Turkey are to be collective, not separate), but his negotiations are to be submitted to the approbation of the Conference. He has refused to allow them to be co-negotiators, he is asked to accept them as superiors. There never was such a mixture of impudence and folly.

Thursday, February 16th.—I called this morning on Madame de Circourt and explained the impossibility of getting near her on Tuesday.

Madame de Circourt.—There is a little narrow path among the chairs, through which the habitués of my salon can generally manage to reach me, but the day before yesterday it was difficult to thread, and it lasted so till two in the morning.

I have not seen you since *cette lettre affreuse.* Nicholas will have it translated and posted up at the corner of every street. Never was anything so well contrived to fanaticise the whole Russian people. A war following such an insult to their Emperor will be national and furious. I hear that it was communicated to your Government, and that Lord Aberdeen and Lord Clarendon said that they would not formally object to its being sent, but that they believed it to be neither useful nor opportune. His counsellors here however approved it, at least they did not venture to express disapprobation. Of course they did not conceive the possibility of its publication until we were actually at war. But copies of it were circulated; one was given to Lord Brougham. The Emperor was assured that it was a masterpiece of reasoning and of style, and his *vanité d'auteur* would not allow him to lose or even to defer the delight of adding the applause of all France, indeed of all Europe, to that of his own Court. His ministers were in consternation at the proposition.

Morny said the day before yesterday at Lord Cowley's that he had openly opposed it. But Louis Napoleon never yields to argument. One reason probably is that he never attempts to answer. He has immense confidence in his own opinions, but none in his power of expressing them. So he never tests their truth by submitting them to another mind, but after listening silently to his advisers, acts as if he had not consulted them.

I dined with Sir Henry Ellis and met there Thiers and Cousin. Cousin repeated his horror of the war, of a war for mere English interests, in which France has no concern whatever, of a war to keep Russia out of India and give England the command of the Mediterranean. This roused the ire of Thiers.

Thiers.—You Royalists have been so accustomed to look to Russia for support that you forget France. You are all émigrés like your master. The interests of France and of England are identical. No one can look at a map of Asia and think that Russia can march to Hindostan; or at a chart of the Mediterranean, surrounded by so many maritime nations, and suppose that England thinks of domineering in it. But let Russia once possess the Dardanelles, with the inaccessible Black Sea for her exercising-ground and the hardy Greek population for her crews, and you will find Russia a more formidable rival there than England. I hope that we are not too late, but we have let Russia acquire a strength which fills me with alarm. With Austria on our side we can control her, with Austria merely neutral it is an awful contest.

Cousin.—All my hopes of any good to France depend on our being at war with Austria. Nothing else will give us Savoy and Lombardy.

Thiers.—A war with Austria and Russia is much

more likely to cost us Alsace and Lorraine, and the difficulty of avoiding it is immense. Italy is meditating an insurrection; if we are merely silent, if we merely avoid expressing encouragement, they will take our silence for approbation and break out. They know that Louis Napoleon is a Socialist, that he has put down the Rouges only when they opposed him, that everywhere else he is their friend. Nothing but absolute threats will keep down the Lombards and Venetians, and if they rise Austria is Russian.

But, as I said before, even with Austria neutral it is an awful conflict. The Russian soldiers are equal to any in the world. I do not believe in the stories of their having deteriorated. I have seen persons who were present at the Oltenitza affair. The way in which they marched up to the batteries as solid as a wall, though with scarcely any possibility of success, would have done honour to your troops or to ours. If 80,000 Russians were opposed to 80,000 English or to 80,000 French, I should not feel confident of the result. If the matter is perfectly well managed, if we have 70,000 French there and 30,000 English, with 150,000 Turks not dispirited by defeat or weakened by fever, we may do; but I distrust your management and ours. I see no head to your coalition Cabinet. You have no one man that thinks about nothing but the war. You never have had since the times of Lord Chatham; and you have managed all your subsequent wars ill. You were beaten in America, you were beaten in Holland, you would have been beaten in Spain if it had been in the power of your stupid Cabinet to neutralise the military genius of Lord Wellington. You have not yet made your treaty of co-operation with us. A few months hence, when disasters and recriminations begin, it may be too late. *Your* ships ought to transport our *men;* not

that we have any abundance of men, that is, of men fit for the business. Eighty thousand conscripts would only be so much food for fever. The Roman division, which has been acclimatised by three years in the valley of the Tiber, ought to be the first to start. Algiers can supply 15,000.

Senior.—I hear that Algiers can supply 25,000.

Thiers.—Not more than 15,000; we occupy there a country as large as France with only 60,000 men. Of these, 25,000 are employed in necessary works; 20,000 are very few to occupy the essential posts; so that 15,000 are the most that are disposable. I own that I tremble for the result. If I were forced to bet, I am not sure that I should bet against Russia. I distrust our Cabinet still more than yours. You are in want of an overruling mind. We have a bad one. This man is not a man of real talent; he has no comprehensiveness of understanding; he has the cunning of an Auvergnat, not the wisdom of a statesman. He is delighted now at having thrown a great stone at Nicholas; he has been throwing stones at him indeed for ten months; but he has not spent that time in making serious preparations. Time is now essential to us. God grant that we may employ it well.

Senior.—You said a year and a half ago that if Louis Napoleon had the management of the artillery *il la saccagerait*.

Thiers.—I said so, and I was right.* He has dis-

* Note by Sir Howard Douglas.—It appears by what M. Thiers says of Louis Napoleon's system of French field artillery, with respect to the difficulty of dragging the new French 12-pounder, that he imagines it to be as heavy a gun as the old one, which is not so.

The great objects sought to be obtained in the changes made by Louis Napoleon in the organisation and service of field artillery are, simplicity, mobility, and efficiency. Throughout the late war the French field artillery consisted of 3-, 4-, 8-, and 12-pounder guns, and six howitzers. The 3-pounder was abolished early in the war; the 4-pounder in 1827; and the field equipment reduced to 8- and 12-

organised it, and that on the eve of a war. You know that there is a great question among artillerists as to the comparative merits of large and moderate calibres. A 12-pounder can carry further than a 6-pounder; its aim is better, and even within 6-pounder range it is perhaps as efficient as two 6-pounders, and exposes to fire only half as many men; on the other hand, it is far less manageable and transportable. We have always relied mainly on 4- and 6-pounders, and used the guns of larger calibre principally as a reserve; but the fashion is now for large guns, and he is converting our whole artillery

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pounder guns; to which were added howitzers of 15 and 16 centimètres calibres (5·9 and 6·3 inches English).

To simplify the appropriation still further the new system provides for the ultimate abolition of the 8-pounder guns and the retention of a 12-pounder, which may at pleasure be used, either to fire shot or shells, and which is therefore designated a canon abusico, although it is in fact an unchambered gun. But the new 12-pounder is much lighter than the old one. Limited to charges of $\frac{1}{4}$ instead of $\frac{1}{3}$ the *weight* of the shot, *that* of the gun is reduced from $17\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. to 13 cwt., which is very nearly the weight of our 9-pounder, and is equally suited with that gun, in respect of weight, for service in the field. But the power of range of the new French 12-pounder is greatly diminished by the reduction of the charge; and is now inferior in range to our 9-pounder, because the charges of $\frac{1}{4}$ of 12 and $\frac{1}{3}$ of 9 are equal, but the weights projected are as 4 to 3. This loss of power of range will not be compensated in general service in the field by the greater momentum and penetrating power which the new French 12-pounder retains. The French 8-pounder is as nearly as possible a match for our 9-pounder, but the French 8, bored up to the calibre of 12, will be greatly inferior in range to the British 9.

The abolition of the 12-pounder howitzer is a good simplification, upon the very sage principle, that the gun can fire shells as well as shot, whereas the howitzer cannot fire shot as well as shells. The French field artillery previous to this change made use of two descriptions of gun carriage, four sorts of ordnance, eight projectiles, and a great variety of ammunition. In the new system there is only one description of gun carriage, one nature of ordnance, three projectiles, and a great simplification of ammunition.

(Signed) H. D.

into 12-pounders. Supposing the thing right, I cannot think this a favorable moment for doing so, nor do I see how in the country in which we are going to fight, part of it mountainous and none of it intersected by good roads, we shall be able to drag about such heavy guns. La Perche in Normandy supplies us with the best artillery horses in the world, the strong active greys that you see in the diligences, but they spoil us, they lead us to hope for much more than can be got out of an average horse. After a few months of the campaign, when the horses with which we opened it have been worn out, we have to depend on the horses of the country. In the Russian campaign it took eighteen to draw a 6-pounder. How many will it require in Bulgaria to drag a 12-pounder?

The conversation now turned on Napoleon.

Thiers.—It is difficult to represent to ones-self the opinions of the spectators of past events. We can now estimate their relative importance, we know what were their real causes, we can see how long those causes had been at work before their action was perceptible to contemporaries. An historian is like the surgeon who performs an autopsie; he can trace in the body that he is dissecting the marks of long-standing disease; he can tell us that for years before, when the man was apparently vigorous, he had been suffering under an organic malady which was slowly but surely destroying him. I can now see that in 1808 the fall of Napoleon was certain. The exhaustion of France had begun. He was already spending more than his income of men; but none of his contemporaries saw it. It was not till four years after that Décrès, his Minister of Marine, took alarm; he was one of the ablest men of that age. I have read between four and five thousand of his letters, all full of sagacity and wisdom. Pasquier told me that in June, 1812, when Napoleon was holding at Dresden

the celebrated Courts in which Kings and Queens were the courtiers, he met Décrès, and they talked about the probable time of the Emperor's return to Paris.

'I do not believe,' said Décrès, 'that he will ever again inhabit Paris.'

'What,' said Pasquier, 'will he make Moscow or St. Petersburg his capital?'

'*He* will not long have any capital,' said Décrès. 'He will not return from this war, or if he returns it will be without his army.'

'Well,' answered Pasquier, 'I cannot express how much I am flattered by this communication. It shows your reliance on my honour and in my discretion when you say such things to the Préfet de Police.'

Senior.—Was Pasquier affected by Décrès's fears?

Thiers.—Not in the least. He only wondered at Décrès's absurd croaking. It is remarkable that among the preparations made by Napoleon for that war, the real danger, the calamity that destroyed him, was not provided against. He raised vast entrenchments in his rear to retreat to if he lost a great battle, but he took no precautions against the cold. Among his letters to Décrès there is one, dated Boulogne, in which he says, 'I am embarked with one hundred and fifty thousand men, and in two days *l'Angleterre est à nous.*

Senior.—How came he to disembark?

Thiers.—Bad weather and the non-appearance of Villeneuve.

Senior.—What do you think would have been his chances if he had actually carried his army across?

Thiers.—*That* army would have marched over England. It was probably the finest that has existed in modern times; it was an army of veterans. The youngest soldier had seen seven or eight campaigns. Nothing in Europe

could resist it. His object was not to make a permanent conquest, but to dictate a peace. He would have offered very liberal terms: perhaps you would have accepted them. Perhaps you would have retreated to Scotland, and resisted with the obstinacy of Spain. In that case, even that army would have been worn out and, if you could intercept its reinforcements, destroyed. But when that army had been consumed by its own victories in 1809, the probability of a successful invasion of England was over. Your military organisation was every year improving, ours was every year deteriorating. Our fleet was destroyed, and our ranks were filled by young conscripts. We were unable to cross the Channel, and probably should have been beaten if we had crossed.

I went afterwards to the magnificent reception-rooms of the Affaires Étrangères. I was introduced to Drouyn de Lhuys, but in such a crowd had no conversation with him. Thence I went to Madame Duvergier's. I found there Odillon-Barrot. He is a man of frank, quiet, gentleman-like manners. We talked of the judicial bench.

Barrot.—The last two years have sadly degraded it. It has made itself the accomplice of tyranny.

Senior.—You mean by supporting the confiscation.

Barrot.—Worse than that. It has sanctioned the destruction of personal liberty. I am not speaking of the arrests and deportations which followed immediately the coup d'état. They were acts of violence with which the law had no concern. But when the paroxysm of the revolution was over, the courts resumed their jurisdiction. We have a *habeas corpus* law, like yours, though not so expeditious. The tribunals generally neglect to enforce it against the Government. The few judges who have done their duty have been threatened with personal con-

sequences. They have been told that they and theirs will not be looked on well—that they will be refused promotion, and I am grieved to say that the threat has generally been successful.

We walked home together, and as we passed some of the scenes of the barricades of 1848, I inquired as to the strength of the present garrison of Paris.

Barrot.—It is about sixty thousand men, which is too much or too little. Too much in peaceable times; but when an insurrection becomes general sixty thousand men are scattered and lost in the vast population of Paris. The first day they fight, the second they waver, and the third they fraternise with the people. You will see these events occur before long.

Friday, February 17th.—I dined at Count Kergorlay's. The party was chiefly Imperialist. General Guyon, Michel Chevalier, Merimée, and many others, strangers to me. We talked of *the* letter.

Kergorlay.—I think it highly probable that it may displease at St. Petersburg. I wonder indeed that your Government could have approved of it, as Lord John says that it did. But it was not intended to please there. It was intended for home consumption, and its effects here on the mass of the people have been admirable. The workmen are all devouring it at their guinguettes. They are delighted to find *their* Emperor, the man whom *they* made Emperor, bearding Nicholas, and they are glad to read in a short intelligible form the whole story of the quarrel. It will do much to popularise the war. Louis Napoleon has shown his usual tact in influencing the popular mind. As for the higher classes, the Royalists and the Russians (which is the same thing) are of course

furious, but even *they* must confess that it is admirably written, that its tone is dignified and imperial, that the narrative is clear and condensed, and the logic irresistible. With respect to the propositions, as he knew that none which he could offer would be accepted, he probably cared little about them.

From Kergorlay's I went to Madame Mohl's and found there Madame Cornu, the wife of the painter. Her mother was dame de compagnie, or as Hortense, who always aped royalty, chose to call her, 'introductrice' to the ex-Queen of Holland when she lived near the Lake of Constance. Madame Cornu is about Louis Napoleon's age, and was bred up with him as a sister. She used to visit him every year at Ham and correct his writings. In fact, she was devoted to him. After his escape she constantly visited him in England, and the intimacy continued till the coup d'état. Then she broke with him, and has refused to go near him. We began of course with the letter.

Madame Cornu.—It was Louis Philippe that made Louis Napoleon un homme de lettres. It was at Ham that he acquired the habit of solitary study and meditation. The lesson was a useful one, but it was too long. For five years his health and his mental activity were unimpaired, but in the sixth he began to droop. He would have become stupid, perhaps mad, if it had continued.

Senior.—I have always suspected that the French Government connived at his escape?

Madame Cornu.—Your suspicion was perfectly unfounded. The French Government took every precaution in its power to prevent it. If you like I will tell you the whole story. His apartment was at the bottom of a court, on each side of the door was a bench on which

sat a gendarme. The sentinels at the gate of the fortress allowed no one to pass without calling for the concierge to examine him. The two gendarmes and the concierge were well acquainted with his features. When he had formed his plan he did all the damage he could to his rooms, and then complained of their dilapidated state. Some workmen were sent in to repair them. His servant was allowed to go to a neighbouring town to buy books and execute other commissions, and for that purpose to have a one-horse carriage which he drove himself.

Through him Louis Napoleon obtained a workman's* dress, and could have a carriage to meet him. The workmen were to be twenty-four days at work. He waited till the twenty-third, to accustom (as he says) the guards to see the workmen coming and going, but also, I think, from his habit of procrastination. At length, about a quarter to seven in the morning, at the time when he supposed that the two gendarmes would be at breakfast, sitting with their sides to the door, he went out with a plank on his shoulder. But he was five minutes too late. They had finished, and their faces were towards him. He thought himself lost, and let the plank strike the head of the man on his right. This succeeded; the man who was struck thought only of his head, the other ran to assist him, and while they were abusing him for his awkwardness he walked on, knowing that they could not quit their posts to follow and recognise him. The soldier at the gate knew him, smiled, and without calling the concierge, cried 'passez.' A hundred yards from the gate his servant met him with the carriage and his dog. The dog, not being in the secret, leapt on him with great demonstrations of joy. This was seen by the sentinel, who knew the dog, but he was as discreet as the man at the

* The workman's name was Badinguet, hence one of the nicknames of Louis Napoleon.—Ed.

gate had been. They drove straight towards the Belgian frontier and reached it in about five hours.

In the meantime the commandant, whose duty it was to see Louis Napoleon three times every day, came to pay his first visit at seven o'clock. Louis Napoleon had been complaining of illness for some days, and his physician, who was in the plot, stopped the commandant in the antechamber and begged him to go no further, as his patient, after a very bad night, was sleeping. The commandant acquiesced, and returned at two for his second visit. The same answer was given; Louis Napoleon was still sleeping. 'This is very serious,' said the commandant, 'do you apprehend danger?' 'I do,' said the physician; 'I do not think that he is quite safe.' 'Then,' said the commandant, 'I must send a telegraphic message to Paris. What would become of us if he were to die on our hands?—and for that purpose I must actually see him.' 'You can see him, of course,' said the physician; 'but whatever the danger may be, and I have not much fear, it will be increased if you wake him.' 'Then,' said the commandant, 'I will sit by his bedside till he awakes naturally, that no time may be lost in sending to Paris.' They went into the room together and sat at the side and the foot of the bed, in which lay a figure wrapped in bedclothes and a nightcap, with its face to the wall.

After a quarter of an hour the commandant exclaimed, 'I cannot perceive that he breathes; he must be dead.' The physician was silent; the commandant turned down the clothes and found a stuffed figure. Of course the telegraph was set to work, and pursuit was made in every road, but Louis Napoleon had been in Belgium an hour before he was missed.

His intellectual character has great excellencies and great deficiencies. He has no originality or invention; he

has no power of reasoning, or rather of discussing; he has few fixed or general principles of any kind. But he is a very acute observer, particularly of the weaknesses and follies of those around him. When he is with the very few persons with whom he is familiar, his wit and fun are delightful.

There is as much discrepancy in his moral qualities. He is exceedingly mild and kind, his friendships are steady, though his passions are not. He has in a high degree decision, obstinacy, dissimulation, patience, and self-reliance. He is not stopped or turned out of his course by any scruples. What we call a sense of right and wrong he calls prejudice.

His courage and determination are perfect. When he left his prison he had a pistol in his pocket to blow out his brains if he were seized. But he is exceedingly indolent and exceedingly procrastinating, and his habitual suspicion deprives him of much assistance from others.

Senior.—Who among his ministers has the most influence?

Madame Cornu.—He has no ministers; they are mere clerks. If any of them have influence it is Persigny.

Senior.—Lord Cowley thinks that all these fêtes weary him terribly, and that he submits to them only to please the Empress and the public.

Madame Cornu.—Everything wearies him. He gets up ennuyé; he passes the day ennuyé; he goes to bed ennuyé. I believe that he is amused by planning his fêtes, and for two minutes after a fête has begun and the Emperor has been announced; but in two minutes more the ennui returns. The state of his health does not tend to make him an agreeable companion. All his mother's family died young. I cannot think that he is destined to live to the average age of man.

Senior.—To return to the letter. Was it intended as an insult?

Madame Cornu.—Certainly; he never forgets an injury, and of course he has never forgotten that Nicholas acknowledged him late and imperfectly. Nicholas made a great mistake there. Up to that time, that is during all the years that I was intimate with him, Louis Napoleon was thoroughly Russian. He often told me that if he were master of France he would give Constantinople to Russia in order to obtain her alliance against England. I am not sure that he will not do so now, if Nicholas has the sense to despise the affront and to treat him as an equal. And the French will applaud it. The danger of your situation is that you have allied yourselves not with the French people, but with a tyrant whom they hate and whose friends they hate. If he falls your alliance is gone. The bulk of the higher classes in France side with Russia against you, and the lower classes are indifferent.

Sunday, February 19th.—I dined with Lady Sandwich, and met Thiers and his ladies, the Rémusats, Marcellus,* Mignet, Roger du Nord,† and some others. I asked Thiers if he agreed in Chrzanowski's criticism of the battle of Borodino.

Thiers.—Perfectly. Napoleon was not himself on that day. He did not expect such a resistance. It was perhaps the bloodiest battle of modern times. Seventy thousand men were put hors de combat along a line of five miles.

Thiers agreed with Chrzanowski too as to the want of provisions for the feeding and clothing of the French army. 'Chrzanowski,' he added, 'is a very intelligent man.'

We talked of the plan of making Napoleon Bonaparte Commander-in-chief.

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* Count de Marcellus, a writer and diplomatist.—Ed.

† Comte Edward Roger, a diplomatist under the Restoration, afterwards a follower of Thiers.—Ed.

Thiers.—It would not be a bad arrangement. He has talents and energy, and of course he would have a good man, at least as good a man as they can get for his nominal second and real chief.

Senior.—Was not Joseph's nominal command mischievous in Spain?

Thiers.—Yes; but he was a King, and he had not so much sense as his nephew. The great thing is *que cela les engagerait*. They cannot so well starve the war if he is in it.

Rémusat.—I hear that the principal object in sending Napoleon Bonaparte is that Baraguay d'Hilliers is senior to Canrobert, and that he has some pretensions to the command.

Mignet.—Baraguay d'Hilliers is a modest man. He waived his pretensions on a memorable occasion. Cavaignac offered him a division on the 14th of June, 1848. D'Hilliers answered that his functions of representative were incompatible with a military command. Cavaignac then turned to Négrier, who was not only representative but questeur. Négrier, less modest or less scrupulous, accepted, and was killed.

Thiers.—I wish that a direct offer were sent to the generals in Belgium. I do not think that they would now refuse. It would be as discreditable to them to be idle as it is to a civilian to be employed.

Great admiration was expressed for Lord John's speech on Layard's motion. We had in the room representatives of several parties: Orleanists, Legitimists, and Independents, if that name can be given to those who, like Thiers, profess their willingness to accept any form of government which shall be stable and parliamentary. They all thought it calm, firm, and statesman-like; honourable and conciliatory to France, and usefully admonitory to the German powers.

Marcellus and Thiers sat opposite to one another at the long table, which was not too wide to talk across. They discussed the probable conduct of Greece.

Marcellus.—It is difficult to suppose that she will remain quiet while Russia is fighting the battle of Christianity against Mahometanism.

Thiers.—She must be kept quiet. There is no part of Greece to which a body of marines could not march in a day. We must play our great and difficult game without letting any scruples or sentimentalities or sympathies embarrass us. If France or England were fighting Russia in Germany or Italy, or even in Asia Minor, we should have an easy victory. On any point equally distant from our resources and from hers each of us is as strong as she is; but we are fighting her on her own ground. Our whole joint force, resolutely put forward and wisely directed, is not too much.

Marcellus wondered at the unanimity of our Parliament.

Thiers.—There is no parti russe in England.

Monday, February 20th.—General Chrzanowski called on us.

Senior.—What will be the effect on the army of this nomination of Napoleon Bonaparte?

Chrzanowski.—If he were put there to take away the glory of the campaign from any one whom the army respected and loved, I should think the appointment mischievous. But there is no such person. It knows that the difference between its generals is that one has defeated 2000 ill-armed barbarians, and another has defeated 4000, that one has captured 10,000 sheep, another 20,000. Not one of them has ever heard the whistle of a cannon ball. There are whole divisions indeed in the French army in which, from the general down to the drummer-boy, no one

has heard even a musket ball. It is an army that has no real military experience. The Russians have an enormous artillery; this is an arm much more effective against a French army than against an English or Turkish one. You charge in line. If a ball comes it kills two or at most three men. The French charge in column. A single ball may carry away fifty or sixty men, *cela donne à penser aux autres*. I very much fear that the campaign may begin by a disaster. If Nicholas were a man of talent he might come out victorious. But he is not. I saw much of him in 1828 and 1829, when I was attached to General Wittgenstein and Marshal Diebitsch in the campaigns in which we took Varna and crossed the Balkan. We lived in tents, and often for hours there was only a curtain between him and me. I could hear all his conversation. He was timid, irresolute, and without resources.

Senior.—I thought that he had shown great courage and decision in quelling the insurrection at his accession; that he had devoted himself before the altar to his race and to his country, and had faced the rebels almost alone.

Chrzanowski.—On the contrary; he betrayed excessive cowardice. He fled to the altar for protection, and was dragged from it by his friends, who knew that their lives depended on his, put on horseback, and led with his guards in front of the rebels, who most of them had been entrapped into rebellion, and were too happy to get out of it. I have no doubt that in this business he would have yielded over and over again if he had not felt that receding was still more dangerous than advancing. When once the Russian's pride was roused he could not mortify it and hope to live. You are much mistaken if you think that you will end this war by destroying the Russian fleets and arsenals, or even by occupying the Crimea. This is a war

in which Russia will not yield while she can stand. The nobles will contribute their serfs and their money, and keep on the contest as long as the empire holds together. Four hundred thousand Russians must have died on the shores of the Danube, not only the Poles but the Little Russians and the Cossacks ; the Courlanders and the Lithuanians must have been detached from the Muscovites before you have *le commencement de la fin.*

Senior.—But how much time and how large a force will it take before 400,000 Russians perish on the Danube ?

Chrzanowski.—It will take two years and 60,000 English and French troops and 150,000 Turks. In 1828 and 1829, while I served with the Russian army, fighting Turks alone, the Russians lost 220,000 men. In that country and with their maladministration they perish like rotten sheep.

Senior.—Who are the Little Russians?

Chrzanowski.—They are the people who inhabit the south of Russia, below the Dnieper. They are probably of the same stock as the Muscovites, but they are dissenters in religion, and hostile in feeling. They acknowledge the Patriarch of Constantinople, and consider Nicholas as Antichrist. There are villages in which half the population are Muscovites, the other half Little Russians. They never meet if they can avoid it. The drinking-houses frequented by one party are never entered by those who belong to the other. Not one-fourth, indeed, of the Russian people, even in Europe, is of the faith which acknowledges the Emperor as the head of the Church, and calls itself orthodox. All the others hold his usurpation of this character an abomination.

Senior.—Are the Cossacks disaffected ?

Chrzanowski.—Deeply so. The growth of the empire

has been too rapid, and its administration is too oppressive and too corrupt to allow its parts to be coherent; but it will take three years of unsuccessful war to break it up. If Austria indeed aids you in the struggle, it will be shorter. But she cannot stir until the force of Russia has been broken. She may then come in, as she did against Napoleon, and beat to the ground the weaker party. You are mistaken in thinking that she could have prevented this war. She could not declare war against Russia. She has so much abused her victories in Hungary and Italy that a push from Russia would overthrow her. She is like a man who has fallen on the ice, and has just raised himself, but is not yet on his legs. If she had declared against Russia, and Russia, instead of entering the Principalities had entered Hungary, that country was lost to Austria for ever. The Hungarians had rather become Russians than Austrians. Russia has something to promise—Austria has not.

Thursday, February 23rd.—I dined with Duvergier, and there met Roger du Nord, Rémusat, Buffet, Lanjuinais, Villemain, Dufaure, who conducted the celebrated inquiry into the state of the French navy in 1851, and many others.

Buffet.—I cannot hear that any preparations are being made. There is no concentration of troops, no transports are got ready. They say that St. Arnaud is very ill. His illness seems to be a lethargy. The torpidity of the Government is absolutely incomprehensible.

Dufaure.—As for naval preparations, I do not see how they can be made, at least for some time. Ducos boasts of having equipped a powerful fleet with very little money. He has done so, but he has done it by stripping our arsenals of all their stores. We could scarcely repair a gun-brig.

In the drawing-room I talked to Lanjuinais about the form of government which may be expected when this is over.

Lanjuinais.—I hope that we shall not attempt another total change. We have got two houses—the Senate and Corps Législatif. I would keep them; I would give to each of them the fullest powers of initiating laws. I would let their debates be public and reported, and give the ministers seats in them.

Senior.—Of course you would alter the suffrage.

Lanjuinais.—Of course. I would create either a suffrage *à deux degrés* or a qualification. The first I think is the better. We had it under the Restoration; the altering it in 1830 was a fatal error. It separated the electors from the rest of the people, and made them objects of envy and obnoxious to corruption.

I lament to see you drifting towards centralisation. She is a dangerous siren. She sits on her rock and she sings to you about administrative improvements and local folly and local jobbing; but if you listen to her you will be wrecked, as most of the old free constitutions of Europe have been wrecked before. Local rights, local privileges, local resistance, perhaps local prejudices and local avidity, were the barriers which they opposed to power. One by one they fall victims to centralisation. I prefer your imperfect police, your jobbing trustees, and all the abominations of your provincial and parochial maladministration to our ramified tyranny, which manages through the telegraph the affairs of every village in France.

Friday, February 24th.—I went in the evening with Mrs. Edward Villiers to Madame Lamartine's. She receives every evening, of course abstaining from ever going out.

I found there one or two ladies and several gentlemen, most of them with the large beard and moustache assumed by the Republican party. The only person whom I knew was Circourt. He told me that the bulk of the moustached men were Italian or Polish or Hungarian refugees. Lamartine now joined us.

Senior.—I am happy to hear that *you* are heartily with us in this war.

Lamartine.—Heartily. The war that is to save Europe from the domination of Russia was to be fought some day, and there could not be a better opportunity than this, when France and England are allied, and the rest of the Continent is either with us or not against us. But I lament the dilatoriness and irresolution of our Government. First we were to manage it with only our fleets; then we were to send 20,000 men, then 30,000, and at last 70,000. They were to go to Varna, and so to Shumla. Now I hear they are to land somewhere on the Sea of Marmora. They will not be there till the end of March, or on the scene of action till the end of May. In the meantime our allies, the Turks, will have been defeated, or at least dispirited. Our incompetent Government *a pirouette sur l'Autriche* instead of on France. It was a base distrust of our strength. France alone or England alone is more than a match for Russia. Palmerston says truly that she has been mischievously overrated. As far as we can judge, her force seems to be neither great nor well-directed. We have done nothing to prevent her being in Constantinople six months ago. I believe Nicholas to be mad, and that is the explanation of the violence and weakness of his conduct, of the rashness and obstinacy with which he has brought on this war, and the *mollesse* with which he has conducted it.

Senior.—I have heard his obstinacy accounted for by

his feeling that the Russian pride is now roused, and that he cannot safely mortify it by receding.

Lamartine.—It is true that he has appealed to the religious fanaticism of Russia, and has succeeded in exciting it; but this is only among the common people. The nobles, who make the *révolutions de palais* in Russia, laugh at his holy war. They are Voltairians. They are thinking about the loss of their serfs, who will be taken for recruits, and of the foreign markets for the produce of their estates. They are more likely to strangle him for making war than for making peace.

Senior.—Who is to command?

Lamartine.—Baraguay d'Hilliers. The lady on that sofa is his sister; she tells me that it has been officially communicated to him.

Canrobert goes with him and Bosquet. At the head of the staff is Martin Bret, quite young, but very distinguished. He was with Cavaignac in June, 1848, and was employed by him whenever there was difficulty; Cavaignac was reproached for having taken an hour's sleep during the action. 'I lay down without being uneasy,' he answered, 'for Martin Bret was there.' As Lord Raglan cannot serve under Baraguay d'Hilliers the two corps are to act independently.

Senior.—But what is to become of Napoleon Bonaparte?

Circourt.—He is to command the reserve which is to be collected at Marseilles and Toulon. I have seen one or two of the superior officers belonging to the expedition, and can tell you its force. There are to be two divisions of infantry of 8000 men each, 2000 artillery, 1000 horse from France, and 2000 from Oran, perhaps the best cavalry in the world. They say that our regiments of Zouaves will be found excellent if there are

entrenchments to be stormed, though they cannot be trusted in a pitched battle, as they never have seen one thousand enemies in one body.

Lamartine.—I hear that you are going to Algiers. What is your motive?

Senior.—I wish to see a fine country and climate and a semi-eastern population.

Lamartine.—It is scarcely semi-eastern, it is semi-southern; it is Franco-African, a bad combination. I cannot think of Algiers with any temper. Our conduct there is a disgrace to our sense and to our humanity. If we succeed in creating a colony there, which I do not believe, we shall grow tobacco in a better soil and in a better climate than those of Alsace, Franche-Comté, and Provence. We shall grow wheat and the other cerealia finer and cheaper than those of the centre of France, we shall produce wine and fruit more easily than we can in Burgundy and Gascony; all these products, the result of Italian or Spanish or Maltese industry, and perhaps of English capital, will be admitted to deluge our markets and ruin our farmers and peasants, because they have been grown in a part of Africa which we choose to call France. And the first time we are at war with you our colony will be lost to us and our army will be prisoners. Such has been our *folly*, and our cruelty has equalled it. We had a right to chastise the Dey, and perhaps to occupy one or two points on the coast, to put down piracy. I myself when I was minister at Florence wrote a report on the subject, which, as Charles X. told me, decided him to attack Algiers. But we had no right to seize a country as large as France, occupied by tribes, many of which had never recognised the Dey or any other superior. Every year, for nearly a quarter of a century, there has been repeated the same series of invasion, massacre, plunder, submission, rebellion, and

then invasion, massacre and plunder again. One man wants to be a marshal; he subdues or reports that he has subdued a province. Another wishes to be a colonel; he finds out some valley, peopled by independent Cabyles, attacks them in the night, kills the men, carries away the flocks and herds, and leaves the women and children to starve, or perhaps suffocates the whole population in caves. This is the way in which we are employing seventy thousand men, when we want every spare soldier on the Balkan. The African generals will never part with a man. I threatened during the Provisional Government to send them to Vincennes for obstinate disobedience. They refused to send to France the regiments which the Assembly, acting through the Minister of War, positively required; we are engaging in this great war with one of the hands with which we ought to fight tied down by Algeria.

Circourt.—Now that we want it we find that our army, which we always supposed to be 340,000 strong, consists only of 260,000. How it has been diminished is one of the Arcana Imperii. But our master's views are now all changed. He is a man of strong concentrated will. He owes his greatness to it. But it always drives him towards extreme courses. His whole soul is now bent on war. He has published the Russian correspondence with a prologue and epilogue of defiance and contumely to Nicholas. He has called out the reserves of 1851, 1852, 1853, and 1854.

Senior.—What are they?

Circourt.—Eighty thousand men are called out by the conscription every year. Of these 40,000 are taken into service immediately, the remaining 40,000 restent dans leur foyers, that is, are allowed to stay at home unless called for. The calling for them now would produce 160,000 men, if all could be assembled. Allowing

20,000 of them to be dead or unfit for service, there remain 140,000, which raises our army to 400,000 men. Further than this we cannot easily go. The peasantry are already very angry at the reserves being called for. To press heavily on them might produce insurrection.

One of the bearded men said, 'I trust that Austria will not be on our side. It is only out of a war with her that we shall get anything.'

Circourt.—You need not fear the alliance of Austria. Croatia, the Banat, and Transylvania, the parts of the Austrian empire nearest the seat of war, are inhabited by a Sclavonic population hostile to Austria, and kept down principally by the fifty thousand troops that are there. If Austria were to make war on their Sclavonic brethren, the Russians, in favour of their old enemies the Turks, they could not be kept down at all. Even Jellachisch the Ban of Croatia, petted as he is by the Austrian Court, would desert it if he were ordered to attack the Russians. As for Hungary, Nicholas has merely to send them one of his sons as their King, and they will embrace him as a saviour. I am angry when I hear the Austrian Government despised as cowardly. It faces the extreme perils to which it is exposed with marvellous courage. What it wants is statesmanship. The young Emperor is a brave soldier, but he has no political talents, or knowledge, or experience. His councillors are second-rate men, but they have sense enough to know that half the empire is lost if they quarrel with Russia. By pressing Austria she may be turned into an enemy, but not into an ally.

Lamartine.—A circumstance occurred yesterday which characterises this Government. Persigny sent for the Prince de Chalais, Count Stanislas de la Rochefoucauld, and Count Henri de Biron, the directors of our three

fashionable clubs, received them separately, and made to each of them an address in the same terms. 'We are going to war,' he said, 'and war is always a difficult time. The Government must take precautions which could be dispensed with in peace. We know that many false rumours have sprung up, or have been disseminated in the clubs, and that dangerous opinions have been uttered there. This cannot be tolerated any longer. No news must be circulated, no politics must be talked there. I am also directed to remind you that the noblesse of France has always supported its Sovereign in war, however hostile it might be to his person. If you or your friends are patriotic enough to imitate your ancestors you will find the Emperor ready to accept your services.' I am not surprised at such a reprimand having been administered. I know that in the club of the Rue St. Honoré violent Russian politics were talked.

Senior.—Will the clubs obey?

Circourt.—That is to say will a hundred Parisians meet to talk no news and no politics? The clubs will not obey; they will be closed.

Saturday, February 25th.—I called this morning on Thiers.

Thiers.—What news do you hear?

Senior.—Nothing that I like. The worst seems to be that Baraguay d'Hilliers is to command.

Thiers.—He is totally unfit; but he is appointed only provisionally; as soon as the fighting begins some man of whom we know nothing now will distinguish himself and obtain the command. The worst is that with Baraguay d'Hilliers we may have a bad beginning. I wish that an offer were made to the generals in Belgium; I cannot think that they would refuse *now*. The not making it is a great mistake. They are now interesting

exiles; heroes whose aid we want and whose sufferings we pity; if they refuse to serve their country, they sink into émigrés; if they accept, the Government has done an act of confidence and generosity, and obtained valuable servants for itself and for France. It is probable that if there were among them any man of undoubted, admitted pre-eminence, such a man as Bugeaud was, the Government would feel bound to recall him. But not one of these has ever gained a battle; there are many at home who may claim to be as good. I do not believe we have any, at least of those who are known, that can be put nearly on a par with Changarnier, Lamoricière, or Bedeau; but this is not uncontested. I am more anxious about the management *here;* the war will give us generals, it will not give us administrators. St. Arnaud is dying; but even if he were in full vigour he has not the mind or the habits which would enable him to provide for a great war—even if he liked it, which he does not.

Louis Napoleon, I hear, says that he finds himself deceived; that he is a month behindhand. He is *three* months behindhand. We feel the want of Napoleon's powers as an administrator, even more than the want of his powers as a general, and even Napoleon's administrative powers failed him before his military powers did; he fought in 1814 as well as he ever did, but he had ceased to administer well as early as 1810; he gave the proper orders, but he gave them only once, he did not personally see that they were executed. Now an order must be followed up *à la piste* as a bloodhound follows up a scent. An order is like a ricochetting ball: it touches the ground at every hand that it passes through, and unless it receives a fresh impulse it is spent by the time it reaches its mark. It was not the absence of his orders, but the neglect of his orders, that occasioned the calamities of Spain and Russia. Louis

Napoleon is anxious and yet ennuyé; if he was a real administrator he would be neither. A real administrator thinks of nothing but his work; he loves it as an idle man does his mistress. A man who turns the key of his office and says, 'I have done my duty for to-day,' is no administrator; yet he is better than most of those who usurp the name, for they turn the key *before* they have done the duty of the day. In 1840, when I had on my hands both foreign affairs and the preparation for war, the Duke of Orleans one day came into my room and said, 'You think my father does not like you, I will tell you what he said of you to-day'—'My anxiety will not let me sleep. I take two warm baths a day to quiet my nerves, et ce chien d'homme voit toute l'Europe contre lui et il n'a pas peur.' 'I should be as frightened as he is,' I said, 'if I had time for it.' It is this necessity of exertion that keeps a general calm while his soldiers are alarmed; he cannot stop to think of the danger. A Polish friend of mine had to go to Napoleon's head-quarters on the first day of the battle of Leipsic; he found him kneeling before some drums, on which maps had been stretched; round him were the old Guard busy in cleaning their arms; from time to time my friend heard the scream of a shell or a ball passing over them, but neither Napoleon nor the Guard seemed conscious of it.

Senior.—I wish, sorry as I should be to have the histories interrupted, that you were administering now.

Thiers.—Of course the Government would be strengthened if Guizot, or Broglie, or Molé, or I were to join it, for we are not like the Belgian generals; we *have* been tried in great affairs; we *have* each in our time governed France; but Louis Napoleon's jealousy will prevent his calling in any of them, and as for me, he is too vain, too meddling, and too imperious to tolerate me

as a minister, and he knows that I would not be a clerk; nor would my friends think it honourable in me to serve him.

Senior.— Not if you could render important services to France.

Thiers.—No; unless it were in a time of manifest danger, which this is not. A public man has a difficult part to play in a country under the yoke of a usurper, which is entering on a period of difficulty and danger, in which he thinks that he could be useful. If he joins the usurper before the danger is imminent he is abused as a renegade; if he waits till public opinion calls for him he may wait till the calamity is irretrievable.

Sunday, February 26th.—I dined at the embassy, and met there among others Lord Raglan and Sir Howard Douglas. I sat next to Sir Howard; we began with Louis Napoleon's changes in the artillery; Sir Howard explained them as being not merely the abolition of the small calibres but the substitution of guns for howitzers.

Douglas.—A howitzer is a piece in which the barrel terminates in a cone which contains the charge. In a gun the barrel is of equal diameter up to the end, where it terminates spherically instead of conically. In a gun therefore the ball can reach the bottom, and of course is in complete contact with the powder. In a howitzer, as the ball cannot reach the bottom, there may be an interval, indeed there must be, whenever less than a full charge of powder is used. The gun carries further and truer; but it is heavier. Great thickness of metal is necessary where the charge is placed; this is obtained in the howitzer by narrowing the end of the barrel into a cone. In a gun the whole lower part of the barrel must be made equally thick.

We passed on to naval artillery.

Douglas.—The new armament is very formidable for attack.

But the prodigal use of shells exposes us to dangers so frightful that I do not venture to mention them publicly. By the existing regulations every ship must go into action with three shells at the side of each gun. These shells ignite by percussion. If a shot from an enemy enters at a port, or penetrates a ship's side, and hits one of those shells, it will explode; the fragments may strike the other two, and *they* will explode also. Such an explosion is enough to blow up the deck above and to shatter the deck below. Conceive the terror of such an accident even if it were confined to the shells immediately on the spot; but it might, and probably would, extend further. A single shot might give rise to a succession of explosions, which in a few minutes or even seconds might destroy the *Wellington* and every man on board of her. It might create alarm which would make it difficult to recruit the navy. Jack can face most things, but not such a danger as that, a danger coming from his own weapons. I have tried to calculate the probabilities of such an accident, and it seems to me that in a well-fought action between two ships the chances are rather in favour of its occurring to one of them. Paixhans, the inventor of the shell-gun, agrees with me. 'I never intended,' he said to me, 'that they should be used profusely, and you are using them not merely profusely but universally.'

Senior.—I hope that the enemy runs the same danger that we do.

Douglas.—He runs a great danger, but not so great a one, because there are no foreign ships in which, as is the case with ours, shells are fired from every gun.

Senior.—Would you then give up the practice of firing shells from a ship's guns?

Douglas.—No; it is a weapon too powerful to be abandoned. But I would restrict the use of it. I would confine it to a few guns in one part of the ship, and instead

of having the shells on the deck, I would have them handed up from the shell-room as they were wanted. We should lose in rapidity of fire, but we should escape a danger which I cannot look at steadily.*

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* Note by N. W. Senior.—I sent a copy of the minute of the last conversation to Captain Codrington,[1] then preparing the *Royal George* to go out to the Baltic. This is his answer,—

'*Royal George*, Spithead, Wednesday, March 8th, 1854.

'Dear Senior,—I have hardly a moment to acknowledge your note with the interesting remarks of such a man as Sir Howard Douglas on a point of vital importance to us.

'He is an able and practical man, whose views on these matters deserve the utmost attention. Still his present opinion is a theory, on the validity of which practice must hereafter decide.

'At present I am inclined to think that the danger to ourselves, from our own shells, will not be so great as is anticipated. That from those of the enemy is another affair.

'I judge this from experiments made in firing from the *Excellent*, into a line-of-battle ship hulk containing heaps of shells and dummies representing powder-bags, &c. &c.

'Admiral Berkeley was on board of the hulk at the time. The result is too long to give in detail, but his report was very reassuring to me.

'We sail in squadron on Sunday, exercising all day.

'(Signed) Yours ever, H. Codrington.'

Sir Howard Douglas made the following note on this letter:—

The main question tried at Portsmouth in 1853, on my recommendation, was to ascertain whether, as I asserted, any loaded shell or shells, struck by a solid shot would explode; and whether any contiguous shell or shells, not directly struck, would be exploded by the ignition of their fuses occasioned by the previous explosion.

These facts were fully established by those experiments.

My friend Codrington disregards the question of fact, and considers only that of chance, when he refers to the experiment against a ship-hulk containing shells, dummies, powder-bags, &c., the result of which, he says, was reassuring.

I objected strongly to that mode of trying the question.

It is no doubt possible, but not very probable, that a ship in action, having 130 or 160 live shells on her fighting decks, or a target similarly furnished, might not have a shell struck. But that does not show the absence of danger, it is only a question of chance.

I dwell on the well-established fact. I deal only with facts, or if

[1] The late Admiral Sir Henry Codrington.—Ed.

Monday, February 27th.—Lord Cowley had mentioned to Lord Raglan some parts of General Chrzanowski's conversations with me, and it was thought advisable that they should meet. I went this morning to Chrzanowski, to take him to Lord Raglan, and had much conversation with him at his own house, on our walk, and during about half an hour that passed before Lord Raglan was disengaged.

Chrzanowski.—Few men have had such opportunities as I have had of studying the seat of this war and the armies that are engaged in it. At the time of the rebellion on the accession of Nicholas I was a major on the staff in the army of the kingdom of Poland.* About one hundred officers belonging to the staff were implicated in that rebellion, and removed from the Russian army; their places were supplied from the Polish army, and thus it happened that I was placed on the staff, first of General Wittgenstein and afterwards of Marshal Diebitsch, in the campaigns of 1828 and 1829. I was a favourite with each of them, constantly at their sides, and more behind the scenes than many generals who held high commands under them. I know therefore both the strength and the weakness of a Russian army. I was a colonel when the Polish war of 1830 broke out, and took part in it, and when in 1831 Nicholas, in defiance of the treaty of Vienna, destroyed our nationality and incorporated the kingdom of Poland in Russia, I quitted the country. A few years after, a quarrel was brewing between

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with theory, it is on a matter of exact science, where there can be no mistake. They are theorists who disregard facts, and stake mighty interests on chances. Yet it is impossible to deny that the chances are greatly against the escape of a ship from such a catastrophe as the explosion of one of her own shells would occasion. It is my friend Codrington who anticipates safety from theory, and that theory the most uncertain, in particular instances, of all theories, the doctrine of chances. H. D.

* I served in the artillery from 1811, and at the reorganisation of the army in 1815, I entered the staff.—C.

Russia and England. Russian agents were stirring up Persia and Afghanistan against you, and it was thought that you might have to oppose them on the shores of the Black Sea. I was attached to the British embassy at Constantinople, and was employed for some years in ascertaining what forces Turkey both in Europe and in Asia could supply.

Senior.—Is much to be done by assisting the Caucasian tribes?

Chrzanowski.—Much, but not by the Turks alone. The Caucasus runs for about three hundred miles in a south-easterly direction from the Sea of Azof to the Caspian. On the Caspian is Daguestan, inhabited by two Mussulman tribes, the Lesghis and the Tchetchense, who are under the influence of Schamyl. The inhabitants of Georgia, Imeritia, and Mingrelia, are Christians. The Mussulman tribes, or clans, that live along the summit of the ridge are still independent; but the Mingrelians and Imeritians who dwell near the coast, and the Georgians who are placed to the south of the Caucasus, are now under the dominion of Russia. When I was in Trebisond, about the year 1838, Mingrelia was in the hands of a Sovereign whom Russia was urging and supporting in every sort of oppression in order to render the Mingrelians so wretched as to be willing to accept a foreign master instead of their native tyrant. They succeeded, and seized the country. Georgia they obtained by getting up a disputed succession and inducing one of the pretenders to make them a present of his people. How they got Imeritia I forget. All these tribes, the mountaineers excepted, hate both the Russians and the Turks. They hate the Russians as oppressive rulers and as heretics who have renounced the Patriarch of Constantinople. They hate the Turks as marauding Mussulmans and as neighbours who claimed to be their

masters before the Russians came, and treated them always with barbarian insolence and cruelty; and they are at feud with Schamyl and his Lesghis as Mussulmans and plunderers.

It follows that the Turks, separated from Daguestan by two or three miles of mountainous country inhabited by these hostile Christian populations, have not sent, and cannot send, any supplies and assistance to Schamyl. But, as I said before, these Christian tribes are equally hostile to Russia. Their chiefs offered, when I was in communication with them in 1838, to raise 50,000 men if we would assist them in rising against Russia. Through them we might supply the Lesghis, and make the whole of the Caucasian range a barrier against Russian encroachments.

I repeat what I said the other day, that it is only by breaking the force of Russia that you can finish this war, and that you can break her force only by destroying her coherence. Of the 80,000,000 that form her European and Asiatic population, not above 20,000,000, that is to say, the Great Russians, are truly Russian in feeling. The Great Russians are a formidable people—proud, vain, ambitious, bold, unscrupulous, and self-devoted. Nature and education have formed and trained them for war and conquest; but they are comparatively few. The Tartars, the Cossacks, the Little Russians, the Poles, and the Fins, who are three times as numerous as the Great Russians, all hate the system of assimilation and centralisation by which the Great Russians are striving to absorb them, and might be roused to assert their separate nationalities.

The conduct of the Russian Government towards its neighbours has always been such as to excite deadly and permanent hatred. It has always striven to make them poor and miserable and divided, in order to make them weak. Her conquest of them has generally been the last

act of centuries of injury and treachery. The Great Russians themselves are in a state of discontent. The persecution of the dissenters,—that is of two-thirds of the people,—which began under Alexander, has now become constant and irritating. The clergy of all opinions have been disgusted by the extension of the conscription to their sons, who until the present reign were exempt from it.

The peasantry were excited by the ukase of 1842 which abolished serfage, and made indignant by the explanation of it published only three days after, which virtually repealed the ukase and has retained them in servitude. The middle classes are anxious to throw off the tyranny of the Government agents, and the aristocracy to throw off that of the Emperor; but nothing is to be done until the prestige of the Emperor has been destroyed by a succession of defeats. Taking Sebastopol and taking Cronstadt will be good beginnings, but their first effects will be only to irritate. Russia will hold together as long as she is fighting, and will fight as long as she can stand. You must break her army before you can pull her to pieces.

I dined with Horace Say. The regulations of the last session respecting cab fares were mentioned, and everybody seemed surprised at such a matter having required an Act of Parliament. 'We should have done it,' they said, 'by a règlement de police.'

'Happily for us,' I said, 'we have no such thing.'

Tuesday, February 28th.—I met Chrzanowski this morning, and asked how his conference with Lord Raglan went off?

Chrzanowski.—Very well. Admiral Walker joined us. He and Lord Raglan said little, but asked very intelligent questions. I am inclined to make a minute of what I

know on this matter, and of the measures which appear to me expedient. It could not be published, but I should take it to London and communicate it to your Government.

I walked afterwards with Kergorlay.* He deplored the absence of men of talent from Louis Napoleon's councils.

Kergorlay.—There is no one whom the Emperor would more like to acquire than Tocqueville. He has a strong personal regard for him. When the elections for the Corps Législatif were going on, the préfet of La Manche, Tocqueville's department and mine, wrote more than once to the Minister of the Interior to ask whether the Government desired Tocqueville's return; he got no answer, and at last appealed directly to the Emperor. The Emperor's answer was that 'he should be delighted to see M. de Tocqueville in the Corps Législatif.' Other influences however, hostile to Tocqueville, prevailed, and he was not brought forward.

Senior.—I wish that you could get Thiers.

Kergorlay.—So do I, but Thiers would not remain minister for a fortnight. He is as fond of power as the Emperor is. Each would strive to reduce the other to a cypher. Besides, where would you put him?

Senior.—In England I think that we should make him Minister of War.

Kergorlay.—Our Minister of War must be a soldier. If St. Arnaud goes out, as they say that he will, in command of this expedition, we shall probably send for General Randon from Algiers.

Senior.—I heard that St. Arnaud was dying.

Kergorlay.—He has rallied wonderfully. In the beginning he certainly opposed the war, but now that it has

* Count de Kergorlay was a senator under the Empire. He was consequently looked upon rather coldly by his old friends the Orleanists.—Ed.

taken place he is bent on its success; nothing but physical incapacity will keep him at home.

Wednesday, March 1st.—Dumon called on us.

Dumon.—You must be laughing at us, *là-bas*, for having rushed into this war, which may be, and I think will be, useful to *you*, but cannot, whatever its results to others may be, be otherwise than mischievous to France. The two great powers in Europe are England and Russia. It is the interest of France, as it must be that of Prussia and Austria and of all the other secondary powers, to keep the balance even between you two.

Senior.—Do you put France among the secondary powers? I have always considered her quite as strong as either England or Russia?

Dumon.—She might be so if she were united, but ever since the Restoration she has been divided into factions, which have obliged her Governments to use, merely in keeping down their internal enemies, half the force with which they ought to encounter the foreigner. Look at our present situation; how different it would be if we could do as you have done—send to the Black Sea the garrison of Paris, as you have sent there that of London. The sixty thousand men that are employed, and fully employed, here, in enabling the Bonapartists to retain their power against the Orleanists, Legitimists, Fusionists, Republicans, and Socialists, would be enough to fight our battle against Russia. I have just been in the provinces; the country people whose votes gave 'celui-ci'* his throne, are unanimous against this war. '*Ca nous mène à l'impôt*,' says one; '*Que deviendront nos enfants?*' says another; '*C'est bien loin*,' they all repeat. I see

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* 'Celui-ci' was the term applied by his opponents in Paris to Louis Napoleon.—ED.

no prospect in our time of France having a ruler whom the majority of the French will not hate or despise; and while that is the case she is no match for England or for Russia; but while the balance between them is pretty even she holds each in check through the other. When this war is over the balance will no longer be even. Either Russia or England will come out of it predominant. If it be Russia, if her power or her influence extends from the Arctic Ocean to the Morea, we shall have to submit to her dictation, or to cling to you and America for protection against her. If *you* succeed you will be still more despotic at sea than Russia can be on land. We shall hold all our colonies and our trade only through your good-will; you will not be so imperious as Russia, but you will from time to time make us feel that we are your inferiors. It would have been better for *us* to let Nicholas get his protectorate, which would have added nothing to his physical, and very little to his moral power. The case is very different with *you;* you have real interests to defend; you have to raise in the Caucasus a barrier between Russia and Persia; you have to keep the Russian navy out of the Mediterranean; you have to retain the commerce of Turkey and of the Black Sea. It was worth *your* while to make a great war for objects as great as these, especially when you found us mad enough to join you.

In the evening I went to Lamartine's, and afterwards to Mrs. Holland's. I was introduced there to M. Henri Martin,* the author of a history of France in 1800, twenty great volumes. I was glad to find in him a Republican, for that is a form of French opinion, of which I have seen little.

Thursday, March 2nd.—General Chrzanowski called on me.

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* He is still alive, so I suppress the conversation.—Ed.

I begged him to explain to me the position and strength of the Russian and Turkish armies.

Chrzanowski.—The farthest from the scene of action is a body of forty-five thousand men near Warsaw. They are under orders to march, but cannot reach the Principalities under a couple of months; the railroad to Odessa is scarcely begun; there is no chaussée, and during the thaws of spring the mud roads are impassable; a good deal nearer is a body of seventy-five thousand men, in and about Podolia; they are about ten days' march from Odessa and perhaps twenty-five from Sebastopol. These hundred and twenty thousand men are destined to reinforce the army on the Danube. They have magazines along their line of march, and therefore can move, but they are necessarily kept back by the impossibility of feeding on the banks of the Danube more than the one hundred and ten thousand men who are there now.

The Danubian army consists of about 25,000 men under Lüders, stationed about Brahilov, Galatz, and Ismail, in Bessarabia and Moldavia; of 50,000 about Bucharest, Giurgevo and Oltenitza, and of 30,000 or 35,000 near Widdin and Kalafat. The Turks have also about 110,000 men extending from Bassova on the Roman wall by Rustchuk to Widdin. As there are no magazines in Bulgaria or Roumelia, the Russian army cannot begin a serious invasion before the 15th of April, at the very earliest. That is before the grass has grown. An army of 100,000 men has about 60,000 horses to feed; the hay and corn consumed by a horse in a day weighs 20lbs. The little carts of that country drawn by oxen do not carry more than 1000lbs., or the forage for fifty horses for one day. It would require then 1200 carts, drawn by 2400 oxen, to carry the dry forage for one day of the horses of such an army; it would require 12,000 carts, drawn by 24,000 oxen, to carry ten days' forage; besides which the oxen themselves must be fed; as this is

impossible in such a country, indeed not easy in any country, and as an army without horses is useless, it follows, as I said before, that the Russians cannot penetrate to the south of the Danube until the grass has grown sufficiently to enable the horses to find their food prepared for them by nature on their march; and, supposing the spring to be a very early one, this cannot be before the 15th of April. It is towards the Dardanelles that I expect the Russians to march; if they can establish themselves on the Hellespont, your fleets are caught in the Black Sea as in a trap; their mere approach to Gallipoli would force you to quit the Black Sea just as Bonaparte forced you to quit Toulon, by threatening to occupy the outlet to the sea. I suggested this to Drouyn de Lhuys about two months ago. The French at that time did not intend to send any land force. I explained to him that it would be madness to leave a fleet in the Black Sea without securing the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. 'I am glad,' he said, 'that you are not there to suggest to the Russians such a move.' 'The force of things,' I replied, 'will suggest it to them without me.' I believe that this gave rise to the scheme of sending a French force to Adrianople.

Senior.—What do you think of that scheme?

Chrzanowski.—It is just better than sending no troops at all, but that is all. In the first place it is taking the defensive, which is always a bad beginning. In the second place Adrianople is above two hundred miles from the scene of action; the French army stationed there would first hear of the destruction of the Turkish army, and then have to fight the battle alone; it is madness to think of separating the French and English armies from the Turks, whom they have to support. It would be better to send them by Varna to Shumla and the Danube; there at least they would be of use, though that would still be a mere defensive position.

Senior.—What would be your plan?

Chrzanowski.—I would immediately attack Sebastopol, and destroy at once the naval force of Russia on the seat of war. You have ample time and ample means if you use them vigorously. There are six weeks from this 2nd of March to the 15th April; in a fortnight, or at most in three weeks, you might have your fleets, with thirty thousand men, before the town. Supposing it to be well defended, it cannot resist for more than fifteen days; the land fortifications are bad, and when they are taken the seaward ones are of little use; a few of the 68-pounders in your ships might be dragged into position, and would make such a siege battery as has never been seen.* What are 24-pounders compared to them? And I am not sure that the ships alone, with their enormous concentrated fire, would not be sufficient to destroy the sea defences, formidable as they are.

Senior.—Would thirty thousand men be enough?

Chrzanowski.—They would be enough if the garrison does not exceed, as I believe, fifteen thousand. You will of course take care that it is not reinforced by sea, and it would take twenty-five days to march to Sebastopol by land, from the nearest Russian posts. But forty-five thousand would be better; time is essential, and the more

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* Note by Sir Howard Douglas.—This is exactly the popular error which, as I stated to you, is generally entertained in this country, in ignorantly exaggerating the powers of those ordnance. They are not 'pounders' at all. That name is given to solid shot guns, in terms of their weight in pounds. What the general calls 68-pounders are only sea service 8-inch howitzers, chambered guns, incapable of firing solid shot of that diameter, and adapted only to fire shells, or hollow shot of 56 lbs., which would break to pieces on striking a wall of granite or hard stone, and are utterly unfit or useless as battering, counter-battering, or breaching guns, and can only serve as howitzers in sieges. The 24-pounder gun which General Chrzanowski speaks of so slightingly, compared with what he calls the 68-pounders, is a capital and efficient siege and battering gun, perhaps the best we have.

(Signed) H. D.

men you have the quicker it is done. Of course you must be as secret as you can. Up to the present time you have kept your secret just as the Freemasons are supposed to keep theirs, by having none. Your plans have not been betrayed because none have been formed. Your enemy however has been still more dilatory and undecided than you have been. The third corps was first marched from Hemel down towards Odessa, and then brought back to the frontiers of Galicia, whence it went to Bucharest. Nicholas wanted to have a review of one hundred thousand men at St. Petersburg. He sent for the forty-five thousand men of the fifth corps who were at Moscow, carried them to St. Petersburg, kept them there a fortnight, carried them back to Moscow, and from Moscow to Podolia, where they now are, as I have mentioned, after five months of nearly uninterrupted marching.

Senior.—What is Paskiewitsch?

Chrzanowski.—He was a good officer once; but he is old and broken. Not much good will be got out of him; but compared with the French he has the great advantage of experience. He knows what it is to move large bodies of men, which is an art not to be learned from books; it can be acquired only by practice. One reason why I wish to see you begin the campaign by attacking Sebastopol is, that I am convinced that your troops and the French cannot long act together. Your officers will be disgusted by the illiterate vulgarity of the French, *ces demi-fous de l'Afrique; they* will be offended by *your* finery and *morgue aristocratique*. The French privates would agree very well with yours, for they are well educated for their rank, as well indeed as their officers, but they will not understand one another. In short, you will have to do with people who are not gentlemen in the English sense of the word. You will find them conceited and obstinate and jealous and

unaccommodating, bent on taking their own way, and not unlikely to try to prevent the success of what they have not originated themselves. A short enterprise like the siege of Sebastopol, in which every one will be busy, you may manage well in concert with them; but when that is over you must separate and act independently. You will certainly quarrel if you are living together for a fortnight with nothing to do, as must from time to time be the case in a campaign.

Senior.—What follows the taking of Sebastopol?

Chrzanowski.—In all probability the army must instantly return to Bulgaria, to support the Turks when the Russians cross the Danube. They will have time to do so; but none must be lost; in war, time is success. It is possible that some use may be made of the Turkish troops in the attack of Sebastopol. Your command of the sea enables you to move them backwards and forwards, while the Russians must creep along the shore. It is possible too that the Russians may move in force towards Bessarabia and Cherson, and the principal seat of war may be there. In that case Sebastopol will be an admirable base for your operations; in every point of view indeed the possession of it is essential to your success. If the Russian army in Wallachia is no more than 150,000 strong the support of the French army alone, landing at Varna, would enable the Turks to keep the defensive between the Danube and the Balkan. In that case it would be a good plan that the English army should proceed to Asia, and act there with the Turks.

Senior.—Have you ever talked over your schemes with French officers?

Chrzanowski.—Not so fully as I have with you; but I have alluded to them. I have generally been told that one thing would be difficult and that another would be dan-

gerous. Of course there must be difficulty and there must be danger in every contest with a strong and skilful enemy. No plan for this campaign can be free from objections; but I think that mine is open to the fewest.

I dined with Faucher. Among the party was Buffet. He related to us an act of this Government, which occurred a few weeks ago in a country town in his own province, Lorraine. An avoué had betrayed symptoms of liberalism. The number of avoués is limited, and the office and goodwill of an avoué's étude are of considerable value, depending of course on the number and wealth of the clients that it commands. It rises sometimes to 300,000 or 400,000 francs; in this town it was worth perhaps 50,000 francs. The Government turned out the avoué, and sold the office for his benefit; but the price they put on it was only 3000 francs. They thus ruined an opponent, and had a valuable patronage to give to a friend.

Somebody said that he had been called in at one of the sittings of the Conseil d'État in Louis Napoleon's presence, and that nothing could be conceived more abject than the demeanour towards him of its members; the only person who ventured to have an opinion was Persigny.

Faucher.—Once when I was his minister we had a difference of opinion which went so far that he said, 'I will take my own course; *j'en suis le maître;* even the American constitution allows the President liberty of action.' 'Certainly,' I answered; 'but the American constitution and our constitution both allow the minister liberty of resignation, *et je vous donne la mienne.*' He yielded; but it was treasured up, and not among my good deeds. I am inclined however to think that what indisposed him most towards me was a conversation which I had with him on the morning of the 1st of November, 1849, just after

he had dismissed the Odillon-Barrot Ministry. He sent for me to the Elysée, and made me walk in the garden with him for more than an hour. He told me that he had parted with his ministers because he found that they differed from him on some important questions, and asked me whether I did not think that he had done right. I told him that I thought that he had done wrong; that in a constitutional Government the opinion of a Ministry which is supported by a majority in the Assembly ought to prevail; that suspicions were afloat, which I believed to be utterly unfounded, that he intended to overturn the constitution; that such suspicions were encouraged by the language of those about him, particularly by that of M. de Persigny, who was openly canvassing for supporters of the Empire, and promising senatorships and high offices; and that there was no means by which he could so fatally strengthen such suspicions as by dismissing a Ministry for holding opinions which, though opposed to his own, were those of the majority of the Assembly. He listened as he usually did, without expressing assent or displeasure. About a year and a half afterwards, when he was in some difficulty, he accepted my services. But he never can have forgotten my strong adherence to parliamentary government, a form of government which he fears and detests as much as his uncle did.

Friday, March 3rd.—I called on Guizot. We talked of the speech delivered yesterday by Louis Napoleon to the Corps Législatif.

Guizot.—Either he takes less pains or he accepts less assistance than when he was President, for his speeches have much fallen off. This is good neither in matter nor in style. He criticises the violence and the fraud of Nicholas and the subserviency of Germany with undiplomatic licence.

Lord Clarendon and Lord John Russell indeed said as much; but a speech in debate is not judged like a speech from the throne.

At the top of my stairs on my return I found General Chrzanowski. Lord Dudley Stuart had written to him in Lord Palmerston's name to ask his advice on the campaign, and he came to ask me to send his paper. He was scarcely seated when Thiers came. He seemed much pleased to renew his acquaintance with Chrzanowski, whom he had not seen since he was minister in 1840. He asked his opinion on the Russian army.

Chrzanowski.—It is good, but not what it was. The apogée of that army was in the times of Suwarrow. It had deteriorated in 1812, but still was excellent. The Russians have now no troops that could execute the retreat from Smolensko to Moscow. No nation in Europe has—forty years of peace have enervated all our armies—the Turks alone have improved.

Thiers.—Could the Turkish army resist the Russians for another campaign?

Chrzanowski.—It is scarcely possible. The Russians will be continually reinforced. One hundred and forty thousand fresh troops, as good as those now on the banks of the Danube, are on their way: they will be in the field in a couple of months. The Turkish army must have suffered dreadfully. Nothing destroys the matériel of an army like a winter campaign. Their shoes and clothes and arms must be worn out; their sick must be numerous, and their reinforcements will consist of inferior troops. The whole Turkish nation, though scattered over so vast a country, does not exceed 6,000,000. It is an immense effort to have raised 150,000 men: it is as if the British Islands had raised 750,000. It is ten per cent. on the adult

male population. All the real soldiers that Turkey possesses are in that army. Those that are to come will be raw undisciplined recruits, and I fear that many of the French will not be a great deal better. Napoleon's example has led you to trust too much to new levies. It ought to have deterred you, for it was for want of attending to the difference between veterans and conscripts that he perished. If instead of 600,000 men of every degree of excellence he had carried into Russia only 200,000 such as he had at Boulogne he would have overturned the Russian empire.

Thiers.—Napoleon knew the difference. Décrès once said to him in council, 'I cannot extemporise a sailor as you do a soldier. It takes seven years to make a sailor. You turn out a soldier in six months.' 'Taisez-vous,' said Napoleon, 'such ideas are enough to destroy an empire. It takes six years to make a soldier.' But he was carried away by his ambition, and his impatience, and his presumption. He despised the qualities of his enemies, and thought that he could beat them with second-rate Frenchmen; but he knew that they *were* second-rate. What do you think of our army as a whole?

Chrzanowski.—I think that it wants training. Three years and a half is a short period of service, and that is the average of yours. The Russian soldier serves for twenty-five years; even the Turk for fifteen. Your men are eminently intelligent, more so than any other soldiers; they can do better without their officers. On the other hand, the inferior officers are little better than the privates, and the superiors want subordination. The higher you go the less can their obedience be relied on; but the great defect of all—privates, officers, and generals—is that they have never faced a civilized enemy.

Senior.—Nor have the Russians to any extent.

Chrzanowski.—There must still be in their ranks some

who took part in the campaigns of 1828, 1829, 1830, and 1831, against Turkey and Poland, and they had some practice in Hungary in 1849. Deficient experience without doubt is the defect of most modern armies, but the French have had none.

Senior.—Are the Russian hospitals and commissariat improved?

Chrzanowski.—Not in the least; they are, if possible, worse than they were.

Thiers.—What is your plan of operations?

Chrzanowski.—Mine is to go straight to Sebastopol.

Thiers.—The Russians are well warned. They knew three months ago that we had designs on Sebastopol. They will send there 25,000 men immediately.

Chrzanowski.—They cannot unless you are kind enough to let them go by sea. By land their nearest troops are twenty-five days' march from Sebastopol, over steppes where nothing grows, to which all the provisions of man and horse must be dragged in carts.

Thiers.—Can we venture to leave the Balkan to be defended only by Turks while we are attacking Sebastopol? *My* plan is to land at Varna, join the Turks, draw the bulk of the Russian force towards the Danube, show no hostile intentions towards Sebastopol, and suddenly pounce on it with an expedition of 25,000 men and the fleets.

Chrzanowski.—This plan might do if you could immediately send 100,000 men to Bulgaria, so as to attack the Russians in the Principalities. But this you cannot do; at all events you will not do it. You are sending only enough to stand on the defensive, and the defensive leads to nothing. You have only the choice between a vigorous and short war, or a feeble and long one. What you save, indeed much more than you save, in immediate expenditure of money and men, you lose in time. As to

your question whether the Balkan will be safe while we are attacking Sebastopol, you must bear in mind that the Russians cannot move until the grass which is to feed the horses has grown, that is, until the middle of April at the earliest, and long before that time Sebastopol ought to have been destroyed and our army in Bulgaria to support the Turks. Your great difficulty, as well as your great protection, is the want of supplies in Bulgaria.

Thiers.—With the command of the sea there can be no difficulty in supplying our army.

Chrzanowski.—If you were to remain quietly at Varna it would be easy and not difficult as long as you are near Kustendji and the lower part of the Danube; but all that country from Silistria eastwards is dreadfully unhealthy twice in the year. The Danube left to itself overflows its banks in spring when the snow melts and in autumn when the rain falls, and until the marshes which it creates are dried up the country is full of fever. Then Widin and Kalafat are two hundred miles from the coast, and the Russians of course will make their line of march as distant from the sea as they can, in order to draw you away from it or to turn you.

Thiers.—Can any use be made of the Greek population?

Chrzanowski.—The word Greek is ambiguous. It may mean Hellenes, Greeks by race; of these there are very few in Turkey, they are principally in Macedonia and Thessaly. The inhabitants of Bulgaria and Roumelia are Greeks only in religion; they are of many races, some indigenous and some imported, and are divided among one another by the bitterest animosities. If the Turks were driven out, every district would be at war with every one of its neighbours; they hate the Turks, they hate the Russians, but above all they hate one another. I do not

think that any use is to be made of them, at least at present.

Thiers.—Is the isthmus which connects the Crimea with the mainland defensible?

Chrzanowski.—No; it is a sort of marsh, five and twenty miles wide, and passable throughout. I do not propose to retain Sebastopol as a military position, or voluntarily to remove the war to Cherson; I wish merely to destroy it, and with it the Russian fleet. The only good part of the Crimea is the south, between the mountain and the coast; this is a charming country, but it is only a narrow strip. When the war is over you must take the Crimea from Russia, and indeed exclude her from the Black Sea.

Thiers.—Have you ever communicated with the French Government?

Chrzanowski.—I thought it my duty to call on Drouyn de Lhuys; he was very kind, heard what I had to say, and begged me to come again, but he did not ask a single question. You may infer the amount of use that he was likely to make of what I told him.

Sunday, March 5th.—Beaumont called upon me, and we afterwards walked for a couple of hours in the Champs Elysées. I asked him how he liked the life of a country gentleman in the department of the Sarthe.

Beaumont.—I am busy; I am engaged in a work on Austria. I am studying Latin with my son, and learning English from him. I have to manage an estate of about seven hundred acres, surrounded by about one or two hundred small owners, who are always trying to nibble bits away from me. I grow my own wheat and vegetables, and produce my own milk and butter and wine, at least the wine for my servants. So that I have occupation and domestic

pleasures, but I have none of what are called the pleasures of society.

Senior.—You have few neighbours of your own rank?

Beaumont.—I have a great deal too many. The country round me swarms with gentilhommes who have good blood and good manners; they want nothing but intelligence and knowledge. Thus all read the newspaper, and many of them have fifty or sixty books in a closet, which they do not read. They shoot, they fish, they play at domino, they farm their little properties, and if they would keep out of my way I should not complain of them; but they have a terrible habit of coming to pass a day with you. They arrive by breakfast time, sit by you, walk out with you, yawn, talk parish politics or parish scandal, and achieve their object of killing their day. The sight of a neighbour coming to pass a day with me makes me ill. I find out that I have business, or that I must leave home, or that I have such a headache that I cannot bear any one in the room with me; but they are incapable of taking a hint, because they are incapable of entering into the feelings of a man who considers time as anything but an enemy. I have succeeded in passing for a man of immense business and most wretched health, but they *will* come to see whether my business is not over and my health improved.

I went to Mrs. Grote's and was soon joined by Thiers. I repeated to him the conversation at Lord Cowley's.*

Thiers.—I admit that I was wrong when I talked of 25,000 men for Sebastopol; 50,000 are not too many; but I differ from Lord Cowley as to the strength of the land defences. From all that I can collect, and I have

* This conversation is not published. The opinion alluded to was as to the impossibility of taking Sebastopol in 15 days or with 25,000 men.—Ed.

inquired diligently, neither the wall nor the bastions that flank it are so strong as to defy even an escalade, and I hear too that there is room near it for a disembarkation. Our ignorance on a matter on which we have been thinking, or ought to have been thinking, for the last year, is disgraceful. As for the sailors, half of them must be in their ships. At the best, however, the enterprise is a difficult and a dangerous one. But if France and England entered on this war without believing that they had to face great danger and to surmount great difficulty, they were guilty of inconceivable légèreté. I believe that we ought to have 150,000 men in Bulgaria and 100,000 in the Crimea, and to employ 15,000 in raising against Russia the whole Caucasus from Mingrelia to Daguestan. Nor is this a great effort for France; Napoleon had 350,000 men in Spain when he was fighting in Germany. He indeed was Napoleon. I can scarcely keep my temper when I hear the strength of Russia and the weakness of Turkey urged as objections to the war. Why it is only *because* Russia is so strong that we make the war. If Russia had been no stronger than Austria she might have had her protectorate and welcome. It is *because* Turkey would fall to pieces without our aid that we support her; if she could have resisted Russia single-handed we should not have interfered.

What we want is enthusiasm on the part of the people, diligence and sagacity on the part of the Sovereign, and a true appreciation *de la gravité des circonstances* on the part of all. If Russia does her best and we do our worst we shall be beaten, and the liberty, the arts, the literature, and the civilization of the Continent will be thrown back for ages. But we may hope that neither may be the case. The ordinary course of human events is that neither party does his best nor his worst; that each party performs his work médiocrement; in that case the war may linger on. We

may find ourselves at the end of this campaign, after a good deal of fighting with undecided success, still in Bulgaria, the Russian army still in the Principalities, and the Russian fleet still in Sebastopol. And the same may be the case in 1855. It is a painful prospect, and I see very doubtfully and indistinctly what may be behind.

I spent the evening at the Duc de Broglie's. The conversation of most of the guests was *frondeur*, bitter, and desponding.

Duc de Broglie.—I hear that *you* are to crush the revolt of the Albanians and Epirots. *C'est un triste métier.*

Senior.—It must be done.

Duc de Broglie.—Perhaps so; but I am sorry that it is to be done by you. The cause of the Christians of Epirus and Albania and Macedonia is as good now as that of those of Alleia and the Morea was in 1825. It is the fault, not of the Epirots and Albanians, but of the statesmen who then fixed the boundaries of Greece, that the northern Hellenes are excluded from it. I cannot blame their attempt to reunite themselves to their brethren, and should not readily join in repressing it.

Thursday, March 9th.—I dined with Duvergier.

Duvergier.—As you wish to see Legitimists, I have got for you an eminent one, M. Nettement, one of the members of the Legislative Assembly, and for many years editor of the *Gazette de France.*

After dinner I had a long conversation with him.

Nettement.—The fusion is the result of a feeling that the time when the Royalists must act is approaching. During the Republic and the Restoration it was only one of many probabilities, and not an immediate one; and for the

first year and a half after the coup d'état, it seemed not unlikely that this man's power might be durable; at least that it might last as long as the lives of most of the men who are likely to act a part in public affairs. He had a much easier game as Emperor than as President, and if he had played it with as much tact and skill, and with a little more moderation, France would have acquiesced in his reign; but the arbitrariness of his Government has continued and its ability diminished. He has disgusted us by his frivolous vanity and expense; by the ignorance and rashness with which he has interfered with the trade and industry and consumption of the country; by his mismanagement of the finances and of the army; by the corruption and incompetence of his ministers; and at last we find ourselves at war. The war, as far as it gave him the alliance and support of England, raised him enormously; but it brings with it new dangers. It must diminish our prosperity; it must increase our taxes; it has already doubled the conscription. To manage it successfully requires, I fear, more administrative skill than he possesses, and more military skill than he can obtain, and any disaster would be fatal to him. It would destroy his only title—success. Then it seems to excite him to increased violence. He has suppressed the *Assemblée Nationale* for describing the Russians as formidable; he threatens to close the clubs if politics are talked there. The prisons are overflowing. Twenty thousand workmen are said to have assembled at Lamennais's funeral. All parties are settling their plans of action in an event which may be immediate and cannot be distant. The division between the Royalists paralysed them; we are now united and resolved.

Senior.—And what is your plan?

Nettement.—Not to attempt to shorten this reign; but the instant that it ends to proclaim Henri V.

Senior.—Without conditions?

Nettement.—No; with a constitution more liberal than the last. The weak part of the last was its House of Peers. The nominees of the Crown had no real weight. The next upper house will be elected like the American Senate, but by a different constituency.

Senior.—What will you do with universal suffrage?

Nettement.—I think that we must have indirect election. The primary electors may perhaps vote by universal suffrage. The secondary electors, those who are chosen to elect the members, should have a high qualification.

Senior.—Your programme implies that you will have put down the Republicans and the Imperialists, and that Henri V. consents to be a limited King.

Nettement.—We do not doubt the consent of Henri V., though he has not made any explicit contract with his supporters. What passed between him and the Princes has not been formally published; but we know the moderation of his views, and do not fear him. Nor do we fear the Imperialists, if any such there will then be. But I must not be supposed to think lightly of the Republicans; they are skilful, united, and determined. All may depend on the general who then commands the garrison of Paris. If he proclaims Henri V. we shall have the restoration; if he proclaims the Republic we may have *that*.

Senior.—Who would be its head?

Nettement.—No civilian; probably Charras. He has talents and energy; he is within ten hours of Paris, and will be on the spot before the struggle is over.

Senior.—How would a revolution affect the war?

Nettement.—Not at all, if the Bourbons succeed; the honour and interests of France are engaged, and they must carry it on. But if the Republicans come into

power they will change its character; they will make it democratic and socialist. They will revolutionise Italy, and, if they can, Germany and Poland. The European system will be broken up, and we may again see England and Russia allied to resist the democratic energies of France.

Friday, March 10th.—I had a walk with Count Flahault this morning.

Flahault.—I am alarmed at the language which is used about Austria and Prussia. I know little of Prussia; I know much of Austria, as I lived for six or seven years in Vienna, and I know that the way in which we criticise her past conduct and engage for her future conduct will displease. What she intends is to be strictly neutral. Of course her wishes are with us. She knows how much she loses if Russia becomes mistress even of the Danube; but she will not risk the loss of Hungary and of Galicia to prevent it; if we force her to take a part she will take part against us. I know that the Emperor has treated her with great kindness and forbearance in his direct communications; but I wish that he had not said in his speech 'Austria will enter into our alliance.' Lord Clarendon, too, went rather too far in the House of Lords. These are not among the prophecies which produce their own fulfilment. They disappoint those who rely on them, and they offend those who are thus disposed of not merely without their consent but in opposition to their expressed determination. Of course the use of threats is still more mischievous, nor would they so easily be carried into execution. The Vienna Government is able, and if it were exasperated would be willing, to protect itself against an insurrection of the Lombard nobles and bourgeoisie by rousing the peasants against their landlords, and combatting Liberalism by Socialism.

I spent the evening at Madame Mohl's. Mohl* is a Würtemberger.

Mohl.—Nothing can be more dangerous than the feeling

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* 'Jules Mohl, the second of four brothers, one of whom survived him, was born at Stuttgardt, October 25, 1800, and died in Paris, January 4-5, 1876.

In early life M. Mohl proposed to himself to take orders in the Evangelical Church, and with this view studied in the Gymnasium at Stuttgardt till the age of eighteen, and then at the University of Tübingen from 1818 to 1823. He, however, subsequently gave up the idea of entering the ministry, and henceforward resolved to devote himself to Philosophy and Philology; and, having already made much progress in his study of Eastern languages under Herbst, came to Paris in 1823, and studied for some time under De Sacy and Abel Rémusat. To the latter he probably owed that early and remarkable acquaintance with the Chinese language which enabled him to publish two considerable works, the 'Chi-King' (Stuttgardt, 1830), and the 'Y-King' (Stuttgardt, 2nd vol. 1834-9). This knowledge of Chinese he retained to the last.

In 1825, the Government of Würtemburg, wishing to bring him back again to his native country, appointed him Professor of Hebrew in the University of Tübingen, with full leave to continue his studies in Paris; but it does not appear that he ever occupied this chair, which he formally resigned in 1831. He had, indeed, by this time contracted an intimate friendship with the leading Orientalists of Paris, such as Ampère, Fauriel, Abel Rémusat, Eugène Burnouf, and Fresnel, and was, therefore, naturally unwilling to quit the society of men who were zealously endeavouring to promote studies to which he had now devoted his life.

By the year 1826, without abandoning his earlier study of the Chinese language, M. Mohl had made so much progress in the acquisition of Persian, that he was selected by the Government of the day to undertake the publication of the 'Shah Nameh,' as one part of that Oriental Collection which has, from time to time, been issued from the Paris press, in a style alike sumptuous and beautiful. For fifty years (indeed, even now it is not quite finished) this was possibly M. Mohl's chief and most continuous labour; and, to make the work as complete as possible he undertook a wide range of preliminary research. Thus, in 1829 he published, in conjunction with M. Olshausen, 'Fragments relating to the Religion of Zoroaster, extracted from Persian MSS.'

During a considerable portion of 1830 and 1831, M. Mohl was at Oxford or at the British Museum, taking the opportunity at the same time of making ample researches into the treasures preserved in the

among many of the smaller States of Germany. You are there never out of the presence of an absolute Sovereign, who knows everybody and everything, and allows no one

Library of the East India Company. The result of these inquiries he communicated to his friend Burnouf, and to others, becoming himself the centre of information on nearly every subject bearing on Oriental learning.

In 1840 the Asiatic Society of Paris requested him to draw up, in succession to Burnouf, the first of those annual reports (which soon became so famous) on the progress of Oriental research, and thenceforward, first as Secretary, and subsequently as President, M. Mohl's whole life was devoted to furthering the best interests of that Society.

Nor was this by any means all the work M. Mohl accomplished. To him belongs in many cases the initiative, in every case the promotive zeal, which led to the many scientific expeditions sent out by France for the investigation of Oriental matters. The friend of Schultz, we owe to M. Mohl the publication, in the 'Journal Asiatique,' of the papers recovered after the murder of that enterprising traveller in Kurdistan, the perusal of which led M. Botta (with the warm encouragement of Mohl) to undertake the first excavations in Assyria; while in later years he was the equally warm friend of Oppert, Fresnel, Arnaud, and Halévy. The first volume of the 'Shah Nameh' appeared in 1838. In 1844 M. Mohl was elected to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, in succession to the elder Burnouf, and in the same year he succeeded M. Silvestre de Sacy as Professor of Persian in the Collége de France. In 1852 he succeeded also Eugène Burnouf as Inspector of Oriental Typography at the Imprimerie Nationale; in all these posts proving himself to be the same able administrator he had already shown that he was at the Asiatic Society. At the Institut especially he served on all the boards for carrying out successfully the objects of that illustrious body.

During the war of 1870 and 1871 M. Mohl retired to England, returning, however, to Paris and to his usual duties on the renewal of peace; but his long and severe labours had impaired his constitution, and towards the latter end of 1875 he was no longer able to leave his house.

Then came the ill news of the death of his brother Robert, at a time too when, with greatly enfeebled powers, he was anxiously endeavouring to procure from his Government a house, free of expense, for the Asiatic Society. These sorrows and labours proved too much for his remaining strength, and he died during the night of January 4-5, 1876.'—From the 'Report of the Asiatic Society.' He was a valuable friend and most delightful companion. His conversation was full of humour and anecdote.—Ed.

freedom of action or speech. What makes this despotism more odious is that it is modern, and that it is an usurpation. Before the French Revolution all these States had constitutions, old and antiquated, but still with considerable protective force; and since that Revolution others have been substituted for them, which, if they were observed, would give freedom. But the example of Hesse has shown that the most constitutional resistance of the people against the most profligate minister and the most oppressive ruler will be put down by foreign intervention. The crimes committed by Austria and tolerated by Prussia in Hesse will never be forgotten. The least revolutionary spark from France will set on fire Baden and Würtemburg and Bavaria and the Hesses. Prussia and Austria can stand the storm better: Prussia, because she has gradually acquired a constitution which gives considerable liberty and more hope; Austria, because her existing system of government is essentially revolutionary. The wildest Socialist could not treat with more contempt the rights of property. I met at Ischl last autumn a friend, who is a chamberlain of the Emperor. He is at the head of a great Hungarian family which has always sided with Austria. 'My real income,' he said to me, 'is now my miserable salary as chamberlain. The Austrian Government has suppressed the *robot*, or personal service, due to me from my tenants; it has given to those tenants as their own half of the land which they held under me, and it proposes to give me in exchange for it an indemnity payable partly by my tenants and partly by the State. The State neglects to pay me; it refuses to force my tenants to pay me. I can get no labour, as the *robot* is abolished. Half my property is gone; the other half is unproductive.' Austria is copying deliberately and systematically in Galicia and Hungary the example of the French convention. She is destroying one of the few aristocracies that the Con-

tinent possesses; she incurs of course the bitter hatred of the higher classes; but such has been their treatment of their inferiors that their enmity would make her popular with the lower classes, even if she were not offering them, as she is, immediate benefits. Francis Joseph travelled over a large portion of Hungary last year with only one companion, General Grüner. The peasantry came from many miles to kneel before him along the road. It is a mistake therefore to believe, as most people do, that if Russia were to invade Hungary she would be assisted by an insurrection. An insurrection was possible in 1849, because the nobles then possessed the army and the whole machinery of government. They have neither now, and if they moved, Austria would let loose on them the people. It was thus that she suppressed the intended rising in Galicia. I know families in that country half the members of which were cut off by their own peasants, stimulated and rewarded by the Austrian authorities. In fact Austria need only lift a finger in order to revolutionise Southern Germany. The peasantry look on Austria as their friend, and on their own Sovereigns as enemies. In all that strip of country extending from Lindau to the Rhine, which once belonged to her, her return would be hailed as a restoration.

Senior.—Is Bavaria disaffected?

Mohl.—It was eminently so under the last King. He wasted on ornamental buildings and works of art the money that was voted for productive purposes, and adorned Munich with palaces, libraries, churches, and museums by leaving the rest of the country without roads or judges or troops. He said that it was done out of his savings; but as he obstinately refused to account for the public expenditure, no one believed that his savings were lawful. One of his plans was to bargain with every person appointed to an office that he should accept a reduced salary, and give up

to the King the remainder; a sure way to throw the public service into the hands of knaves or blockheads. I know less of the present reign; but I do not hear that it is an improvement. I can tell you rather more about Würtemburg.

Reutlingen, the country town in which my parents reside, is a few miles from Stuttgardt. It was formerly an imperial town, and the Maecher were great piratical printers there. They are still among the great publishers of Germany, and wish to remove their bookselling establishment to Stuttgardt. A royal permission is necessary. Every year they request it, and every year the request is rejected on the ground that Reutlingen sends opposition members to the Chamber. A wheelwright, who lives near us, was employed in mending one of our carts; my mother showed him an outside shutter that required a fastening; the next morning he drove in a nail to fasten it. A carpenter, who is his neighbour, detected him in the act of thus working at a trade which was not his own, summoned him before the magistrate, and had him fined twelve florins and costs. One of my neighbours, who has a small vineyard, asked me last year to find him a purchaser for it. 'I have been accustomed,' he said, 'to make my own casks; but a cooper in the next village has informed against me as an illegal workman. I am forbidden to do so; he is the only cooper near me, and the price which he charges me is more than the value of all my wine. If I go on cultivating my vineyard it is for the cooper's benefit, not for mine.' The vast emigration which is going on shows the prevalence of distress; and as there is no redundant population the people attribute that distress to the exactions and restrictions of their Governments. The Sovereigns themselves are said to be preparing for flight; they are believed to be scraping together all that they can, and to be investing in foreign securities. Nothing but the unpopularity of the Grand Duke of Baden enables the

priests of Friburg to resist him. The law is on his side, and so would public opinion be, were it not that the Government is always supposed to be in the wrong.

Tuesday, March 14th.—I called on Thiers.

Thiers.—I am oppressed by my fears that we are making an enemy of Austria by our attempts to force her to be our friend. The least alarm for Italy makes her instantly Russian. So with respect to Prussia; we may occasion a crisis which will end in the resignation of Manteuffel, but we shall not gain by the change. We are managing our affairs generally with a mixture of indolence and rashness. We are publishing offensive State papers, and making slow and imperfect military preparations. We are raising a loan, and doing it in a way which will make it difficult to raise another.

Senior.—I am told that the loan appears to succeed.

Thiers.—Yes, it will succeed at first. The whole will be taken up, but what will be the result six months hence? Till now, loans were given to two or three great capitalists, and subdivided by them among substantial purchasers, who took their shares as investments, or at all events with the power of keeping them. The present loan has been intentionally spread among as many persons as possible; of course the great majority are poor; they take it in the hope that by the time that they have paid the second or third monthly instalment it will rise, and that by selling part, they shall be able to provide for the subsequent payments; but it is obvious that the bringing a considerable portion of it into the market will lower its value, even if none of the chances of war should turn against us. Under the most favourable circumstances, the loan can scarcely avoid falling to a discount. Under unfavourable ones, there will be a panic, and this risk is incurred for the childish

gratification of appearing independent of the Parisian capitalists.

Wednesday, March 15th.—Count Flahault called on us. I had shown him some extracts from the earlier part of my journal. He laughed at Thiers' plan of giving up Rome to the Austrians.

Flahault.—I will not decide whether it would not have been better in 1849 to let Austria occupy Rome, and even Naples, but France would not tolerate our surrendering to her any portion of Italy that is in our hands.

He was struck by Chrzanowski's good sense.

Flahault.—His description of the effect of artillery is correct. An unusually heavy fire will paralyse even veterans. On the first day of the battle of Wagram, Macdonald, anxious I suppose to get his bâton, attacked the centre of the Austrian position, which was strongly armed; he was repulsed, and I was sent by the Emperor with a reserve to protect the retreat; the fire of the Austrian artillery was tremendous, and I saw men, long used to battles, indeed generals, who had lost all their vigour and presence of mind, and seemed scarcely to know what was going on. He is right in enumerating among our difficulties our utter inexperience of war against a civilized enemy. Our African generals know no more of it than our conscripts. I cannot but think that if instead of being quick in our language and slow in our preparations, we had talked civilly and armed ourselves diligently, the war might have been avoided. But while we were irritating Nicholas by our notes we were reducing our army; he naturally disbelieved the sincerity of our threats; thought that we were merely bullying, and committed himself by making pretensions from which he might have abstained if he had expected serious opposition. I hear now

that he does not intend to cross the Danube, but to make a defensive war, like that of 1812, and wear us out, by falling back on his own resources while we are leaving ours behind us. If such be his conduct it will be difficult to deal him a decisive blow. I see no preparations on your part or on ours for such large operations as a siege of Cronstadt or Sebastopol. And to attack either of them from the sea would be perilous. It does not seem to me that anything that can sink or that can burn can withstand our modern projectiles.

Thursday, March 16th.—I spent the evening at Guizot's. The heads of the Fusionists were there—the Duc de Broglie, Montalembert, Berryer, Cousin, Nettement, Corcelle, and many others. Montalembert attacked me about the English praises of Napoleon.

Montalembert.—I can understand your praising his good faith towards you in this particular matter, and up to the present time; but you make him an Augustus and a Trajan. You are as unmeasured in your adulation as you were two years ago in your abuse; you even tell us that the coup d'état served us right, and that this is the only Government fit for us. I admit that our national character has many and great faults, but it does not deserve this punishment, and will not be improved by it.

There seemed however to be a wish to avoid political talk. Our great topic was Guizot's two volumes on the Commonwealth, which appeared the day before yesterday. Almost every one had already read them through.

Guizot.—What strikes me most in Cromwell is the excellence of his foreign policy; he found the foreign relations of England in a deplorable state; they had been ill-managed from the time of Elizabeth; he left

them—well seconded, it must be admitted, by Mazarin—in an admirable position. There is nothing of the parvenu in his correspondence, no autograph letters, no irritating proclamations.

Sunday, March 19th.—I dined with Thiers. The only other guest at dinner was Mignet. Faucher came in the evening. We talked of the confidential communications between Russia and England, which took place in the beginning of last year, and have just been published.

Thiers.—They do great credit to the sagacity and honesty of Lord John Russell and of Sir Hamilton Seymour, and they will excite bitter resentment here against Nicholas. We shall not easily forgive him for proposing to you a partition of Turkey, in which we were not to be allowed to have even a voice.

Mignet.—I hear that our master has severely reprimanded Ducos for having deceived him as to the Baltic fleet. Ducos had promised him and he had promised the English Government ten sail of the line. '*Votre majesté a voulu,*' he said, '*une flotte pour la Baltique, elle est prête;*' and now it turns out that the utmost we can do is to send out one ship, which even now is not ready, and that it will be months before there will be any more.

Thiers.—It serves him right for believing in Ducos' fine phrases. He ought to have known that what Ducos called his Baltic fleet was merely a set of hulks; good ships enough, but without rigging, or guns, or men. He ought to have known that our arsenals are stripped and that all the stores are to be provided; he ought to have known that France does not possess more than 50,000 able seamen, of whom 20,000 are already employed in the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, and the rest are scattered over the world. If he chooses to be his own Prime Minister he

ought to perform the duties of a Prime Minister: rely on no statement, especially when it is a general statement; look into every detail and ascertain that there are the means of executing his orders, and that those means are employed. A war is a more serious thing than a fête or a conspiracy. He is managing it like a melodrama, as if his object were to amuse the Parisians, not to beat down the Russians.

Faucher.—It is not the ships that are wanting, but the men. Ducos was fool enough to delay manning his Baltic fleet until our sailors had gone, some on board of our own ships and some in the American service to the whale fishery. As soon as we discovered our situation we proposed to your Government to put off the Baltic expedition for two months; you refused. Thus we had to decide whether we would keep our ships at home until we could properly man them or send them out with raw incomplete crews. We have taken the latter course, I think unwisely. We are to send six ships of the line, but their performances will be very different from those of our Mediterranean fleet.

Senior.—Your officers are, I suppose, good?

Faucher.—They are admirably instructed, but they have the great defect that few of them really like the service. They are put into it at about fourteen, knowing very little about it, often having never seen the sea, and many of them continue in it only because they think it too late to choose another profession.

Senior.—What sort of a man is Ducos?

Faucher.—He was a respectable merchant at Bordeaux, and represented the city for many years. He is a shabby politician, and the Bordeaux people got ashamed of him, and at last threw him out. In 1849 I was earnestly solicited in his favour, and recommended him to the Paris committee. He was put on their list and crept

in almost unobserved. The mediocrity of his talents, the intrepidity of his flattery, and the timidity of his character, recommended him to Louis Napoleon. He knows nothing of administration, and just as much of naval affairs as is learned by living in a maritime town. It is frightful to see the honour of France and the safety of Europe tossed into such incompetent hands.

Faucher.—I quite agree in the praises which every one is lavishing on Sir Hamilton Seymour and Lord John Russell. Nothing could be wiser or more honourable than their reception of Nicholas's proposals; but I cannot adequately express my astonishment at the subsequent conduct of Lord Aberdeen and Lord Clarendon. Nicholas had explained to them his whole policy. He had told them that Turkey was dying; that he would not consent to her being cured; that he would not allow Constantinople to be French, or English, or Greek, or the capital of a considerable power, or lastly an independent Republic; that though he did not intend to keep it, he meant to take it *en dépôt*. And yet when, only three months after, he made his first push on Turkey you would not believe us, you would not believe Colonel Rose, but expressed your reliance on the honour of Nicholas, and rebuked us for our jealousy and suspicion.

Saturday, March 25th.—I dined with Madame Anisson, and met the St. Aulaires, D'Harcourts, Viel Castel, Corcelle, and Barante.* We talked of the Memoirs of Joseph, and of the cynical unscrupulousness of Napoleon's letters. Some one expressed surprise at their publication.

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* Baron de Barante, an eminent writer, diplomatist, and politician, member of the Academy, pair de France. He supported M. Guizot, and took no part in politics after 1848. He married the daughter of the celebrated Madame d'Houdetot; the first Napoleon signed the marriage contract.—Ed.

Barante.—It would not have taken place if the Bonapartes had suspected the effect which it has produced; but that family has no moral sense; as *they* are not disgusted, they do not foresee that others will be disgusted by vice and crime.

Senior.—King Joseph once paid me a visit at Kensington. He told me that his brother's character had been mistaken by the world; that he was looked on principally as *grand homme,* and '*grand homme*' he certainly was, '*mais qu'il était encore plus bon homme.*'

Barante.—That is a sample of their feelings of right and wrong. Joseph said this, and I have no doubt said it sincerely, with his drawers full of those atrocious letters, advising and ordering wholesale pillage and murder. One of them amused me particularly—that in which the Emperor answers Joseph's self-gratulation that he was loved at Naples almost as much as Napoleon was at Paris. '*Est-ce une mauvaise plaisanterie,*' he says, '*que vous me faites-là, ou une niaiserie?* How can you be loved in Naples, you who are a stranger, destroying their institutions and offending their prejudices?'

St. Aulaire.—He had too much sense to think *himself* loved. Montalivet told me that he once was pleading to him the cause of some candidate for an appointment, and among his merits mentioned his love of the Emperor. 'Bah,' said Napoleon; 'est-ce que vous m'aimez, Montalivet?' 'Ah, Sire,' answered Montalivet, 'si je vous aime!' 'L'imbécile,' replied Napoleon.

Senior.—Did you ever see much of Napoleon?

St. Aulaire.—Once I had a long conversation with him. I was at the Tuileries with Fontaine. He drew us into a window and talked uninterruptedly to us for an hour and a half with wonderful verve, fulness, and originality.

Senior.—What were his topics?

St. Aulaire.—Everything; history, art, administration, politics, persons. He knew his forte and practised it; so does his nephew; his forte was talking, his nephew's is silence—a still rarer accomplishment.

The début of Madame Ledru was mentioned. She appeared at the Théâtre Français in one of Rachel's characters, and was actually hissed off. That very night, or rather early the next morning, all the editors of the papers received an order in the name of M. de Persigny forbidding them to allude to her failure; they obeyed, and the public that merely reads does not know that Madame Ledru has ever been ill-received. It turns out that Persigny knows nothing of the matter, but that Fould usurped his brother minister's name without authority.

I ended the evening at the Duchesse de Rauzzan's. The great subject of discussion was the prosecution of M. de Montalembert. A few months ago Dupin paid a visit to Montalembert at his country-house, and they talked over an address which Dupin was to make to an agricultural meeting at Corbigny. When the address came out it contained passages which Montalembert not only disapproved but thought inconsistent with their previous conversation; he wrote a letter to Dupin in which he expressed his surprise at reading such sentiments from Dupin, '*qui avait présidé la dernière assemblée libre.*' The letter was talked about, and Montalembert gave a copy to a friend; some months afterwards it appeared in a Belgian newspaper. The Procureur de l'Empereur has taken it up as a libel on the Government, and requires the consent of the Corps Législatif to the prosecution of Montalembert, a consent without which no member of that body (which Montalembert is) can be prosecuted during its session. The question has been referred to the bureaux. Five out of the seven into which the Chamber is divided are believed to be

opposed to giving the consent, but it is feared that when the question comes before the House on the bringing up of the report it will consent. The Government is attacking the members with all sorts of solicitations and threats; among the latter is that of a dissolution. The general, indeed as far as I can discover it the universal, opinion is, that the prosecution is in itself unwise, and that the urging the Chamber to consent to it, instead of waiting for six or seven weeks for the end of the session when that consent will become unnecessary, is a piece of wanton violence.

Duchesse de Rauzzan.—We are all here relations and friends of Montalembert, and therefore under great anxiety.

Senior.—But would any jury consider such words as those libellous?

Duchesse de Rauzzan.—A jury! Do you suppose that celui-ci allows such matters to go before a jury? *Les délits de la Presse Correctionnelle sont jugés par la Police Correctionnelle.* No one whom the Government wishes to convict can escape.

Senior.—Are the judges selected by the Crown?

Duchesse de Rauzzan.—The *Police Correctionnelle* is a branch of the *Tribunal de Première Instance;* there are about fifty judges belonging to that tribunal, who are subdivided into seven courts, of which five decide civil cases and two criminal ones. By law the judges in each court ought to be permanent; but this Government, whenever it thinks fit, arbitrarily transfers them from one court to another; of course it will take care to pack the court well in this case. There can be no doubt of Montalembert's conviction.

Senior.—What is the punishment?

Duchesse de Rauzzan.—The immediate punishment is a month, or at most a few months, of imprisonment, which

in a good cause Montalembert would not fear; but the further consequences are serious. Under a law made by our President during the fifteen days of dictatorship which immediately followed the coup d'état, no one who has been sentenced to an imprisonment of one month for a *délit de la presse* can sit in the Corps Législatif; he loses all political rights. The sentence therefore will terminate Montalembert's political career, as long at least as this dynasty lasts; this of course is the motive of the prosecution. Montalembert, Flavigny, and one or two more form the whole Opposition in numbers; Montalembert is its strength; by striking at him the subserviency of the Corps Législatif is secured.

Sunday, March 26th.—I drank tea with Lamartine. We talked on Montalembert's affair.

Lamartine.—I have no sympathy whatever with Montalembert; he is false, he is malignant, he is bigoted, he is unscrupulous, he is unpatriotic; he cares about nothing but the domination of the Church and his own importance in this world and his own salvation in the next. No one has done more to bring about this tyranny; no one supported it more zealously as long as it favoured his views. He came forward as a Government candidate; he voted with the Government; he was constantly visiting the Emperor and obtruding his Ultramontane advice; he intended without doubt to be his minister, but when his advances were not received as cordially as he expected and no portefeuille was offered, he used the Orleans confiscation as a pretext for opposition. His indignation and his liberalism are mere expressions of mortified vanity. I hear now that he intends to defend himself by falsehood and meanness: that he intends to deny that he gave a copy of the letter; to maintain that he merely showed it, and that his friend, who must have the

memory of Circourt, published it from recollection. He is one of the most despicable men that I know?

Senior.—Is he not a great orator?

Lamartine.—No. He is for some purposes a good rhetorician; he can elaborate a speech in his cabinet full of sharp hits and epigrammatic conceits and bitter sarcasms, and deliver it with point and effect; he can please his friends, and, what he enjoys much more, wound his enemies. He is just such a speaker as your Disraeli; but he cannot move, he cannot convince, he cannot still an enraged audience, or rouse a torpid one, or persuade an unwilling one; he has no *verve,* or *élan,* or passion; he is a clever speaker, not a great orator.

Tuesday, March 28th.—I called this morning on M. de Kergorlay. He showed me a copy of Montalembert's letter annexed to the réquisitoire of the Procureur-Général.

There can be no doubt that it is a libel. It calls the present Government, '*un système qui condamne toutes les intelligences au néant, tous les caractères à l'abaissement, toutes les consciences au silence ou à la prévarication.*' It reproaches Dupin for complimenting a Prince '*qui a rétabli la confiscation pour payer sa dette de reconnaisance envers la famille Royale,*' and at last compares Napoleon III. to Louis XI.

Senior.—Is it wise in the Government to require the assent of the Chamber, when by waiting a couple of months it could prosecute freely?

Kergorlay.—The object is to enable the Chamber itself to pronounce a moral censure of Montalembert, and this can be done in no other way, for it has no power to punish a breach of privilege. Montalembert is in a painful position; he has made a bitter enemy of the Government, and has no friends except among the priests. At first he was very useful to Louis Napoleon. His in-

fluence led the clergy to approve the coup d'état and canvass for the Empire, and if he could have persuaded the Government to sacrifice to them the religious and political liberties of France, he would have continued to be its flatterer and slave. Louis Napoleon adopted many of his suggestions. He turned the Panthéon into a church, he increased the salaries of the priests, he gave them retiring pensions. The curés in my neighbourhood all talked with effusion of ce bon et saint Monsieur de Morny; but he refused to surrender the concordat, he refused to augment the temporal power of the clergy. Then Montalembert turned against him and showed his spite by preventing the presence of the Pope at the *sacre*.

Senior.—I thought that it had been the Cardinals who stopped the Pope?

Kergorlay.—The Pope was very anxious to come, and had overruled the objections of those among the college who wished to keep him at home, when Montalembert put it into his head to ask that purely civil marriages should be abolished, and the clerical benediction universally required. Montalembert persuaded him that if he made this a peremptory condition it would not be refused. The Pope, knowing nothing of the feelings of France, fell into the trap, and Montalembert succeeded in his real object, that of keeping him away from France.

I spent the evening at the embassy, and met there Count Flahault, who spoke with great regret of the prosecution of Montalembert.

Flahault.—The letter was libellous and unjust, but it was little known; it would have done no harm, if Dupin, six months after it was written and three months after it had been printed, had not thought fit to call public attention to it, and if Billault had not persuaded the law

officers to prosecute for it. I am sorry in the first place for Montalembert; he is a bigot and an Ultramontane, but I respect his sincerity and his courage, and I admire his talents. He fought the battle of order under the Republic with wonderful energy, resolution, and genius. In the second place, though the letter is clearly a libel, the question whether Montalembert is legally guilty of having published it is a nice point of law. If he is acquitted it will be a severe blow to the Government; if he is convicted, a large portion of the public will attribute the conviction to the influence of the Tuileries, and the character of the most illustrious and indeed the most important of our institutions—the magistracy—will suffer. The whole business is exceedingly painful to me.

Senior.—Is it true that it was at Montalembert's suggestion that the Pope required the abolition of the purely civil marriage as the condition of his presence at the Emperor's coronation?

Flahault.—It is true that the Pope made that condition. That Montalembert suggested it is very probable, but I do not know it. You will be surprised to hear that only yesterday we discussed that subject in the Senate. It was brought before us by a petition praying us to address the Emperor to propose to the Corps Législatif a law requiring the ecclesiastical benediction to every marriage, and preventing marriages being dissolved by civil death. The prayer was rejected by an enormous majority, but not until we had debated it for some hours.

Senior.—You admit neither auditors nor reporters?

Flahault.—No; and if you had heard the speeches of the two Cardinals yesterday, you would not wish for either. I am convinced there are some of the conquests of the Revolution of which no Government can deprive us, among them is the civil marriage.

Thursday, March 30th.—I spent the evening at Guizot's, and found there Berryer,* Dumon, the Duc de Broglie, Cousin, Buffet, and Rivet. Nothing was talked of except the prosecution of Montalembert.

Cousin.—It is the work of Louis Napoleon and Abbatucci, and a canaille of avocats. *They* are angry at having been alluded to as 'les valets du pouvoir.' *He* imputes to Montalembert the loss of the Pope's presence at his *sacre*.

Buffet.—The Pope certainly once intended to be present. Mallac, the ex-Préfet of Grenoble, travelled to Rome in 1852 with the Bishop of Amiens. They talked of the Pope's visit to Paris. 'I so utterly disapprove of it,' said the bishop. 'I think that his crowning a usurper not two years after the massacres of December would be so mischievous to his Holiness and to religion that I shall venture to remonstrate against it.' A few days after Mallac saw the bishop again. 'Well,' he said, 'have you had your conversation with the Pope?' 'Yes,' he answered, 'and he proved to me that his visit will be accompanied by concessions on the part of the civil government of France, so advantageous to our faith that my opposition is at an end.' Of course this was when the Pope expected the abolition of the civil marriage.

Senior.—I am surprised at the existence of a doubt whether giving copies of a paper is a publication; it must, one would think, have been long ago settled.

Berryer.—It is not settled. There are decisions of the Court of Cassation each way. Montalembert uses an unlucky expression in his second letter to Dupin. He

* The celebrated orator, advocate, and politician. In 1839 he published some very interesting reminiscences, which were reviewed by Mr. Senior. The article is contained in the 'Biographical Sketches,' Longmans, 1863.—Ed.

admits '*que ses amis avaient propagé sa lettre.*' This word *propager* will be laid hold of as implying that, even in Montalembert's own opinion, great publicity was given to it.

Senior.—If the Chamber refuses to authorise the prosecution, and is dissolved, will there be any difficulty in finding a more subservient one?

Rivet.—Certainly not; the préfets can procure the return of any Chamber that the Government likes. The elections excite so little interest that no one thinks it worth while, in so small a matter, to run the risk of offending people in power. Electing a man is considered merely a means of giving him 300*l.* a year. If the electors are left to themselves they choose their friends or their debtors; or if they are not governed by friendship or interest, they choose some person who wants the money: some one with a small income and a large family.

Friday, March 31*st.*—I called on Thiers.

Thiers.—I am delighted with our manifesto and yours. It is strange that it should have fallen to the lot of such a man as this to make the greatest modern improvement in international law; still more strange when we recollect that his uncle owed his fall in a great measure to his obstinate endeavours to destroy that law. But I rather regret the way in which it has been done. You and we admit that the seizure of neutral property in enemies' ships, and of enemies' property in neutral ships, is lawful, though we neither of us intend to use our rights. It would have been much better if we had said that the rules of international law, which once sanctioned these practices, are altered. We might then in any future war in which we may be neutrals claim as a right the benefit which we are now giving to others. *Now* we cannot claim it as a right, for we admit

that the old law of war in all its strictness is still in force, though we do not intend to avail ourselves of it. Practically we never shall be able to use the old rights of war. It would be better therefore to extinguish them.

Saturday, April 1st.—Buffet and Chrzanowski breakfasted with us.

Buffet.—During the few months which immediately followed the coup d'état I thought that the disease which must kill this Government was its violence. The next year I began to doubt whether its corruption was not still more certain to be fatal, and now I believe that the immediate causes of its fall will be its indolence and incapacity. Every change in its circumstances has betrayed in it some new and appropriate vice. As long as it feared opposition it was ferocious; with confidence came rapacity; and now that the time for action has arrived, we find that it has neither talent nor energy, nor even diligence. The absence of the Baltic fleet, with which we had threatened Russia and encouraged you, is producing immense excitement. The only hope for celui-ci is that you may be able to do nothing more than blockade the Russians. If you fight them, and are either beaten or victorious, without us, our rage and our humiliation will be frightfully dangerous.

Chrzanowski.—I like things as little in the south as you do in the north. You have already allowed Russia to take the initiative; you have allowed her to select the time and place for crossing the Danube. I do not attach much importance to the three little *bicoques* that she has taken; but she will have obtained a real advantage if she can only lay a permanent bridge over the Danube with a really strong tête de pont. You will now have to follow her lead. *She* will select the field of

operations, not *you*. You owe this to your dilatoriness and irresolution.

My brother, Colonel Senior, has been with us for some days. He asked Chrzanowski what he thought of the employment by us of our heavy cavalry.

Chrzanowski.—I think ill of it. The horses will not stand the climate or the food, and when they die you will not be able to obtain others that can carry the men. The great superiority of Russia will be in her cavalry. The horses to the north and east of the Crimea are inexhaustible. In 1828 the Russian army lost in four months forty thousand. In less than three months the whole loss had been supplied, and the cavalry and artillery were fully remounted.

Col. Senior.—What do you think of Louis Napoleon's change in the French artillery?

Chrzanowski.—I think that reducing the whole to one calibre, so that the same ammunition shall suit every gun, is wise. In the English service you have nine or ten different classes of pieces, each requiring different ammunition. The consequence is that one battery cannot supply another, and as they use their ammunition in different proportions, some of your guns are always in want of ammunition and some have too much.

Senior.—If we succeed, and your views are taken up, and Poland is reconstructed, what do you propose as its limits?

Chrzanowski.—Precisely the limits such as they were before the first partition. All that is within that frontier still remains Polish in recollection and feeling. You must give them a King and a constitution, but beware how you consult the Poles as to either. They will be acquiesced in if they are imposed by an external force, but we could not agree on them. Beware, too, how you select a Pole for our

King. There is no great family that has not far more enemies than friends. You must give us a foreigner, and he must be an Englishman or a Frenchman. We are jealous of the Germans and we despise all the weaker nations. We should be ashamed to be governed by a Spaniard, or an Italian, or a Belgian, and should not be proud of a Dutchman, or a Dane, or a Swede; but we would willingly take our King from France or from England.

Sunday, April 2nd.—I called on Madame Cornu. We talked of Montalembert.

Madame Cornu.—There is no parliamentary man of any eminence whom the Government could more safely attack. He has no public friends except the most unpopular of all parties, the clergy, and no private friends except his own immediate relations and intimates. There is no political opponent who has not been wounded by his insolence. I will give you an example of it. In 1850 Louis Napoleon gave a dinner at which the Grande Duchesse Stéphanie, Lady Douglas, Montalembert, and Lamartine were present. Lamartine during the dinner was scarcely noticed by any one but his host. He sat, as might be expected from him, cold, silent, and impassive. After dinner Louis Napoleon gave his arm to the Duchess, and Montalembert to Lady Douglas, who was his old acquaintance. Lamartine followed. Montalembert said to Lady Douglas, loud enough for everybody to hear, 'Look back at the man who is behind us. C'est l'homme le plus malheureux et le plus misérable de la France.' The story was told to me the very next day both by the Duchess and by Lady Douglas. The Duchess said that the President 'tressaillit' as he heard the words. Lamartine walked on without betraying emotion or even consciousness; but he has not forgotten them.

Monday, April 3rd.—I went this morning to the Corps Législatif to hear the discussion of the Montalembert affair. The house is the old Chamber of Deputies, in which I recollect Berryer in September, 1830, occupying a solitary seat at the extreme right, without a single neighbour in that compartment. The only change is that the tribune under the President's throne, from which the members used to speak, is now occupied by the 'Commissaires de l'Empereur,' not exceeding six conseillers d'état, who have the right to speak, though not to vote. The members speak from their places. As the house is a semicircle fronting the tribune, and the gallery for auditors is behind that semicircle, the members sit and speak with their backs to it. Unless they are very practised speakers, and unless they stand with their sides to the tribune instead of facing it, they are utterly inaudible except to those immediately before and around them and to the two shorthand writers who sit on either side of the tribune. Lord Cowley had obtained for me a ticket for the Diplomatic Gallery in the centre of the house facing the tribune. The Commissaires on this occasion are Baroche and Rouher, the President and Vice-President of the Conseil d'Etat.

Baroche performs, perhaps, the most important functions in the internal government of France; he discusses with the ministers the substance of every law which they propose to submit to the Conseil d'Etat; he names the committee of the Conseil d'Etat, which considers the law and prepares its details; he names the Commissaires who have to support it before the Corps Législatif; he is *virtute officii* a member of every such committee and one of the Commissaires; he is necessarily master of the Conseil d'Etat, and exercises in the Corps Législatif the functions of our leader of the House of Commons; he is the medium of communication between the Executive and the Legislative. On this

occasion he merely opened the case, and left it to be developed by his colleague Rouher.

Rouher's argument was an obvious one. He assumed that the only ground on which the constitution required the assent of the House during its session to the prosecution of one of its members, was to prevent its proceedings from being interrupted by prosecutions, intended only to withdraw members from the performance of their duties; that the House must consent as soon as it had ascertained that the prosecution was serious and sincere, and instituted not for vexation, but for the purpose of obtaining a conviction; that in this case the libellous nature of the letter was obvious, and M. de Montalembert admitted that he had written it, that he had shown it, and that he had given copies of it; in short, that it had been extensively propagated. Whether these acts amounted to a virtual publication, and whether M. de Montalembert had done any other acts causing the actual publication, were the questions which Government wished to try in a court of law, and he professed to be unable to imagine any plausible ground on which the House could prevent its doing so.

He was followed by M. de Flavigny, who, speaking low and with his back to us, was totally inaudible. Then M. Langlais read a long speech, of which I caught a few sentences, in favour of giving the consent. Some of them excited much disapprobation in the Côté Droit—the principal seat of Montalembert's friends—particularly one in which he said that those who opposed the consent probably approved the letter.

Then came M. Perret, the rapporteur of the committee to which the question had been referred by the House. He speaks well and distinctly, and turned towards the gallery. We therefore could hear him. A man not far from me, whom I afterwards found to be M. Casimir-Périer, the son

of the minister, took out a pencil and began to make notes. He was seen by the President from the tribune, and a messenger was sent, who took from him his notes and turned him out of the house. Perret indignantly denied the truth of Rouher's proposition that the only question for the House was the sincerity and good faith of the prosecution.

Perret.—All the acts of a great public officer are presumed to be done in good faith. If that were the only question, our right to suspend the prosecution of one of our members would be as insignificant as in fact it is transient. We are not simply a legislative, we are also a political body. We have to consider to what extent the dignity and the usefulness of this newly-created Assembly may be affected by the appearance of one of its members before the Cour d'Assises or the Police Correctionnelle; we have to consider to what extent the respect for authority and the respect for our new constitution may be affected by a trial in which the publicity must be complete, the defence unrestricted, and the general interests of society may be inconsistent with the interests, equally sacred, of the prisoner at the bar; we have to consider whether in the difficulties and dangers that are approaching, when France requires every one of her sons to rally round the flag which the Emperor has planted, we ought to deprive ourselves of the aid of the great intelligence whom as yet we are fortunate enough to number among our members. I admit that if we had strong grounds for believing that M. de Montalembert was the real publisher of this most ill-judged and mischievous letter, these considerations, weighty as they are, would not justify us in protecting him from trial. We do not claim to be privileged libellers. But we have no such grounds; all the previous history of M. de Montalembert, the ardent supporter of our Prince in

his struggle against an ambitious Assembly, is inconsistent with his guilt; the letter itself is inconsistent with it. It is a sharp, intemperate, unpremeditated sally, provoked by an address of M. Dupin, which offended the prejudices and excited the bile of a politician fretting in retirement. Who can believe that a man with the experience and the sagacity of our colleague would have thought it useful, or prudent, or becoming, to publish such an improvisation? But the innocence of M. de Montalembert does not depend merely on presumptions. As far as a negative can be proved it is proved. M. de Montalembert expressly denies the publication; he denies that he even gave a copy of the letter, or allowed a copy of it to be taken.

Here Montalembert rose and said, 'The honourable orator is mistaken. I deny the publication; I do *not* deny that I gave a copy.'

Perret.—I am happy to be set right; but the correction is not material. It is not for writing the letter, or for showing the letter, or for giving a copy of the letter, that the Government desires to prosecute M. de Montalembert; it is for *publishing* the letter; and M. de Montalembert denies that directly or indirectly, by himself or by any one else, he ever took part in that publication. The facts are within his own knowledge. His character is above all suspicion of a falsehood. His testimony is direct and positive. The Government offers no evidence to counterbalance it. We are bound, we are forced, to believe it, and believing it, we are bound to refuse our consent to a prosecution which must be degrading to the House and injurious to the public service. I have argued the question as if it were a new one; but it has already been decided. In 1835 the Chamber of Peers required the Chamber of Deputies to consent to the prosecution of M. Cormenin for a libel published in the papers and bearing his signature.

M. Cormenin denied that he had signed it. M. de Sauzet, the rapporteur, proposed that M. Cormenin's denial should be treated as conclusive and the consent refused. M. Persil, Garde des Sceaux, answered, 'M. Cormenin's denial must be held sufficient. We support M. de Sauzet's motion.'

What was true in 1835 is true now. The constitution of 1852 gives in this respect to the Corps Législatif the privileges and the duties of our older deliberative assemblies. The conduct which was the duty of the Chamber of Deputies in 1835 is the duty of the Corps Législatif now.

After Perret, who was well received, had finished, three members read, monotonously and inaudibly, speeches which seemed to be for giving the consent.

Then came M. de Belmonte, an old soldier, who edified us by a Latin quotation, the only one that I ever heard in a French Chamber.

By this time it was six o'clock, a very late hour for a French Assembly. Two cries were raised—'aux voix' and for an adjournment. The latter prevailed, and the debate was adjourned till to-morrow. The people round me believed that Montalembert would not speak. He showed no intention of speaking, and if the cry 'aux voix' had prevailed, he would not have spoken.

I went in the evening to Madame de St. Aulaire's, and afterwards to the Duc de Broglie's, in the hope of finding out what Montalembert intended to do. At St. Aulaire's the general opinion seemed to be that he would reserve himself for the discussion before the Police Correctionnelle.

St. Aulaire.—His object must be to have a large minority, and with his habits and feelings he could scarcely speak without exasperating his enemies, compromising his friends, and frightening into a hostile vote many who are now undecided.

The Duke, however, was convinced that he would speak. 'Montalembert,' he said, 'is not a man to lose an opportunity of vengeance. He will inflict wounds on Baroche, and perhaps on greater men than Baroche, which will fester as long as this prosecution is recollected. He will try so to place the question as to make those who vote with him appear to be the enemies of the Government, and thus force them to crystallise into an Opposition.'

Tuesday, April 4th.—I returned at two o'clock to the Corps Législatif. The proceedings were opened by Baroche, who answered the only real speech of yesterday—Perret's.

Baroche.—The doctrine of the honourable rapporteur that the Assembly is to be governed on this occasion by considerations of public policy, or by doubts as to the evidence of M. de Montalembert's guilt, is a return to the old tyrannical principles which have made Assemblies the curse of France. If we have learned anything by sixty-five years of revolution we have learned that liberty depends on the complete separation by insurmountable barriers of executive, judicial, and legislative functions. It is the great merit of the admirable constitution which we owe to the lofty wisdom which rules us that it has raised these barriers. M. Perret proposes to level them. He dances before your eyes vague *spectra* of dangers arising from the publicity of a trial, the intemperance of a desperate and eloquent accusé, and the instability of a newly constituted power.

These, gentlemen, are executive, not legislative considerations. They are matters for us, not for you. Such as they are we have considered them; what weight they deserve we have given to them. The result is shown by the requisition which we now make to you. If you were to refuse it on such grounds, you would be guilty of the usurpation which has ruined so many of your predecessors.

Again, M. Perret tells us that we have not proved to you M. de Montalembert's guilt. Of course we have not; you have no power to decide on it. You are no more a judicial body than you are an executive body. Are we to bring forward our proofs, and try the case before *you* on the question whether you will allow us to try it *again* before a court? The guilt or innocence of M. de Montalembert will be a legal inference from facts which, when the time comes, we shall prove before the only competent tribunal, a court of law. Some of these facts we have, others we shall obtain through the very prosecution which we demand. We shall obtain them from M. de Montalembert himself.

That a crime has been committed is clear. We believe that the prosecution for which we ask your consent will end in the detection of the criminal. The strong inclination of our opinion is that M. de Montalembert is that criminal. It is possible that he may discharge himself by showing that the guilt rests on some one else, but we cannot allow him to discharge himself by a simple, an unsupported, and a not easily credible denial. To examine him is the first step in our inquiry. To forbid our doing so would be a denial of justice; it would be an attempt on your part to arrogate to yourselves the most odious of all privileges—the right of impunity.

Two, or perhaps three, speeches were then read, which, as far as I could collect from the few connected words that reached me, were in favour of granting the consent.

M. Chasseloup then rose. He spoke for about an hour with great energy, and, as far as I could guess from the attention and applause of the Assembly, great effect. The few sentences that I caught seemed to be an indignant protest against Baroche's claim to be allowed to prosecute Montalembert as a means of arriving at the real criminal.

I am inclined to think that he said that vicarious prosecution was almost as bad as vicarious punishment; but I heard him too imperfectly to attempt to report him.

At length Montalembert rose. He stood near the Extreme Right, with his side towards the tribune and his face towards the centre gallery in which I sat. His voice and delivery are so good, and the House was so silent, that I did not lose a word. I believe that the following report is a tolerably accurate abridgment of his speech:—*

'Gentlemen,—I must begin by expressing my deep gratitude for the attention which you have paid to this unhappy business. I am grieved at having caused the waste of so much public time; I am still more grieved at having been the occasion of division among my colleagues.†

'More than all, I am grieved when I think of the time at which this has occurred—a time when we are engaged in an honourable and serious war—a war in which, with the great and faithful ally whom I have always desired, and the sympathy of Europe, we are defending civilisation against an enemy, barbarous indeed, but so formidable as to require our undivided energy and our undivided attention. But you must recollect *when* that letter was written. It was in September, in profound peace—when our whole thoughts were employed, and were properly employed, on our internal affairs.‡

* Note by N. W. Senior.—A week or two afterwards I lent to M. de Montalembert my report of his speech. He kept it for some days, and returned it to me with one or two slight verbal corrections and considerable additions, which are distinguished from my report by being in French.

† J'aurais voulu faire plus qu'exprimer ce regret; j'aurais voulu me prêter à tous les arrangements, qui m'ont été suggérés par des voix amies, pour mettre une terme à cette discussion; je n'aurais reculé devant aucun sacrifice qui eût été compatible avec l'honneur. Mais vous comprenez tous, que sous le coup d'une poursuite, d'un danger, je ne puis rien désavouer, rien rétracter, rien retirer de ce que j'ai écrit, de ce que j'ai pensé. Si j'agissais autrement, il vous resterait un collègue absous, mais déshonoré, et dont vous ne sauriez que faire.

‡ Adjourd'hui il en est autrement, l'état de guerre impose à tous les

'I deeply regret the publication of this letter. But with that publication I am utterly unconnected. I never sanctioned, I never wished it, I never even thought it possible. There are passages in the letter itself which I might modify if I had now to re-write it. But it would rather be by adding to them than by taking from them.

'Two accusations have been directed against its substance. One that it is hostile to the Emperor, the other that it is hostile to this Assembly.

'No one who knows my character and knows my history will believe that I can have intended to injure the Emperor. Our relations have been such as to make it impossible.*

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citoyens des devoirs spéciaux; et il doit aussi imposer un certain frein à l'esprit de critique. Aucun Français, quelle que soit sa foi politique, ne peut vouloir décréditer le pouvoir qui représente la France devant l'ennemi. Il y a parmi nous, des dissidens, des mécontens, mais il n'y a plus d'émigrés à l'intérieur, ni à l'extérieur. J'aurais dû contenir les sentimens les plus passionnés de mon âme, plutôt que de paraître affaiblir, en quoi que ce soit, la main qui porte l'épée et le drapeau de la France.

Ce n'est pas toutefois que j'admette que toute liberté de parole, ou de presse, soit incompatible avec l'état de guerre. L'Angleterre a conservé toutes ses libertés, en faisant la guerre aux plus redoutables ennemis. Aujourd'hui encore l'Opposition, d'accord avec le Gouvernement sur la question extérieure, maintient ses résistances, et ses critiques à l'intérieur. Et certes, personne ne dira que l'Angleterre, pour avoir conservé la liberté de discussion la plus entière, n'ait pas déployé pour le moins, autant de prévoyance et d'énergie que nous, dans la conduite de la guerre où nous entrons. Il n'y a que les nations où la vie publique circule dans toutes les veines du corps social, qui sachent résister aux épreuves et aux chances d'une guerre prolongée. La liberté de la contradiction, centuple le prix d'une libre adhésion, et, à force de mettre une sourdine à toutes les émotions du pays, il faut prendre garde qu'on ne se trouve un jour dans l'impossibilité de faire vibrer les cordes le plus essentielles, quand le moment des dangers, et des sacrifices sera arrivé.

* J'ai eu l'occasion de défendre le chef actuel de l'Etat dans des circonstances infiniment difficiles, et où rien n'était plus douteux que son succès.

Je ne prétends pas l'avoir constitué par cela mon débiteur, car en le

'It is equally impossible that I should have wished to offend this Assembly.

'It contains men by whose sides I have fought the great battles of property and law; I love many of its members, I respect almost all. If I have offended any it was done unconsciously.

'Again, it is said that the tone of my letter was violent. Expressions may be called violent by some which would be called only 'passionnées' by others.

'I admit that I am 'passionné.' It is my nature. I owe to that quality much of my merit, whatever that merit may be. Were I not 'passionné' I should not have been during all my life 'la sentinelle perdue de la liberté.' I should not have thrown myself into every breach—sometimes braving the attacks of anarchy, sometimes leading the assault on tyranny, and sometimes fighting against the worst of all despotisms, the despotism that is based on democracy.* I

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défendant je ne voulais servir comme toujours que la justice, l'intérêt du pays, la liberté modérée, qui se personnifient en lui à mes yeux. Mais enfin aux yeux du public il est mon obligé, et je ne suis pas le sien. Si j'avais eu la pensée d'offenser publiquement l'Empereur et, si j'y avais cédé, nous serions quittes. Or, je tiens beaucoup à ce que nous ne le soyons pas. Il n'y aurait pour moi ni honneur ni avantage à ce changement de position. Tous les hommes de bon goût, tous les cœurs delicats me comprendront. . . .

* Allons plus au fond, et vous reconnaîtrez que les opinions énoncées dans la lettre ne sont autres que celles toujours professées par moi. . . . Elles peuvent toutes se ramener à une seule, à mon éloignement pour le pouvoir absolu. Je ne l'aime pas, je ne l'ai jamais aimé. Si j'ai tant combattu l'anarchie avant et après 1848, si j'ai suscité contre moi dans le parti démagogique ces haines virulentes qui durent encore et qui ne perdent jamais une occasion d'éclater contre moi, c'est parce que j'ai prévu et prédit que la démocratie nous conduirait au pouvoir absolu. Oui, je crois, comme je l'ai dit, que le despotisme abaisse les caractères, les intelligences, les consciences. Oui, je déplore le système qui rend un seul homme tout puissant et seul responsable des destinées d'une nation de trente-six millions. Je trouve que cela ressemble trop au gouvernement russe, contre lequel nous allons en guerre, et trop peu au gouvernement anglais, dont nous prisons si haut l'alliance.

am told again, and the accusation is sanctioned by the requisition of the Procureur-Général, that my letter is inconsistent with the fidelity which I have sworn to the Emperor and to the constitution.

'When a man swears fidelity to a Sovereign and to a constitution his oath engages him only as to matters within his own power. He swears not to conspire against them; he swears not to attempt to subvert them. He cannot swear to approve the acts of the Sovereign or the working of the constitution, for he cannot foresee what either of them will be. I have kept, and I shall keep, my oath to the Emperor and my oath to the constitution. I have not attempted and I shall not attempt to overthrow either of them.

'But my approbation of either of them does not depend on me.

'I accepted the coup d'état 'comme vous l'avez tous fait, comme notre seule chance de salut dans les circonstances d'alors.' I expected a Government 'honnête et modéré.' I have been disappointed.'

Here a violent exclamation ran through the Assembly. Baroche rose and cried out, 'You hear him, gentlemen! He says that he expected honour and moderation from the Government, and that he has been disappointed. I appeal to you, M. le President, to decide whether we are to sit and listen to such infamies!' Voix diverses.—*Expliquez vos paroles! Retirez vos paroles!* M. de Montalembert.—'Je les maintiens et je les explique. Je ne regarde pas comme *honnête* la confiscation des biens de la maison d'Orléans, et je n'appelle pas *modérée* la poursuite intentée contre moi.'

'I expected a Government,' repeated Montalembert, '*honnête et modéré*, and I have been disappointed. Its honnêteté may be judged by the confiscation of the Orleans property.'

Here was another hubbub, and another protest of Baroche's.

'C'est une des pièces du procès,' said the President (Billault).

'What is now going on before us,' continued Montalembert, 'is a sample of its moderation. It is now attempting in my person to introduce into our criminal law a new délit—'communication.' Until now it was supposed that nothing was criminal until it was published. It was believed that a man might write his opinions and his reflections and might exchange them with his friends; that nothing was libellous that was confidential.

'*Now* this Government holds a man responsible for every thought that an indiscreet or an incautious friend, or a concealed enemy, or a tool of power, reveals. If it succeeds in this attempt, it will not rest satisfied with this victory over the remnant of our freedom. It is not in the nature of things that it should. A Government that will not tolerate censure must forbid discussion. You are now asked to put down writing. When that has been done conversation will be attacked. Paris will resemble Rome under the successors of Augustus; already the suppression of the press has produced a malaise which I never felt or observed before. What will be the feelings of the nation when all that is around it is concealed, when every avenue by which light could penetrate is stopped, when we are exposed to all the undefined terrors and exaggerated dangers that accompany utter darkness?

'The misfortune of France, a national defect which makes the happiness enjoyed by England unattainable to us, is, that she is always oscillating between extremes; that she is constantly swinging from universal conquest to *la paix à tout prix;* from the desire of nothing but glory to the desire of nothing but wealth; from the wildest democracy to the most

abject servility. Every new Government starts with a new principle. Every Government in a few years perishes by carrying that principle to an extreme.

'The first Republic was destroyed by the intemperance with which it trampled on every sort of tradition and authority; the first Empire by its abuse of victory and war; the Restoration by its exaggerated belief in Divine right and legitimacy; the royalty of July by its exaggerated reliance on parliamentary majorities; the second Republic by the conduct of its own Republicans. The danger to the second Empire, its only internal danger, but I fear its fatal one, is its abuse of authority. With every phase of our sixty years long revolution we have a new superstition, a new *culte*. We are now required to become the worshippers of authority. I lament that with the new religion we have not new priests. Our public men would not be discredited by instantaneous apostasy from one political faith to another.

'I am grieved, gentlemen, if I offend you; though many of you are older in years than I am, not one probably is so old in public life. I may be addressing you for the last time, and I feel that my last words ought to contain all the warnings that I think may be useful to you. This Assembly will soon end as all its predecessors have ended; its acts, its legislation may perish with it, but its reputation, its fame for good or for evil, will survive. Within a few minutes you will do an act by which that reputation will be seriously affected, by which it may be raised, by which it may be deeply, perhaps irrecoverably, sunk. Your vote to-night will show whether you possess freedom, and whether you deserve it.

'As for myself I care but little, a few months or even years of imprisonment are among the risks which every public man who does his duty in revolutionary times must encounter, and which the most important men of the

country have incurred, *soit en sortant des affaires, soit avant d'y entrer.*

'But whatever may be the effect of your vote on *my* person, whatever it may be on your reputation, I trust that it is not in *your* power to inflict permanent injury on my country. Among you are some who lived through the Empire. They must remember that the soldiers of our glorious army cherished as fondly the recollection of its defeats as of its victories. They must see that the lessons which those defeats taught and the feelings which they inspired are now among the sources of our military strength. Your Emperor himself in one of his earlier addresses talked hopefully of the period when France would be capable of more liberty than he now thinks good for her.

'Un jour,' he exclaimed, 'mon œuvre sera couronnée par la liberté.' 'I join in that hope, I look sanguinely towards the time when she will be worthy of the English constitution, and when she will obtain it.'*

These concluding sentences were drowned in universal murmurs.

Baroche and Rouher, who had for some time been throwing up their arms, twisting about their faces, and gesticulating to one another in a dumb show of horror, now started up in a perfect frenzy.

'If this is to continue,' exclaimed Baroche, 'I must go.

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* Vous tenez le corps de la France, mais vous ne tenez pas son âme. Cette âme aujourd'hui effrayée, engourdie, endormie, cette âme c'est la liberté. Elle ce réveillera un jour et vous échappera. La certitude de ce réveil suffit pour consoler et fortifier ses vieux et fidèles soldats à travers la nuit de l'épreuve. Cette liberté honnête et modérée, sage et sainte, j'y ai toujours cru et j'y crois encore. Je l'ai toujours aimée, toujours servie, toujours invoquée, tantôt pour la religion, tantôt pour le pays, hier contre le socialisme, aujourd'hui contre un commencement de despotisme. Et quelle que soit votre décision, je me féliciterai toujours d'avoir eu cette occasion solennelle de la confesser encore une fois devant vous, et, s'il le faut, de souffrir un peu pour elle.

He dares to compare the French and English constitutions and openly to avow his preference of the latter. I claim again, M. le Président, your protection. I appeal to you again to prevent our ears from being *souillées* by such sentiments.'

'For some time,' said the President, 'I have felt that I had the right to interfere, and perhaps if I had the right to do so I ought to have done so. But I thought that my duty to Monsieur de Montalembert required me to give the fullest liberty to his defence, and I thought, too, that my duty to this Assembly required me to allow him to exhibit himself to you in his fullest proportions and in his strongest colours. If Monsieur de Montalembert now wishes to explain anything that he has said, if the torrent of his eloquence has hurried him into any expressions that he now wishes to modify or disavow, the Assembly is ready to listen to him.'

Montalembert, who had been sitting while this was going on, stood up, bowed, and sat down again.

Perret now rose and said, 'In my own name, and in that of those around me—I trust in the name of all who are present—I rise to disavow all participation in the opinions and sentiments that we have had the misfortune to hear. But even Monsieur de Montalembert's speech will not prevent my voting against giving our consent to the prosecution.'

The question was now put and the huissiers came round with the balloting-boxes and white and blue cards. The white for giving the consent and the blue for refusing it. There was no attempt at concealment, or indeed any means, as the huissiers and every one else near the voter could see what card he took and put in. The cards were quickly sorted, and the President proclaimed that the white cards were 181 and the blue 52. 'These numbers,' he added,

'exceed by two the number of voters. The difference is occasioned by a circumstance which M. Véron has just related to me. He put in a blue card intending to put in a white one. When he detected his mistake he put in two more cards, both white, one to neutralise his blue card, the other to express his vote.'

Wednesday, April 5th.—Odo Russell, who had sat next to me in the Chamber, breakfasted with me. I read to him my report of Montalembert's speech, having written it out last night before I went to bed. He told me that he recollected having heard the substance of everything that I had put down, and in most cases the corresponding French words. He suggested one or two additions which, as soon as he mentioned them, I remembered. I have put them in, and I believe that the report may be depended upon.

Wednesday, April 12th.—Immediately after writing the last words I left Paris on a visit to M. de Tocqueville at St. Cyr, and did not return until the 11th. I then found, to my great surprise, that the Government had published in the *Moniteur* of the 5th and 6th of April a full report of the whole discussion.* But I have made no alterations in my own report. On comparing them it will be seen that the arrangement somewhat differs. In all probability the arrangement in the *Moniteur* is the real one. A passage is introduced of great force in which Montalembert warns the Assembly not to imitate the *rôle* of the Senate of the first Empire, 'qui a consisté à toucher un traitement en silence, puis à signer une déchéance lorsque sont venus les jours de l'adversité.' This passage I now recollect having heard. On the other hand, the passage in which he maintains

* The official report in the *Moniteur* is published in the Appendix to the Tocqueville Conversations.—Ed.

that he could not have intended to offend the Assembly is omitted. So is the picturesque boast that he had been during all his life 'la sentinelle perdue de la liberté.' So is his description of the alarm of France in the darkness into which the suppression of the press has plunged her. So is the warning to the Assembly that they will soon end, as their predecessors have ended, but that their reputation —a reputation which their vote that night will much affect —will survive them. All these passages I clearly recollect. They must have been omitted intentionally. I believe, too, that my report of the language of Billault, the President, and of the conclusion of the debate, is correct; and that the final remarks of Billault and of Baroche have been intentionally falsified in the *Moniteur*.

There is much discrepancy between the two reports of Perret, Rouher, and Baroche. I am sure that the *Moniteur* leaves out much of Baroche's speech—much that I well remember. So also as to Rouher. But I have less confidence in my own reports of these speeches, as they interested me less than Montalembert's did.

Louis Napoleon, accompanied by Lord Raglan and the rest of the English staff now passing through Paris, reviewed to-day about thirty thousand men, including at least ten thousand cavalry, in the Champ de Mars.

My brother's criticism was that the men were small, apparently not strong, and ill-drilled, and that the horses were poor, low-bred, and not in good condition. The accoutrements however, both of men and horses, appeared to him better than ours. The Emperor was coldly received; the cheers were faint, and given at a sign from each captain as the company wheeled. As Lord Raglan passed with his armless sleeve, one of the spectators, gnashing his teeth, cried, 'Nous lui avons bien arraché cela à Waterloo.'

Friday, April 14th.—This is Good Friday. There are no dinners or parties; no one calls or receives. The theory is that it is a day of devout mortification. As to the practice, the higher classes have spent the whole afternoon in driving about in their best morning dresses up and down the avenue leading to the Bois de Boulogne, and the lower classes have turned the Champs Elysées into a fair. Booths, wine and beershops, merry-go-rounds, montagnes russes, wild-beast shows, open-air theatres, exhibitions of jugglers, lotteries, and Punch in all his varieties, cover the whole space. I walked out at night and was almost driven back by the glare and the noise, by the lamps, the vociferations, and the din of drums and cymbals. One must look at the almanac to believe that it is not the carnival, but Passion Week.

Saturday, April 15th.—I breakfasted with Edward Ellice and dined with the Peyronnets. I met there an intelligent physician, a Dr. Clavel. He lamented bitterly the over-education of French children.

Clavel.—There is scarcely a college in which there is more than an hour and a half allowed for recreation, or in which the hours of work are less than ten and a half or eleven. All these hours every unhappy boy is bound to be poring over his lesson, or writing. He is punished if he is detected with any book except his school-book. They are 'étiolés' (faded away). Their minds are forced, and their bodies stinted and unnerved. The purpose to which they are sacrificed is the concours. It is to succeed at some examination. Almost all those who succeed, and many of those who fail, suffer permanent cerebral injury.

Sunday, April 16th.—I walked round the Boulevards to-day, between four and five. Before the doors of the innumerable theatres were files of men and women, three abreast,

stretching into the road, waiting till the doors should be opened, a little before seven. It is difficult to conceive a state of mind in which people stand for two hours in an oppressive sun to get into a playhouse.

The Elysée Bourbon, which Louis Napoleon is turning into a subsidiary Tuileries, has been the scene all to-day (Easter Sunday) of prodigious activity. Though it is not half complete, a fête is to be given in it to the Duke of Cambridge to-morrow. Three thousand workmen are said to be employed in removing the scaffoldings, covering the wet plaster with silk hangings, and giving the half-finished walls the appearance of a palace. On the Government buildings, particularly on the Palais de l'Industrie, Sunday seems to be a day of extra labour. It is said that the men at the Elysée are to be kept at work for thirty-six hours continuously, at twenty francs per twelve hours.

Tuesday, April 18*th*.—After breakfast I called on Chrzanowski.

Chrzanowski.—The Duke of Newcastle proposed to me about a fortnight ago to go out on Lord Raglan's staff. I have declined the offer, and you will judge whether I was right. He said there would be great difficulty in introducing me into the English service, and proposed to me to wear a Turkish uniform. I answered that for me, a Pole, to be on the English staff in the disguise of a Turk would be an anomalous situation, in which I should find it difficult to be of use; that I would willingly wear an English uniform or a Polish one, but should not like to appear under false colours. The answer was that the time for my appearing as a Pole was not come. I replied that I would wait.

Senior.—Could not you go in plain clothes?

Chrzanowski.—If I were an old friend of Lord Raglan's that might do; I might accompany him as an amateur;

but to join a staff in which I have no acquaintances as a non-combatant, with no military position, would not do. 'J'aurais l'air d'un petit gamin que l'on tolère.'

Senior.—I suppose that we are afraid of alarming Austria?

Chrzanowski.—If you have that fear there are no grounds for it. I should not frighten Austria more dressed as a Pole than dressed as a Turk. I have indeed reason to believe that Austria is thinking seriously of the reconstruction of Poland. Ever since she joined in destroying that banner she has felt Russia pressing more and more heavily on her. The French minister at Vienna, in a letter to a friend of mine in Paris, said that the Austrian Government had proposed to join England and France on condition that they would bind themselves to restore Poland. It is said that the reconstruction of Poland is one of the threats held out by Russia to Prussia. It is possible that both Austria and Russia now feel that their Polish provinces are sources of danger and weakness, and that either of them will make a good exchange if she can substitute for them a separate kingdom owing to her its existence and relying on her for support. The advantage of such a move would, of course, rest with the Sovereign that began it. A quasi-independent Poland created by Russia out of her own, the Prussian, and the Austrian Polish dominions, and governed by her nominee, would be more useful to her and more dangerous to the German powers than even her possession of the Principalities. Such a kingdom created out of the same materials, but by Austria, or by Austria and Prussia, would weaken Russia more than any injury that we can inflict on her in the south.

I spent the evening at the Fauchers and Circourts.

Faucher.—The clergy are naturally scandalised by the works done last Sunday at the Elysée. They might have

winked at such things on an ordinary Sunday, but this has been done on a day which never was so profaned before. The childishness of the motive excites disgust. 'Il paraît,' said some one, 'qu'on sacrifie le bon Dieu à l'entente cordiale.' To-day it has cost as much trouble and expense to pull down the decorations and replace the scaffoldings as doing the contrary cost the day before yesterday.

Wednesday, April 19th.—I called to-day on Madame Cornu. Her brother, M. Lacroix, is the architect who superintends the works of the Elysée. His story to her was that at seven on the evening of Good Friday the Emperor and Empress met him at the Elysée, and the Empress told him that she must give a ball on Monday to the Duke of Cambridge; that there was a difficulty in doing it at the Tuileries, and that he must get ready the Elysée for it. 'But,' he answered, 'there are three thousand cubic yards of stone in the court; there is no staircase; the walls are merely wet stone and mortar; nothing, in fact, is finished except the roof; it is impossible;' and he looked to the Emperor for protection. 'C'est un caprice de femme,' said the Emperor. 'I am sure,' said the Empress, 'that nothing is impossible to you.' So he promised it.

The workmen who had gone home were sent for and four hundred of them were kept at work from that time until Monday evening, when the ball began. They were well fed, and a little brandy was added to their wine. When they left off they had been at work for nearly eighty-two consecutive hours; that is, from the morning of Good Friday to the evening of Easter Monday. In that time, besides fitting up the existing rooms, they had built three kitchens and a new ball-room ninety feet by thirty-five, and thirty in the garden. All night they had seven hundred lamps and thirty men carrying torches. One of their

difficulties was the presence every day of the Empress, ordering, interfering, and not understanding technical objections. On Monday morning the Emperor came. He looked with dismay at the court still covered with the three thousand square yards of stone, and at the gap where the staircase was to be. Lacroix then explained to him that he meant to employ those masses of stone in building up a vast straight outside staircase from the court to the first floor, protected by a roof of glass. This was done by seven o'clock that evening, and while it was doing four hundred loads of rubbish were carted out. The poor architect was nearly killed by the incessant worry, want of sleep, and fatigue.

'He seemed to me yesterday,' said Madame Cornu, 'to have grown ten years older in four days. It is remarkable,' she continued, 'that while this was going on in the house of the head of the State, the head of the Church was publishing from every pulpit in Paris a protest against Sunday labour. The circular of the Archbishop of Paris on the 'Repos du Dimanche,' which was read throughout his diocese on Easter Sunday, denounces such labour as sacrilege and cruelty, as insolently disobedient to God, oppressive to the labouring classes, and degrading to the national character. The Archbishop must have felt secure in sympathy when he ventured to choose such a moment to rebuke his most Christian majesty. The matter seems trifling, but its childish recklessness will do 'celui-ci' great mischief, not the less because the ball was given to an English Prince.'

E. Ellice, Merimée, Dumon, Stirling of Keir, Moncrieff, and H. Say breakfasted with us. Dumon talked with alarm of the present state of the finances.

Dumon.—The expenditure is enormous and uncontrolled; the indirect taxes necessarily fall off in war, and it is impossible to increase the direct taxation. There was nothing

that I envied so much when I was Minister of Finance as the imposability of England.

Senior.—Could not you increase the indirect revenue by lowering the protective duties?

Dumon.—Of course we could, but the necessity of protection is so rooted in our opinions and feelings that no Government can venture to diminish it. We have no reliance on ourselves. The ironmaster, the coalowner, the manufacturer of cotton, of wool, and of silk—and these are now five great industries—all believe that they should be ruined if foreign competition were let in upon them. The result will be that we shall have recourse to loans. The interest of our present debt is two hundred and fifty millions a year. It will be three hundred millions before this war is over.

Senior.—How did Napoleon manage his gigantic wars without loans? Did he impose new taxes?

Dumon.—No. Even he could not impose taxes, at least on France. But his territories were twice as large as ours; he raised vast contributions from the countries that he conquered or even occupied, and during his last years he cheated his creditors and plundered his subjects. He made great requisitions for which he never proposed to pay; he repudiated his own contracts; he sometimes refused and sometimes neglected to satisfy even the demands that he acknowledged. When he fell the mass of floating unrecovered debt was enormous.

Thursday, April 20th.—In the evening I went to Guizot's, and met there, besides the family, the Boilcaus, Broglies, Dumon, and Lavergne. The Prince de Broglie and Guizot talked of Italian affairs. They agreed in thinking that there is little hope of our being able to prevent the Lombards from rising, and lamented Palmerston's blindness in refus-

ing to accept the offer of Austria to surrender Lombardy on the condition of retaining Venetia.

Guizot.—Such an opportunity does not occur twice in a century. While we were at peace the consequences of Palmerston's rashness and petulance and obstinacy did not show. The war brings them out, just as an extraordinary exertion betrays bodily defects which were latent while the man kept quiet. How different would have been our prospects if Lombardy had been Piedmontese, and Greece had not been wantonly bullied till she became our irreconcilable enemy!

Friday, April 21st.—Edward Ellice, Milnes, Kergorlay, M. Chevalier, and Chrzanowski breakfasted with us.

After breakfast Ellice proposed to Chrzanowski his plan for the war. It is to occupy with the English and French and Turkish troops the line of the Balkan, leaving the Russians to die of fever in the valley of the Danube. Such a conduct would, he thinks, force Austria to join us, as her southern provinces cannot exist without the free use of the Danube, and would wear out Russia by the interruption of her commerce and the exhaustion of her treasury.

Chrzanowski.—The objections to it are these: In the first place you abandon to Russia Kalafat, Rustchuk, Silistria, and probably Shumla; none of these are really strong places. They are rather fieldworks than fortifications; not one of them has a counterscarp that could not be escaladed without being breached. The Turks without doubt fight well behind walls. They defend places that a European engineer would consider untenable, but they do so not by skill but by numbers. If the Russians are allowed to attack these places without interruption, as must be the case if you stay on the defensive on the Balkan, they will take them; and they will take in them, or destroy in them,

a great part of the Turkish army. They will then be able to move on the Balkan in full force. Now the Balkan is not a strong military line; it consists rather of hills than of mountains; it resembles the Vosges. Its possession, perhaps, would make the difference of ten to fifteen per cent. in favour of the army holding it; that is to say, 100,000 men on the Balkan might resist 115,000, but not 120,000. The southern side is much steeper, and is intersected by a more difficult country than the northern slope. The lateral communications to the south are few and bad. Along the northern slope the country is easy, and there are good roads. An army attacking the Balkan from the north, and keeping half its troops in reserve, would be able suddenly to throw an overwhelming force to the right or to the left, which the army defending the Balkan, without roads, and embarrassed by the long steep ridges which on the southern side run into the plain, would be unable to oppose. The Russians, too, would have the enormous advantage of the Danube behind them to carry their supplies; and those supplies coming from the Principalities and from the rich countries behind them would be inexhaustible, particularly in corn and horses. If Russia is allowed next year to attack the line of the Balkan with 200,000 men, no French and English army, even with the assistance of what will then remain of the Turkish army, will prevent her reaching the Bosphorus or the Dardanelles, and if she establishes herself there your fleets must quit the Black Sea.

Senior.—You leave Austria out of the question.

Chrzanowski.—Certainly I do. In war one must reckon only on what one has, not on what one *may* have, and unhappily the portion of the Austrian territories nearest to the scene of war is that which hates the Turks and sympathises with the Russians.

Senior.—What would you do if you were Francis Joseph?

Chrzanowski.—If I were Francis Joseph I should feel that my crown and the independence, perhaps the cohesion, of my country were at stake. That whatever were my course I must run great danger, but I should take that which, if it succeeded at all, would succeed the most completely. I would attack Russia, not in the Danube where she is strongest, but in the Vistula where she is weakest. I would raise against her all the national feelings of Poland and all the revolutionary feelings of her own subjects. I would arrest her progress in the south by employing her in the north. I should thus interpose an army between Russia and Hungary, and above all, I would abandon this senseless system of centralisation which has deprived the Vienna Government of the support of the peoples who have often saved it, and made it dependent on the army which has failed it before and may fail it again.

Senior.—What would you do if you were Louis Napoleon or the Duke of Newcastle?

Chrzanowski.—It is easier to say what I would not do. I would *not* send troops into a barbarous country relying on barbarians to feed and to lodge them. One of the first rules of war is, never to send out an expeditionary force without thirty days' provisions. I would *not* land my troops twenty marches from the scene of action. I would *not* propose to stand on the defensive, for those on the defensive are always beaten in the long run. I would *not* attempt to unite in one army English, French, and Turks. Nothing succeeds that is not under one's command. I would send the English against the Crimea and Sebastopol; I would send the African corps to drive the Russians out of Mingrelia, Imeritia, and Georgia, and I would support the Turks on the Danube with the remainder of the French force, which will be enough while the Turks are still unbroken and when the Russian force will be divided.

Above all, I would not lose time. You both seem as unprovided as if this war had taken you by surprise. Three months hence the Turks may have lost their fortresses, such as they are, on the Danube. Their generals and their statesmen may have been corrupted. The very best people that I know are the Turks of the lower classes. The very worst people that I know are the Turks in office. Power is gained there by bribery, treachery, and extortion. Every man in authority is a rogue.

Milnes expressed disapprobation of the expulsion of the Greeks from Constantinople.

Chrzanowski.—It was necessary. They were not real Greeks. They were Turkish subjects who had thought fit to declare themselves subjects of France or Russia, and thus escaped the head-tax, and withdrew themselves from the Turkish tribunals. Many of them were Russian conspirators whom you would have hanged. They were offered the alternative of returning to their Turkish allegiance, and those who refused have been most properly sent away.

After breakfast I called on Lanjuinais. We talked of Louis Napoleon.

Senior.—Did you see much of him when you were his minister?

Lanjuinais.—Not much *tête-à-tête,* but for an hour and a half or two hours every day in Council.

Senior.—Had you a regular programme, an order of the day for the business of the Council?

Lanjuinais.—No; each minister brought forward in turn the business on which he wished to take the opinion of his colleagues. I do not recollect that we ever came to an actual vote. He listened, spoke little, sometimes gave his opinion, but never insisted on it. His dislike of control

showed itself chiefly in the manner in which he spoke of the Assembly. We all felt that he would emancipate himself the instant that he thought it safe, but he showed no irritation towards us. His manners are excellent.

Senior.—What do you think of his talents?

Lanjuinais.—They are good. He has a quick apprehension and a clear judgment, and his courage is perfect. In June, 1849, when we expected a dangerous insurrection he was quite unmoved, not depressed as some were, or excited as was the case with Changarnier. But he is deplorably idle. He then rose at ten. He dawdled about his toilette and his breakfast till twelve. At one or half-past one was the Council. At three he rode out or drove till dinner, and never did anything afterwards. Such habits are almost too indolent for a roi-fainéant. I do not believe that he has changed them; and when you recollect that he has now no real ministers, that whatever is done must begin with him, you will want no further explanation of the disorders into which everything is falling.

Great doubt is felt as to the fifty thousand men who, Ducos tells us, are on board our fleet, but I am inclined to believe that there are as many. But not one-half of them are sailors. About one-third are conscripts who have never seen the sea. Nearly another third are marines, apprentices, and officers. The real sailors do not amount to twenty thousand. Among the ships in the Baltic squadron are four that we condemned in 1850 as unserviceable. They may serve as floating batteries, but there will be some disaster if they meet with bad weather. I have greater fears however for the army. In order to get together a force that can stand a comparison with yours, Louis Napoleon has picked twenty thousand of the best men out of the whole army. They were the men on whom the colonels relied to set an example to the others; they were

the future sous-officiers, and they will be discontented in their new regiments, in which their prospects of promotion must be, to form a small corps d'élite that may perish with fever in three months; we have lowered for years, probably during the whole of the war, the general standard of our army.

Sunday, April 23rd.—I called this morning on Grimblot. He has long been intimate with Rémusat, Tocqueville, Guizot, and Dufaure. He was Beaumont's secretary at Vienna, then went to Berlin with Persigny, and was afterwards Secretary of Legation at Florence. La Hitte wanted his place and turned him out, and he has since lived much in Italy.

Senior.—What are your wishes and expectations?

Grimblot.—My wishes are for any parliamentary Government whatever. As for my expectations, I expect this man's reign to be as long as his life.

Senior.—You do not agree then with those who believe the disorder of the finances, or the mismanagement of the war, or the general misgovernment, will produce an unpopularity that will overturn him?

Grimblot.—I do not; distress is the normal state of French finance. He will meet it by expedients; and, as the debt is so small, by loans. We are accustomed to see our Governments spend more than their incomes. They always have done so. Nothing surprised us more than to see an English Ministry overthrown by a financial difficulty. As for the war I have no doubt that it will be ill-managed: such is usually the case with our wars. We are a military nation and our flatterers assure us that we are successful in war; but history tells us a different story. Even the successes of the brilliant period of Louis XIV. and of the brilliant period of Napoleon did not balance

the disasters which darkened the ends of those reigns. And almost all our other wars have been unfortunate throughout. Our failures in the East may drive us to a dishonourable peace, or to some mad attempt to indemnify ourselves on the Rhine, but unless we are beaten on French soil popular indignation will not boil up to the revolutionary point, and we shall be satisfied with any peace whatever. Louis Philippe and his friends thought that the aggressive propensities of France could not be too effectually repressed. They preached indifference to foreign affairs and devotion to wealth and comfort; in short, national selfishness and apathy, and they preached successfully. We do not believe that Russia can really injure us, and we do not care how much she may injure the rest of the world. In fact the mad reactionary anger and terror of the Royalists and the bourgeoisie makes them Russian. They think Russia the champion of what they call order, just as they think you, and Palmerston who is their type of you, the champions of revolution. I hope that many of them do not desire that Russia may beat us, but they all to a man and to a woman are eager that she should beat *you*.

Then as to the misgovernment. There is occasional tyranny, but it has diminished as the opposition which occasioned it has subsided; and the general administration is good. The country is prosperous; see with how little suffering or even complaint the scarcity has been supported; and, I must own, that I think the control which is exercised by this Government over the press one of the elements of its stability. A press like yours, or like that of America, which would attack it by reasoning, and invective, and ridicule, and would not be answered—for all the writers are hostile to it—which would expose its bad political economy, its military incompetence, its extravagance, and its corruption, would destroy it in six weeks.

You must remember, however, that my expectation of the permanence of this Empire is confined to Louis Napoleon's life. I think the chances much against his dynasty.

Senior.—Are you a Fusionist?

Grimblot.—No; 'la fusion est le jeu des dupes.'

Senior.—Who is duped?

Grimblot.—Both parties if they expect to put a Bourbon on the throne of France. This man's successor will probably be a new despot or a Republic. Most likely the latter. Much will depend when this man dies on the man who commands the garrison of Paris. If he is a man of talent, decision, and firmness, he may perhaps be able to give the throne to Prince Napoleon; he may perhaps be able to give it to Henri V.; he may perhaps proclaim himself a provisional director. But you know how weak and irresolute military men always are in civil disturbances. If he hesitate we shall have the Republic.

Senior.—And no very bad thing.

Grimblot.—No bad thing, if it were managed by such men as Lamartine and Cavaignac, but a very bad thing in the hands of the men who will probably seize the throne and the sceptre of France, that is to say—the Hôtel de Ville and the telegraph. It will not be a République modérée, it will be a République rouge.

Senior.—And what will la République rouge do? Will it make a national bankruptcy?

Grimblot.—No; the debt is held chiefly by the lower orders. It will not be touched, except perhaps indirectly, by a depreciated paper currency. But it will persecute the higher classes, whom it will believe, and with great truth, to be its enemies. It will exile and confiscate, perhaps kill. It will ruin the rich by the impôt progressif. It will seize the railways and throw the capital and industry of France into the abyss of ateliers nationaux. If Europe is not

already in flames, it will set fire to it by a revolutionary war.

Our best hope is that when celui-ci falls, the Corps Législatif should have courage and decision enough to seize the reins. At present it contains no one capable of such a rôle. Morny perhaps is the best; he has talents and boldness, but if the emergency is deferred, as it may be, and I think will be, for ten or twenty years, some man now unknown may be thrown up by the storm. One of the worst effects, however, of this despotism is the degradation of the higher classes. It began with Louis Philippe. The Legitimists who form the bulk of our aristocracy then systematically retired from public life. They necessarily became unfit for it. The older members of it have forgotten its habits and its duties, the younger ones have never learned them. They did not enter the Chambers of the Conseils Généraux, or even the Conseils Municipaux. They took no part in the central or in the local government of France. *Now* the Orleanists are following their example. Twenty years hence they and their children will be what the Legitimists are now, mere frivolous worshippers of wealth, ease, and pleasure, or of safety.

Senior.—Whom do you consider the best of the present French Cabinet?

Grimblot.—Persigny; he has not much knowledge, and he has a blind devotion to Louis Napoleon and a blind confidence in his *étoile;* but he has a very quick apprehension, courage, public spirit, and irreproachable integrity. I think, too, very highly of St. Arnaud. He is a rogue, but he is a very brave and clever rogue. If his health does not utterly break down he will do as well as the miserable means put into his hands will enable him to do.

Our worst public servants are our diplomatists. They are generally put early into the service, with little edu-

cation; their ambition is to be favourites in the society of the Courts to which they are sent; they try to copy their manners and adopt their opinions; and, as the fashionable doctrine everywhere is reactionary, they become reactionists and Russians. Yours are just as bad. I have seen young Englishmen of Whig families as German, as despotic, as anti-liberal as the worst Austrian noble. You have, however, among your superiors some men of eminence. We have none. When we tried to publish State papers we found none that came from our ambassadors or envoys that would bear the press. I do not know whether it is fortune or wisdom that has sent so excellent a man as Lord Cowley to us.

Monday, April 24th.—Manin,* the ex-dictator of Venice, Circourt, Boileau, and Marochetti† breakfasted with us.

I repeated Grimblot's remark that the French aristocracy, by avoiding public duties, were becoming unfit for them.

Circourt.—That is true; but what unfits them much more is their education. They are not knocked about like the bourgeoisie in large schools, or in the Ecole Polytechnique; they are brought up at home or in small esta-

* Daniele Manin was a very distinguished man. Born in 1804, he was educated for the bar, and soon gained great eminence as a pleader. In 1847 he took an active part in promoting the Italian movement; for this he and his friend Tomaso were cast into prison; but while awaiting his trial the Revolution of 1848, that burst out in Paris, Naples, and Vienna, found an echo in Venice, and the two prisoners were set at liberty and borne home in triumph by the people. The expulsion of the Austrians and the proclamation of the Republic immediately followed. During the siege, which began in the autumn and lasted twelve months, he was head of the Government. It is mainly owing to Manin that Venice was so long and brilliantly defended. After the capitulation he retired to Paris, and died in 1857. In 1868 his remains were disinterred, and carried in much pomp to Venice.—Ed.

† The well-known sculptor.—Ed.

blishments, safe from the contact of the roturier. The tutor or the master is always a Jesuit; they are the fashionable teachers. The father may not believe in God, but he thinks it looks well to send his son to a Jesuit. There the enthusiasts are turned into fanatics, and those of colder temper are trained in every moral and political error; in the prejudices of birth, which are nowhere so strong as in France; in protectionism, in legitimacy, in hatred of all free institutions and all free countries; in short, in everything that can make them useless in private life, and worse than useless in public affairs. While their education remains such I scarcely join in Grimblot's regret that they avoid political life; they would do mischief there. The employments to which they confine themselves are the only ones that they are fit for—the army, the bureaux of the administration, and the management of their properties.

Manin.—Our Italian aristocracy is much less exclusive. We retain some of our old Republican traditions. Our nobles do not feel that they *dérogent* when they enter the learned professions.

Circourt.—The French clergy is accused of being Ultramontane. It would be more true if the Pope were called Cismontane. Since our occupation of Rome his whole policy, ecclesiastical as well as civil, has originated in France. Our bishops and our clergy are his advisers; they are the public whose applause he courts. It is an unfortunate change. The experience of nearly two thousand years had gradually elaborated in Rome a policy of caution and reserve and patience, suited to a power peculiarly founded on opinion. Our violent bigoted clergy, ignorant of the world, ignorant of any country except France, and of France except their own neighbourhoods, ignorant of history, ignorant indeed of human nature, are driving him to an aggressive, intemperate interference in Germany, in England, indeed

in Italy, which is shaking his spiritual influence, and must precipitate the fall of his temporal power.

After breakfast I said to Manin, 'What are your expectations as to the conduct of Austria?'

Manin.—Unless you obtain—of which I see no prospect—a decisive advantage over Russia, she will try to remain neuter. See what would be her fate in any other alternative. Suppose that she joins France. With her usual stupidity she has so mismanaged her victory that her southern Sclavonic populations, to whom she owed it, are now among the most disaffected. Russia, with whom they sympathise against Turkey, can and will raise an insurrection there and in Hungary three months after Austria breaks with her. Such an insurrection, however, Austria would easily quell if it were the only one. But as soon as her hands are full the Italians will become ungovernable. They are now kept quiet by the obvious impossibility of success; but as soon as they see what they fancy to be an opportunity they will rise. Russian agents are already at work to disturb them. England is too distant to put them down, France will not allow her Government to do so. The only loyal parts of the empire will be the German provinces. The utmost that they can do will be to resist an attack from the Slavs and Magyars. Now, suppose that she joins Russia. She is then safe for a time on her eastern frontier, but she will be opposed by an Italian insurrection supported by France and England. In a week nothing will remain to her in Italy but her fortresses. This will be the beginning of a revolutionary war. France will not resist the regular armies of Russia and Austria by regular armies alone. She will work on the socialism of Germany and the nationality of Poland. Illyria and Dalmatia will be roused, and in this alternative, as in the other, Austria probably will be reduced to her German provinces.

Senior.—The result seems to be that if Austria is forced to act, the course which gives her the best chance of coherence is to join Russia. If she joins us she loses her Sclavonic and Magyar and Italian provinces immediately; if she joins Russia she may keep the former, at least for a time.

Manin.—Yes; if she is forced to take a part, probably she had better take part against you; but I repeat that she will strive to be neutral, and Russia will strive to keep her so. Her neutrality is more useful to Russia than her co-operation would be. It protects her western, which is her vulnerable, frontier; it prevents you from attacking her with revolutionary weapons; it enables her to employ her whole force in Bulgaria and Roumelia, and depend on it that is a force over which you will gain no triumphs. I do not believe that all the strength which France and England and Turkey will be able and willing to put forth will keep the Russians out of Constantinople. I am sure that it will not drive them beyond the Pruth. The best that you can hope is that the war will linger on. France will not bear this for years. She will force Austria to declare herself, either to help her as an ally or to leave her free to help herself by becoming an enemy; and she will do wisely; and then comes the course of events which I have already sketched out.

And this is the course of events which I think the most probable and also the most desirable. You must not deceive yourselves; you must not believe that you have undertaken a short war or an unimportant war. It is a war of principles; it is a war beween progress and reaction. If you succeed you will have to make two partitions, or rather two restitutions. You will have to reconstruct Poland and place between you and Russia 20,000,000 of intelligent Catholics, hating Russia and hating the Greek Church with the virulence which is engendered by

centuries of insolent oppression. Behind Poland, Hungary may exist independent, in confederacy with what are now the Sclavonic provinces of Austria.

Senior.—But what is to be done with the German dominions of Austria?

Manin.—Their natural destiny is to coalesce with Prussia and form one great German empire.

Senior.—I suppose that you make one kingdom of Upper Italy?

Manin.—I hope for one kingdom of *all* Italy, and there could not be a greater blessing to the world. It would be pacific; it would be commercial; it would give you corn, and maize, and oil, and silk, in unlimited supplies. Its release from the prohibitory tyranny of Austria and Naples would be a present to Europe of a new and almost inexhaustible market.

Tuesday, April 25th.—I called on Montalembert and took him my report of his speech. He has promised to add to it any notes that it may require.

Montalembert.—The printed report is intentionally falsified. Before it was struck off I asked to see the proofs. I was told that as such an application was new the presidents of the bureaux would meet and decide on its admissibility. They decided that it could not be granted.

The constitution that Louis Napoleon elaborated in the years of his imprisonment is a machine most skilfully contrived for the purpose of giving the appearance without the reality of liberty. A Legislative Assembly, elected by universal suffrage and debating publicly, is a democratic institution; but the constitution declares that its debates shall be recorded by authorised reporters. A law published immediately afterwards declares an unauthorised

publication, in whatever way made, a délit (misdemeanour). If I were to write to my constituents and tell them what I really said it would be a délit. You are guilty of a délit, according to the doctrine of the Government, in showing me this report. You may be prosecuted to-morrow before la Police Correctionnelle and sentenced to one or two years' imprisonment. In this very debate Flavigny said that this prosecution was 'en opposition avec la politique elevée et tempérée *qu'on espérait* du nouvel empire.' In the report the words 'qu'on espérait' are left out, and blame is thus turned into praise; but under this law he has no means of protesting. It would be an unauthorised report, and therefore a délit; and a law you must recollect is a more serious thing than a constitution. We change our constitutions, but we preserve our laws. Some of the most mischievous weapons of the present tyranny, the 'loi des ôtages' for instance, are laws made by the Convention.

Senior.—Do you attribute to Louis Napoleon the whole authorship of the constitution?

Montalembert.—I do. It bears throughout the stamp of his unscrupulous morality and of his powerful intellect.

Senior.—We are accustomed in England to consider him rather as a cunning, bold conspirator than a man of real talent. There are many things on which he spends much labour with little results. How bad are his books!

Montalembert.—His long books are bad, but many of his speeches and short papers are admirable. They have the highest of oratorical merits—they persuade.

Senior.—Then look at his political economy; I do not mean his protectionism—clever men have been guilty of that—but his internal policy; his scheme, for instance, for equalising the price of bread.

Montalembert.—Of course nothing could be more absurd;

but the fault lies not in his want of sense, but of honesty. He knew perfectly well that he could not make bread dear in plentiful years, but he hoped by promising it to get a little temporary popularity with the farmers.

Senior.—Again, would a man of real talent have so mismanaged this war? Would he have had a Baltic fleet only on paper, and an army below its peace establishment, and have sent 20,000 men to Gallipoli to prevent 200,000 Russians from crossing the Balkan?

Montalembert.—He never believed in the war. He would not make expensive preparations against what he thought an imaginary danger.

Senior.—But was that like a man of sense? Ought he not to have seen more than six months ago that the war was inevitable?

Montalembert.—Nicholas fell into the same error, yet no one denies his talents. The fact is that each believed that the other would yield to intimidation, and each used language which his vanity forbade him to retract and which could not be persisted in without war. On the other hand, look at the wonderful perspicuity with which he saw into the feelings of the French people, and the wonderful skill with which he worked on them! We all believed France to be constitutional; we believed that the people liked the hierarchy which by gradations of ranks connected the Sovereign with the peasant; that the constituencies were proud of their Deputies, and the whole country of its orators and statesmen. *He* saw that these were the feelings of only a small minority in the country, of the littérateurs and of the bourgeoisie, who, having succeeded to the power of the old aristocracy, had inherited its unpopularity; *he* saw that the equality for which the French are passionnés is Asiatic equality—one ruler and everything flat below him; *he* saw that they were tired of hearing the same names and being

required to admire the same '*illustrations*,' and to obey the same functionaries; that they do not wish for a chief, but for a master, under whom every man, whatever be his birth, or his wealth, or his fitness, may have a chance of becoming minister, and may be turned out before he has wearied them; and he trusted in the legendary superstition with which the memory of Napoleon was worshipped as of a being too high to be envied and too great to be opposed. All this he, who had never been in France but as a prisoner, knew, and we who had been governing it for thirty years did not know.

I saw much of Persigny during the Presidency. He interested me much, because I knew that he was a mere parrot, and that all that he said was borrowed from his master. He laughed from the beginning at our Assembly, and our majority, and our debates. 'You have no foundation,' he used to say; 'you are neither loved, nor respected, nor feared. The instant the Emperor comes he will sweep you away.' No man of only ordinary intellect would have seen this; no man of only ordinary courage would have acted on it. Then he has a self-command which I never saw in any other human being. He is never angry, never excited, never depressed, never impatient. The only time when I ever saw him moved was when we, the Burgraves, visited him in 1851 to remonstrate against the dismissal of Changarnier. With me were Thiers, Molé, Broglie, St. Priest, Daru, and Berryer. Each of us made him a speech, and not a short one. We were full of the sacredness of the constitution and of the omnipotence of the Assembly. We pressed on him the certainty that the Assembly would make Changarnier its President, and would put under him whatever troops it thought fit. He listened with the utmost patience, but when he said to Thiers, 'Do you ask me to retain as my commander-in-chief the man who boasted that

he would drag me to Vincennes?' his eye, habitually so cold and dead, flashed. And that, I repeat, was the only symptom of emotion that he ever betrayed to me.

From the time that I first conversed with him I perceived, not indeed the extent of his powers, but that they were of a very high order. When he was sitting neglected on the back benches of the Constituent Assembly I predicted to my friends that he must be President. Some believed and some disbelieved my prophecy, but they were all sure that he would be the tool of the party that brought him in. I knew that he would not; I knew that he would have a will of his own; but I was one of his earliest supporters, because I thought that he would be less dangerous if he came in as the candidate of the Parti de l'Ordre than as its conqueror. Molé was one of the first to join me, Thiers one of the last. And even after our experience I believe that if the Assembly had chosen to work with him we might have retained Parliamentary Government. Of course we must have allowed him to be re-elected. He was determined never to return to private life; but I do not believe that he had resolved on the coup d'état until he had ascertained the hostility of the Assembly of 1849.

I saw Van Pradt, Leopold's secretary, after his visit to the Tuileries a few weeks ago. He said to Van Pradt, 'You were quite mistaken in thinking that either as President or as Emperor I had planned the conquest of Belgium. I never form distant plans; I am governed by the exigencies of the moment. If you had intrigued against me I might have been forced to attack you; but it would have been the result of your conduct, not of any scheme of mine.' And I believe that in these words he described his real character—watchful, patient, undecided, procrastinating, indolent, but vigorous when forced to act.

It is remarkable that the name of Napoleon is most popular

in the provinces that were worst treated by the war. The west, which suffered little, is indifferent to it; but in my country, which was ravaged by friends and by foes, it is venerated. I canvassed for Louis Napoleon one of my own peasants. 'Comment veut-on,' he answered, 'que je ne vote pas pour ce monsieur; moi qui ai eu le nez gelé à Moscow!' 'Et quand,' added his wife, 'nous avons eu deux fois la maison pillée!'

Thursday, April 27th.—Edward Ellice, Arrivabene, Grimblot, and Lanjuinais breakfasted with us.

Lanjuinais is very sore at our praise of Louis Napoleon, particularly at Lord Derby's having said that he had saved France.

Senior.—But Lord Derby merely repeated what only two years ago was the general opinion in France. Past dangers are so easily forgotten that you may not remember the terror with which in the autumn of 1851 the spring of 1852 was expected. Even the Duc de Broglie feared civil war.

Lanjuinais.—There was danger without doubt, but he himself created that danger. It is hard that we, who feel that our national character is degraded, and perhaps our independence endangered, by his tyranny and folly, should have our sufferings exasperated by hearing our despot called our saviour, because he rescued us from a civil war which he had himself intentionally prepared.

Senior.—I think that it would be easy to show that those who prepared the civil war were those who framed your unworkable constitution, and those who elected for the purpose of working it a pretender to the throne.

Lanjuinais.—Those who prepared the civil war were those who prepared the revolution. Those who prepared the revolution were the English Government and the English newspapers. If any one man is peculiarly responsible for

1848 it is Palmerston. I do not defend the Spanish marriages, but you have taken a bitter revenge for them.

Ellice.—It is monstrous that a grown-up nation like France should believe such childishness. What would you think of us if we attributed even the change of an English Ministry to French statesmen or to French journals? Yet we send you journals and watch your statesmen much more than you do ours.

Lanjuinais.—You have had three hundred years of freedom.

Ellice.—And you have had seventy years of revolution. Such a training was enough to teach you to think for yourselves. The real authors of 1848 were men whom I loved and esteemed; they were Louis Philippe, excellent and wise, but never constitutional; they were Guizot, never looking beyond his Pays-légal and his two hundred thousand electors; they were Duvergier and Odillon-Barrot and the other planners of the banquets and democratic toasts; and above all they were the party that separated itself both from the Government and from the Centre Gauche, that attacked the ministers with a virulence and an unfairness of which that miserable Pritchard affair is only a specimen; that was not restrained by the responsibilities of a regular Opposition, and did more in one week to discredit constitutional Monarchy than our newspapers could do in ten years.

Lanjuinais.—But your language was very different in 1852. Then no vituperation was too bitter. Then he was a mixture of Danton and Domitian; now he is something greater than Cromwell. The only difference is that you thought him your enemy then and think him your friend now. Your moral estimates depend on your interests.

Ellice.—Our language, of course, is affected by our interests. The alliance between the two nations is necessary

to both, perhaps still more so to you than to us. If you had not joined us, we should have fought the battle with Russia single-handed. And the result of such a war, whether we were beaten or victorious, would have been another revolution in France. But we have just common sense enough to know that the alliance would not be safe if we were to go on abusing our ally, and just patriotism enough to refrain from doing so while he continues to behave well.

Lanjuinais.—Many qualities of the English are almost peculiar to themselves, and one of the most peculiar and the most striking is the instinct with which the language of every speaker and writer is accommodated to the interest of his nation. You are at war with Russia. The word has been given, and all the people are enthusiastically anti-Russian.

Ellice.—The people are enthusiastically anti-Russian because they think Nicholas a bully and a tyrant. There is nothing of policy or of English interests in their feelings. It is the feeling that you see in a school when a big boy is beating a little one, that you see in the streets if a man strikes a woman.

Lanjuinais.—Such feelings would not have been strong enough to induce you to interfere, if you had not thought it your interest.

Senior.—Certainly not. Governments are, or at least ought to be, influenced by their interests, not by their feelings. All Europe is suffering now for having allowed its feelings to tear Greece from Turkey in 1825. But the people are privileged to act on their feelings, and they followed them when they cheered our troops and the Turkish minister.

After breakfast I called on Thiers.

Thiers.—You must not think that the manner in which

you hear the war spoken of represents the real feelings or opinions of France. You live among the enemies of Louis Napoleon. Every one who lives in good company does so. Their hatred of the Government leads them to talk of the war as one into which you have dragged us for the sake of purely English interests. But they do not believe what they say; they do not even believe that they believe it. Besides which they have a deeply-rooted hostility to England. The Legitimists hate you because they are governed by their traditions, and hatred of England is one of them, and because you so readily acknowledged Louis Philippe. The Orleanists hate you because they choose to say, and try to think, that you made the revolution of 1848; and the Fusionists are the bitterest of all. Each branch of them has adopted the others' hatred, and preserved its own. Their opinions and their feelings are disregarded by the Government, and, as there is no press, are unknown to the people. But in the provinces the feeling is different.

I have been spending ten days at the mines D'Anzin in French Flanders. They are probably the largest coal mines in Europe, and afford one-fourth of the whole production of France. They are managed by a small council, elected for life, in which I succeeded my father-in-law. We meet four times in the year and keep a sort of open house in which all our principal customers, that is to say, the principal manufacturers of France, are received. I have anxiously tried to ascertain their politics. Most of them are Orleanists. They regret the last Government, they acquiesce in this; they neither expect nor wish it to last, but they will not disturb it. They do not like the war, but they are all convinced of its necessity; they are prepared for its sufferings, its exertions, and its sacrifices. And they cling to the English alliance as the sheet anchor of France. As for the peasantry they are resigned; they submit to the conscrip-

tion as they submit to the bad weather; they are mere materials. On the other hand, the manufacturers in the towns are heartily for the war. They give fêtes to the conscripts; they congratulate them on having to go to beat 'ces coquins de Russes,' and the conscripts themselves go out gaily and confidently. I hear just the same from Lyons. And I believe that the general feeling of France is 'chagrin de la guerre dans les classes moyennes, mais conviction qu'elle est nécessaire; désir qu'elle soit bien faite; satisfaction de la faire de moitié avec l'Angleterre; oubli des anciens sentiments à l'égard de celle-ci; résignation des paysans à la conscription; beaucoup plus que résignation chez les ouvriers des manufactures, et même zèle à partir dans les grands établissements industriels—tout cela est vrai dans le département du Nord et également à Lyons qui est le commencement du Midi.'*

I saw you at Target's, talking to Montalembert. What does he now say of his old idol Louis Napoleon?

Senior.—He still thinks highly of his talents, particularly of his self-command.

Thiers.—I do not believe in his self-command.

Senior.—Do you recollect the council held by him and the Burgraves as to the dismissal of Changarnier?

Thiers.—Certainly. Changarnier boasted to me in the presence of Carlier that the army was at his disposal, and that if the President attempted a coup d'état he would drag him to Vincennes. I had often warned him not to talk freely before Carlier. Carlier reported the conversation; Louis Napoleon saw that Changarnier was becoming a rival instead of an instrument and dismissed him.

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* These words in French were written in my journal by Thiers, after reading what preceded them, as the résumé of his opinions.—N. W. Senior.

Senior.—Is it true that it was proposed to appoint Changarnier President of the Assembly?

Thiers.—It was talked of, and some one, I believe Montalembert, hinted to the President that it would be done. 'Do it by all means,' he answered; 'I exercise my right, you will exercise yours.' But it was not seriously intended. It would have been a declaration, or rather an act, of war.

Montalembert, with all his talents, is sound neither morally nor intellectually. He thought that by deserting to the enemy he should get a high command. He met with the usual fate of deserters—neglect. He ought to have known that his parliamentary and literary eminence, instead of a claim, is with this man a disqualification. He is now trying to desert back to us.

In the evening we went to a fête given by the Préfet de la Seine at the Hôtel de Ville. The rooms are fine, beautifully painted and decorated, and were illuminated by many thousand wax candles. The entertainment was a little vaudeville of no great merit, but charmingly acted, and a ballet. Lady Cowley, who was kind enough to get us tickets, found them very scarce. I suspect that the number appropriated to the higher society was small. The company was, as far as I could guess, 'la bonne bourgeoisie,' and singularly plain. I observed scarcely a pretty face among the fifteen hundred guests.

Saturday, April 29th.—Manin, Arrivabene, Circourt, and Boileau breakfasted with us. In the drawing-room Manin and Arrivabene were talking Italian.

Senior.—Will you not talk French?

Manin.—No; I am giving the Count a mission to Turin, and my instructions are secret.

When their tête-à-tête was over Manin talked of the prospects of Italy.

Manin.—I think that she has but two: one to become a single kingdom, the other a federation of Republics. The former is the easier, and if a man of talent were King of Piedmont, the more probable. It is true that we are divided by miserable animosities, but the desire for unity is enthusiastic. It would sweep away all our jealousies and rivalries, but it must be unity. Neither Venice nor Lombardy will be Piedmontese; Sicily will never willingly be Neapolitan, nor Tuscany Roman. All are eager to be Italians. If this be found impracticable all Italy must form a confederacy of Republics, with a common Diet, common foreign relations, a common army, and fleet, and revenue, like Switzerland.

Senior.—Why of Republics? Why not some Monarchies?

Manin.—Because Monarchs would not submit to be subordinate to the Diet.

Senior.—The German Sovereigns acknowledge the supremacy of the Bund.

Manin.—Yes; because the Bund protects them against their subjects. The Bund is a regal conspiracy, a holy alliance against German freedom. If the Bund were a real Parliament those who felt strong enough would repudiate its obligations. You must learn to tolerate Republics.

Senior.—I am quite ready to tolerate them. The experience of the last six years shows them to be much safer members of the community of nations than Monarchies are. But what do you do with Savoy?

Manin.—Give it to France, to which it belongs by language and position.

Senior.—What do you do with Sicily?

Manin.—Not let *you* have it. We cannot lose a foot of real Italian soil. We cannot allow any exception from

the Italian unity on which our whole system reposes. Sicily will be a Republic, unconnected with Naples, except as a co-confederate.

Senior.—What is to become of the Roman States?

Manin.—A Republic, for which they are eminently fitted. They have old municipal habits and no royal family.

Senior.—What is the Pope to be?

Manin.—Bishop of Rome, and as such a much better and much more independent head of the Church than as Sovereign.

Senior.—Where do you put your capital?

Manin.—I would build one—an Eastern Washington. I do not wish the seat of government to be in a city, exposed to local influences and dangers. A town or large village capable of accommodating the Diet and the foreign ministers is all that is wanted. I repeat what I said the other day, that this war must become revolutionary. If Germany joins Russia the revolution will begin in Italy; if Germany joins France it will begin in Hungary; if she remains neutral it will begin in France.

Senior.—But what will Russia gain by exciting a revolution in Hungary? It *must* spread to Poland; it *may* go further still.

Manin.—It is true that she will suffer for it eventually; but she will gain immediate strength. She will obtain an immediate triumph over Austria, and Governments like individuals are attracted by immediate advantages. Then she has not renounced her visions of Pan-Slavism. There is nothing too wild for Russian ambition, or too arduous for Russian enterprise, or too distant for Russian patience.

Sunday, April 30th.—I went after breakfast to the Oratoire, and heard Guizot address a meeting of the Protestant synod. He is an admirable speaker—clear, impressive, and natural.

Soon after my return Thiers called on us. I repeated to him Manin's Italian and German expectations.

Thiers.— Manin is an excellent man, honest and intelligent, but these are the ravings of a refugee. Russia cannot revolutionise Hungary. Hungary has had its revolution, and can no more be roused again than La Vendée. If Austria joins us she will suffer no revolution; and unless the affair is horribly mismanaged, as perhaps it will be, she *will* join us. Nor is his Italian kingdom much wiser. Such a kingdom would be one vast bomb, or the crust of one vast volcano, with an explosive force within that in a year or two would split into fragments. As to his confederation, I approve of it. I believe that it is the best prospect for Italy. But I do not believe that its members need be exclusively Republics. If they are not too large they will submit, whatever be their form of government, to the authority of the Diet. For this purpose care must be taken not to let Piedmont and Naples be like Prussia and Austria —two great powers striving for the headship. But the thing can be done only very cautiously and very slowly. If M. Manin or any other theorist were to *brusquer* it, it must fail. Nothing of course could be said about it to Austria now. In time we may propose to her indemnities on the Danube. Stone by stone a confederated Italy may be built up, but it may take as many years as the cathedral of Cologne.

I read to him the note of our last conversation, to which he made a slight addition.

After him came Montalembert, and brought back my report of his speech, with long notes. 'He had read it,' he said, 'to his wife, and she agreed in its general correctness. I do not think, however,' he added, 'that Baroche was quite so intemperate as you have made him out— though very intemperate he certainly was.'

We talked of Parisian houses; he dislikes them.

Montalembert.—The large open spaces, the ground occupied by public buildings, hospitals, and convents, and the manner in which shops, manufactories, and warehouses are intermixed with mere residences, instead of being kept separate as they are with you, render the distances great. Your house at the corner of the Rue Marbeuf is about on the frontier of society. All that is further than you to the west, above the Rue de Varennes to the south, the Louvre to the east, and the Rue St. Lazare to the north, is beyond the frontier.

Senior.—You exclude all that fine new quarter on the old Tivoli Gardens?

Montalembert.—Certainly. Those who emigrate to those distant settlements cease to be Parisians. Then the open drains keep the greater part of Paris damp during the winter, and offensive in the summer. I dislike, too, our system of apartments. After all our revolutions we continue to be the slaves of our porters and our porters' wives. And one generally has some internal enemy, some noisy or irregular neighbour among the strata of people above and below one. I often wish for the independence, and quiet, and street-door, of Belgravia.

I dined with Thiers.

Thiers.—I have no pleasure in talking politics. Everything is going on ill, and I have no means of doing good. I hear now that our troops are to be in houses or barracks. Nothing can be more unwise. The only place for fitting for the field raw soldiers like ours is the camp. It was in the camp at Boulogne that the wonderful army of Austerlitz was prepared. It was in the camp that Molitor formed the division that covered itself with glory at Essling. And he did it in a month. It was absolutely necessary to have them there by a certain day, and they were taught only three movements—to form column, to deploy, and to

form square. It is only in a camp that the officers can learn to judge of distances. The other day, in the Champ de Mars, they made gross blunders which might have been fatal before an enemy. It would be something merely to accustom them to the sound of cannon. I expect some great disaster.

I went in the evening to the Marchioness Brignole's, and found there a splendid society. Duchesses and Princesses without end, but no one that I had ever seen before. Few of the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain seem to cross the river.

Monday, May 1st.—James Ford, Arrivabene, Manin, and Mohl breakfasted with us. Arrivabene, who came before Manin, told us that Manin's mysterious instructions to him on Saturday were to press on the Ministry of Turin the danger of such a territorial aggrandisement as would unfit Piedmont to be an equal member of an Italian confederacy.

'What has destroyed,' he said to Arrivabene, 'the German Bund is the rivalry of Austria and Prussia. Do not let Piedmont and Naples follow that example in Italy.'

The object of our meeting was to enable Manin to learn from Mohl the feeling of Germany; so after breakfast we put Mohl in the witness-box and examined him.

Mohl.—The earnest desire of Germany is, like that of Italy, for unity. I had a letter from Munich to-day which the writer ended by saying, 'We shall never do any real good until we have got rid of our Kings.' But the difficulties are enormous. There are differences of language, of race, and of religion; and between Austrians and Prussians there are jealousies of power. Each people is willing to absorb the other, but neither chooses to be absorbed. No Austrian will become a Prussian, no Prussian an Austrian. The smaller States had once the same spirit of

individual nationality. When I was a child it never entered the mind of any Würtemburger to suppose that Würtemburg could be anything but solitary and independent; but that feeling has passed away from them. The consciousness of their weakness renders them ready to coalesce into one large empire. The two great States feel strong enough to wish to continue to be Austria and Prussia.

Senior.—Is there any national feeling in the Rhenish provinces of Prussia?

Mohl.—There is some, or at least what does instead, a feeling that they cannot stand alone and a determination not to be French. If they had a tolerable Sovereign they would be loyal. In the German provinces of Austria there is not only nationality but loyalty. All classes love their young Emperor. In the Sclavonic provinces, and even among the Magyars, the peasantry are loyal. They love the central Government for its revolutionary contempt of the vested rights of the nobles and landlords. The higher classes are disaffected.

Senior.—Would volunteers from Vienna *now* march into Italy to crush a Venetian insurrection?

Mohl.—I will not answer for volunteers, but I am sure that the Austrian army would. The Austrian army will do whatever the Emperor orders it to do.

Senior.—Are there many Socialists?

Mohl.—Very few.

Senior.—Many Republicans?

Mohl.—Very few.

Senior.—Many with French sympathies?

Mohl.—None.

Senior.—Many with Russian?

Mohl.—Almost all the Sovereigns; some of the aristocracy; no others. Between the nobles and the *bürger*, there is the deeply-rooted enmity of caste; between the

bürger and the mere labourer there is the jealousy occasioned by municipal privileges and monopolies. The higher shopkeepers and artisans cling to them with the notion, so common among uneducated persons, that they profit by them. Those who do not enjoy them are, of course, opposed to them, and this produces a sort of concert between the nobles and the *bürger*. Each class thinks that he has a common enemy—the mere people. A little while ago the King of Bavaria proposed to unite all the weavers in a corporation with exclusive privileges. There are many villages where almost every peasant has a loom in which he weaves the cloth for his own use. If this attempt had succeeded they would all have been forced to buy it from professional weavers. He was forced to give it up for the time, but he may try it again.

Senior.—What chance would France have if she were to attempt a revolutionary war in Germany?

Mohl.—None whatever. The Germans will resist any impulse that comes from France. They hate in general their own Sovereigns and their own institutions, if petty despotisms can be called institutions; but they will accept no French assistance to drive out the former or to change the latter. What I fear for the smaller States is that having no power of independent action either as to foreign affairs or even as to their own, they may sink into apathy and torpidity. To a German who wishes his country to be progressive, it is painful to think that in the greater part of Germany there is less real liberty now than there was two hundred years ago. Every village had then its local authorities and privileges; every town its franchises, and the electorates and free cities were virtually independent under the loose control of the Emperor. Now every parish is interfered with by the central authority; the Sovereign is supported against his subjects by the Bund, and even when

the people and the Sovereign are agreed as to internal reforms the Bund steps in and prohibits them.

Senior.—What do you think are the principal dangers to Austria in this war?

Mohl.—Of course they are an insurrection in Hungary, an insurrection in Italy, and the establishment of Russia on the Danube. The first I do not think great. I believe the mass of the Hungarian peasantry to be attached to her. I do not think that Russia can rouse them against her. But if she takes part with Russia, one or the other of the two remaining calamities must befall her. Of course in that case France will raise Italy. If France and England succeed in the war, she loses Italy. If Austria and Russia succeed in the war, Russia becomes mistress of the Principalities and of the Danube. And I further believe that she will incur the latter calamity if she remains neuter. I do not believe that France and England can drive Russia beyond the Pruth. It is only by the assistance of Austria that that can be done, and I believe that we shall have her assistance, and that she will remain mistress of Lombardy and Venetia. I am sorry for the Lombards and Venetians, but I cannot wish to purchase the chance of their emancipation by war between Germany and Russia on one side, and France and England on the other.

Manin listened to Mohl's reasonings, but expressed neither approbation nor dissent.

Tuesday, May 2nd.—I breakfasted with Boileau and met Guizot and Lavergne.

Guizot believes that the French Government is beginning to shake off its lethargy, and that in three months there will be 100,000 French troops in the valley of the Danube, or rather on the slopes of the Balkan.

Senior.—Is it true that the best men have been picked out of all the regiments to form the corps that is already on its way?

Guizot.—It is true; and I expect great mischief from it; nowhere more than in Algeria. We have taken from thence 26,000 men, and left only 40,000, which is far too small a force for such an extensive imperfectly-subdued country, even if the troops left there or sent thither were of average quality. But they are not. What I expect is that we shall have an indecisive campaign on the Balkan; that when it is terminated by winter, Austria will come to the conclusion that though we can protect Constantinople we cannot drive Russia out of the Principalities: that she will feel that she must herself interfere vigorously, or allow the Danube to be closed against her commerce, and Russia to extend herself to the south of Transylvania and of the Banat. That thereupon she and Prussia, which must follow her lead, will propose terms of peace to both parties—those terms being that, besides the evacuation of the Principalities, the five Powers shall bind themselves never to negotiate with Turkey separately. I endeavoured to introduce such a stipulation in the treaty of 1841, by which France resumed her place in the great council of Europe. But both Nicholas and Brunnow resisted, and all that I could get was a 'considérant,' to much the same effect, inserted in the preamble. I believe that Austria and Prussia will now be able to enforce it on Russia. France, with her ignorant indifference to the war, will accede to any terms, and you cannot stand out alone, so that I hope that by this time next year, or perhaps before, we shall be at peace.

Senior.—But is Constantinople to be left defenceless, and Russia to have eighteen sail of the line, and Sebastopol ready to pounce on it?

Guizot.—Neither Germany nor France will prolong the

war in the hopes of detaching the Crimea from Russia. But we may agree that a mixed fleet shall protect Constantinople.

Senior.—Would it not be better instead of there being a Russian fleet at Sebastopol to threaten Constantinople, and an Anglo-Gallic one in the Golden Horn to protect it, to stipulate that there shall be no fleets at all; that the Black Sea shall be neutral, without ships of war in any of its harbours?

Guizot.—Of course it would, and I do not despair of such a result. My theory assumes that neither party obtains a decisive advantage. If you could take Sebastopol or Cronstadt you might require the cession of the Crimea. If Russia marches to Constantinople, or can establish herself on the Dardanelles, or even can drive you behind the Balkan, she may refuse any concessions, except the bare evacuation of the Principalities, with the power of re-entering them whenever she pleases. On these terms I hope that neither France nor England would lay down their arms. But dangerous as it is to back one contingency against all others, I think that an undecided campaign is what may fairly be expected.

The conversation passed to the state of France.

Guizot.—In many respects it is satisfactory. Habits of prudence have penetrated into all classes. There are very few families, even among the lower classes, that spend their incomes. A single manufacturer in my town of Lisieux puts by, and has long been so doing, 600,000 francs a year. The wealth of France has at least doubled during the last fifty years; and as the population has not augmented during that time by more than one-tenth, it is obvious that the comfort of the people has increased enormously.

Senior.—What is the proportion of births to marriages?

Guizot.—Two births and three-quarters, including ille-

gitimate births, to one marriage. And that enables the population to increase by one million every ten years.

Lavergne.—Among the higher classes the proportion scarcely exceeds two. The richer families therefore are of short duration, as they do not keep up their numbers. Napoleon thought that the law of equal partition would equalise fortunes, and leave none large except his majorats. But more properties coalesce by marriage than separate by inheritance.

Senior.—In his time the proportion of births to a marriage was four and a half, which is the same as ours. If it had remained unaltered, equal partition would have produced the effects which he expected from it.

Guizot.—It is probable that that law had a powerful effect on our habits, and this contributed to its own inefficiency as a breaker-up of properties.

Senior.—But I am surprised at your even keeping up your numbers with less than three births to a marriage. Every child that grows up must marry.

Guizot.—And so they all do. You see from time to time an old bachelor or an old maid in a French village, but it is rare, and even they seldom die in singleness. Sooner or later everybody marries.

Thursday, May 4th.—I took a long walk with Grimblot. He saw the proofs of the life of Joseph, and assured me that in the first six volumes there was no change; that in the seventh only two words, 'viles et lâches,' applied by Napoleon to the Spaniards, were omitted; but he hears that much is to be expunged from the eighth.

I asked him as to the real character of Guerrazzi, during whose Ministry he was Secretary of Legation in Florence.

Grimblot.—Guerrazzi is a man of ability and honesty, but ambitious and timid; qualities that do not go well

together in revolutionary times. His crime is that of Poerio and of many other Italian Liberals now in exile or in chains, that of having believed that his Sovereign was sincere in 1848. The constitution given by the Grand Duke was one of those which preceded the 24th February, and were provoked by the language of Pio Nono and the example of the King of Naples. The Duke's first ministers were reactionary, and of course fell, when the 24th February made Italy mad. Salvagnoli, who succeeded, could not manage the Chambers, and the Duke then appointed Guerrazzi, a Liberal lawyer, but with his stupid cunning joined with him a violent Tory, Montanelli. Montanelli's name made the Ministry unpopular. The Duke got frightened, asked advice from Austria, and was ordered to leave his capital for Sienna. The Government was carried on by his ministers without him.

In the beginning of 1850 there was a general wish for his return. The reactionary party took advantage of a riot at Leghorn to rise in arms, and appointed a provisional committee of government. As I was intimate with several members of the committee, Walewski, then the French minister in Florence, employed me to communicate with them. They sent me to Guerrazzi to offer him either a seat in the committee if he chose to join them, or a passport if he would not recognise them. Much against my advice he refused both. The Duke thought fit to send for the Austrians, to declare the constitution suspended, and to re-enter Florence in the Austrian uniform at the head of an Austrian regiment. Guerrazzi was arrested, kept four years in prison, tried for treason, convicted, and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment.

The Duke is rather less hateful than his brother of Naples, but rather more contemptible. The ruling principle of his conduct is fear; his great fear is the

devil, and therefore his first object is, to save his soul; his next fear is Austria; he knows that he is considered a very bad tool, neither trustworthy nor intelligent, and that his deposition has been more than once discussed at Vienna; lastly, he fears his people; he feels that he is hated and despised, that he has broken his promises, destroyed his own constitution by a coup d'état, and subjected Tuscany to the oppression and violence of an Austrian occupation. Unfortunately for him the precautions which he takes against one danger increase another. The priests tell him that to save his soul he must repeal the Leopoldine laws, under which, a hundred years ago, a large portion of the Maremma which then belonged to the Church was vested in individuals who have ever since possessed it. The ministers tell him that if he does so he will excite an insurrection which Austria will probably use as a pretext to depose him. The priests tell him that he will be damned if he does not enforce the laws against conversion to Protestantism; he followed their advice and prosecuted the Madiais, and found that if he carried the sentence into effect he would become the scorn of the civilized world.

Senior.—I thought that the Madiais were prosecuted for proselytism?

Grimblot.—No; there was not even a pretence for that. They were prosecuted under an old law which condemns to death any Tuscan who becomes Protestant. A law which in their case was put in force for the first time since the seventeenth century; in fact, for the second time since it was enacted. Baldassaroni, his Prime Minister, is a man of fair talents and good intentions. We talked over the Madiai affair, which he deplored as much as I did. 'But,' he said, 'what can be done with such a man as this? He told me this very morning that he had been reading the 'Bullarium.' 'Well,' I said, 'it is curious reading.'

'Yes,' answered the Duke, 'but very alarming. I find that on a great many points we are disobeying the orders of his Holiness. I am sure that if my predecessors had known what they were doing, they would have abstained from making many of the laws that are now in force. We must alter all this.' 'Has your Royal Highness,' I answered, 'read the bull *In Cænâ Domini*.' 'No,' he replied, 'I have not got to it.' 'You will find in it,' I said, 'more curious things still. You will find that the Pope is the superior ruler of all Sovereigns; that he has a right to depose them when he thinks fit or to authorise their subjects to do so.' 'Really!' he replied. 'Well, if it is in the Bull, it must be true.' I repeat, what can I do? Though I have read the bull *In Cænâ Domini*, I am not strong enough in my theology to confute the spiritual arguments of his confessor, and when I use temporal ones, he tells me that he will not risk his own salvation to obtain any worldly advantages, or any worldly safety for himself or for his people.'

One result of the Duke's religious fervour is, that *you* have no influence with him whatever. There is in Florence a most active Protestant proselytising society. When the English have nothing to do, this is the vent which they usually find for their restlessness. A Captain Walker, a clever fanatic, is at its head. As their object is to convert the Tuscans, and as it is a crime in the Tuscans to be converted, they are necessarily at war with the Government. Each party thinks that it is fighting for its own salvation, and for that of those whose conversion is to be obtained or prevented. So you may conceive the violence of the struggle.

Thursday, May 4th.—We spent the evening at Guizot's.

Among the proposed improvements is a new boulevard to run from the Rue Royale across the whole north-west of

Paris to the park of Monceaux. It would run straight through Guizot's house in the Rue Ville l'Evêque, which is a separate residence of only two stories 'entre cour et jardin.' They are exceedingly annoyed; no money, they said, would compensate them. They have no hope of replacing it. Separate houses are very rare in the central parts of Paris, and are almost all large hotels.

The rate at which demolition is going on excites alarm. About a month ago the Government resolved to make a new open square near the Palais Royal, and for that purpose to destroy all the houses between the Théâtre Français and the Tuileries, including a large bit of the Rue St. Honoré and the lower part of the Rue de Richelieu and of the neighbouring streets—two or three acres of ground covered with ten-storied houses, in which each room is valued by the square inch. Already all the houses have been gutted and unroofed, and the ruins, covered with workmen, look like an ant-hill disturbed. No one ventures to guess what will be the expense or who is to pay for it.

Friday, May 5th.—I spent the evening at Madame de Rauzzan's, and met there Bois le Comte, who has been spending some months in Algiers. He does not join in the general opinion that Algeria is a source of weakness to France.

Bois le Comte.—It affords us soldiers trained to the fatigues, and to a certain degree to the dangers of war; it gives us generals accustomed to the handling of troops in a hostile country; it enables us, as you now see, to throw them quickly on any part of the shores of the Mediterranean, and in a maritime war it would be invaluable. The weakness for offensive purposes of the French Mediterranean shore is, that it is short and concave, and therefore easily avoided. That

of Algeria is long and convex. Your fleets cannot get from Malta to Gibraltar without coasting it for one thousand five hundred miles. One or two fortified ports, with a few armed steamers in each, would make that a dangerous voyage. In time we shall double its value by getting Tunis. Tunis is now, what it was 2500 years ago, the real key of the Mediterranean.

Monday, May 8th.—I spent the evening at the Duc de Broglie's, and met there Rémusat, Dumon, Viel-Castel, and the D'Haussonvilles. I found the opinion prevalent that Austria will join us, but not the expectation that it will produce an early peace. Viel-Castel, whose long diplomatic experience entitles him to attention, believes that nothing short of long-continued successive defeats will induce Russia to become party to a stipulation excluding her from separate negotiation with Turkey; such a stipulation would be an abandonment of her policy for the last century. Yet it is the least security that we can require.

We soon, however, turned to literature. There was an inclination to deny that any English writer, except Bacon, has been a great 'prosateur.'

D'Haussonville.—By a great 'prosateur,' I mean a writer whose style is perspicuous and concise, dignified and simple; in whose sentences you cannot change a word, or add a word, or remove a word. Such was Pascal, such was Bossuet, such was Voltaire, such is nobody now. Our best is Cousin, and if his matter equalled his form he would approach to a grand écrivain.

Senior.—Where do you put Guizot?

D'Haussonville.—High, but in style far below Cousin.

Senior.—Where Chateaubriand?

D'Haussonville.—Nowhere; we cannot read him.

Senior.—Where Paul Louis Courier?

D'Haussonville.—Below Chateaubriand. He is a mannerist of the worst kind, an affecter of simplicity.

Senior.—Thiers?

D'Haussonville.—Readable, but very incorrect. His intellect is eminently practical and acute, but he deals only with things. He has never read except to acquire the knowledge that was immediately requisite. He has no taste for the arts which employ words for their vehicles.

Senior.—Georges Sand?

D'Haussonville.—An imitator of Rousseau, and a good one.

Senior.—Lamartine?

D'Haussonville.—Very considerable as a poet. In prose obscure and bombastic, but with some fine passages.

Prince de Broglie.—I am not sure that our admiration of form has not had its bad as well as its good effects. It has given us the greatest masters of style that have written since the great artists of Greece and Rome, but it has nourished in us a fastidiousness and a microscopic timid attention to minute delicacies which enormously increases the difficulty of writing French, and it has injured the substance of our literature by inducing our authors to reject all ideas which they cannot express in the perfect language to which they endeavour to confine themselves.

Thursday, May 9th.—Grimblot breakfasted with us.

Senior.—Have you kept up your connection with Prussia, so as to be able to estimate the present national feeling?

Grimblot.—I have, and the state of feeling is such as to render this King's throne insecure. The Prince of Prussia, the heir presumptive, is very anti-Russian and very ambitious. So is his wife, who has great influence over him. He is so little younger than the King as to have no hope of reigning unless his brother is deposed, and they are not on good terms. The nobility are Russian, and so are

the officers of the army, who are nearly all nobles, for it is only since 1848 that any others can hold commissions. But the Prussian nobility are the only ignorant portion of a generally well-educated nation. They are slaves of their birth, even more than we are, for they despise not only the learned professions, but even the civil service of the Government. The few who have landed properties live on their estates, the rest enter the army. There they think it fashionable to profess Russian politics, but as the soldiers in every regiment are changed annually by one-third, their officers have no influence over them. The privates and sous-officiers retain the feelings of the classes from which they were taken and to which they are soon to return, and the feelings of those classes, that is to say of the whole nation except the nobles, is violently anti-Russian. If the King were to join the Russians, I believe that he would be deposed and his brother would be put into his place. I doubt, indeed, whether the people will allow him to remain neutral. They certainly will not if Austria joins us; they could not bear the disgrace of being the only great power which is afraid to support the cause which it professes to believe just.

I have lived much with both the Prussian and the Austrian officers. All posts in the Austrian army, even the highest, are open to men of every birth. One would expect therefore to find the manners of the Austrians less aristocratic than those of the Prussians. But it is just the contrary. The Austrian officers are well bred. The Prussians are rude and soldatesque.

Senior.—Which are the best professionally?

Grimblot.—Neither are good; the Prussians are perhaps the least bad. The Austrians are deplorably ignorant, and have no wish for knowledge.

Senior.—I am told that the Austrian army is excellent.

Grimblot.—I do not think so. It was very nearly beaten by the Piedmontese in 1848. Yet the Piedmontese army, except the portion of it which is Savoyard, is far from excellent or even good. You will be surprised at my saying that I think highly of the Romans. I was at Oudinot's head-quarters during the siege, and it was impossible for a defence to be conducted with more gallantry or skill. They could not, indeed, stand before disciplined troops in the field; their sorties therefore were easily repulsed, but behind their walls they were heroic. There was a battery in the Monte Testaceo that was so near ours that we demolished it every day, but every day it was re-established under our fire. Their loss, indeed, shows their courage, for it amounted to more than six thousand men.

We passed on to French politics.

Grimblot.—Since we talked of them last an important event has taken place. The Government has proposed to the Conseil d'Etat a law calling out immediately by anticipation 120,000 men of the conscription of 1855. He is treading the path of his uncle.

Our army is recruited by a special law made every year. For some years past the annual law has authorised 80,000 to be raised, but only 40,000 have been actually taken. The rest staid at home, and were called the reserve. But by a law which came in force at the end of 1853, 120,000 men, the reserves of 1851, 1852, and 1853, were called out on the 1st of January. The law of this year, 1854, calls out 140,000—that is to say, nearly every man fit for service who enters his twenty-first year, the number who enter that year annually being 300,000, of whom 150,000 are unfit for military life, or excused on special exemptions. Only one in fifteen of those who draw the lot will escape. Before this addition of 260,000 was made to it, our army is supposed to have been 260,000; so that we have doubled it

already, raising it to 520,000 men—one-half however being merely recruits. *Now*, as I said to you, Louis Napoleon proposes to call for 120,000 men more, making altogether 640,000 men in arms; or, with the 56,000 on board our ships, about 700,000 men. I understand that great objections are raised in the Conseil d'Etat. It will be a heavy tax on the purses of those who can afford to find substitutes and on the means of comfort, as well as on the social affections of the families whose sons are taken. In our small families the loss of an able-bodied man whose labour is worth more than his subsistence is severe, and it will be felt peculiarly oppressive by those who have not yet arrived at the ordinary age of service, the twenty-first year. It will alarm, too, for the future. If the conscription of 1855 is called out in 1854, that of 1856, or even of 1857, may be required in 1855. If this is followed by additional taxation the Government will become unpopular throughout the country. Such a state of things will be full of danger. If the people are unfavourable to the Government the army cannot be relied on. It is like a piece of cold lead thrown into a cauldron of boiling lead, it acquires the temperature of what is around it.

Senior.—Yet it attacked the people furiously on the 5th of December, 1851.

Grimblot.—Yes; but that was a small force brought from Africa, picked for the purpose, made drunk beforehand, and unopposed. Nor was the people in general unfavourable to the coup d'état. It was treated as the last blow in a duel between the President and the Assembly, of which everybody was weary. If this man becomes really and generally unpopular, and he is attacked by an émeute like that of 1848, the army will not join in it, but it will not put it down. It would not have put down the émeute of June, 1848, if the National Guards, and the Assembly,

and all the higher and middle classes, had not fought by its side; in fact it did not act decisively for the first two days.

Senior.—I always understood that during those days Cavaignac was collecting his troops, and that he acted decisively as soon as he was in force.

Grimblot.—That is what his friends say, but it is not true. He was in force from the beginning, but neither he nor his men had made up their minds what part to take. At present, however, there is no chance of an émeute—it is not in the air.

Senior.—How do you know that?

Grimblot.—I cannot tell you, but we do know it. Those who have been accustomed to study the political atmosphere of Paris know when it is calm and when it is electrical. All our great émeutes have been foreseen; there is no chance of one at present. It is difficult to say what form of government is good for us. Our love of equality, that is to say, our envy and hatred of superiors, seems to unfit us for constitutional Monarchy. If we could believe in the durability of a Republic it would suit us, but our Republics have always been so short-lived that as soon as we have one we are thinking how and when it is to end, and we accept a dictator merely because he frees us from suspense. A wise despot—a Napoleon without his military madness—would make us happy while he lived. But where is such a man to be found, and who would be his successor?

After Grimblot left us, M. Ternaux came. He leaves Paris to-morrow for his country place near Lille.

Ternaux.—We are all deserting Paris. Public affairs are so painful, and at the same time so dull; society is so divided by political dissensions; there is so little that is interesting in literature, or in conversation, or in business, that if our country houses were like yours, with good roads and neighbourhoods, we should stay there even in winter.

Wednesday, May 10th.—I called on Cousin. He consulted me as to the means of investing a portion of his fortune in England.

Cousin.—I am timid as people of small fortune always are. I do not desire wealth, but I dread poverty. I do not know how long property, or even person, will be safe in this country, and I think that I could be happy in London. I should not suffer, like Thiers, from 'mal du pays.' But I must not go there until this war is over, for I cannot talk of it with patience; but for it we might by this time have had our restoration. Celui-ci is hated by the people, by the bourgeoisie, and by all the intelligent classes. His safety lay in the scission between the two royalist parties. That was closed by the fusion; but the war forces us to wish him success, and there is no saying what strength, or even permanence, the prestige of success may give him. Already the war has raised him to the rank of an ally of Queen Victoria. We are perhaps purchasing a despotism at the expense of one-half, and that the best half, of the annual produce of men in France for four or five years. You must not estimate our loss of men by yours; we take them much younger, and we want so many that we are forced to take numbers whom you would reject. We take them from provinces where the peasant never eats meat, and from towns where the labouring classes are scrofulous from bad air and want of drainage. Malaria and fatigue will carry them off by thousands. Far more will perish from fever and dysentery than from the enemy. While this war lasts the population of France will be stationary or diminishing.

Thursday, May 11th.—I called this morning on Count Flahault.

Flahault.—I do not think that I shall stay here until the end of the session of the Senate. I disapprove of much that

is going on and have no means of remedying it. The Emperor's feelings and intentions are excellent; no one can be more anxious for the welfare of France; but he does not know, or rather those about him have taken care to prevent his knowing, what are the means by which from time to time that welfare is promoted or retarded. Every paper that contains anything that may offend any minister receives an 'avertissement.' The *Journal des Économistes* was 'averti' for disapproving of the means employed by the Government to keep down the price of bread. The other day the *Indépendance Belge* was stopped because it contained the Russian account of the attack on Odessa. In England, if an officer of the Government misconducts himself, you prosecute him; if you do so in France the tribunal declares itself incompetent.

In 1815, as I was passing through Besançon, the maire was directed to detain me. He executed his orders leniently, for, instead of arresting me, he merely put me under the surveillance of a gendarme. We were on very good terms, and as I was walking with him one evening I said, 'Are you aware that in keeping me here for a week, without any charge being made against me, you are acting illegally?' 'I do not care,' he answered, 'about the law; I am obeying orders.' When no redress can be obtained in the tribunals, and no complaint can be uttered through the press, any amount of oppression or mal-administration may be perpetrated without the Government even suspecting its existence.

Friday, May 12th.—Lanjuinais called on me. I asked him if he agreed with Grimblot as to the number of men under arms.

Lanjuinais.—I believe that at the end of last year our army was more than 260,000. On the other hand, though the reserves of 1851-2-3 amounted to 120,000 men, not

more than 60,000 of them actually reached the dépôts. The remainder, from ill-health or other exemptions, were allowed to remain at home. Perhaps these variations compensate one another, and the army may amount to 380,000, and will be raised to 520,000 when the 140,000 conscripts now called out have joined. If the 120,000 in anticipation of the conscription of 1855 are raised it will amount to 640,000, or to 655,000 including the new Garde Impériale.

Senior.—What is to be done with these 100,000 men who are to be encamped at St. Omer?

Lanjuinais.—It is rumoured that Louis Napoleon meditates a 'pointe' on St. Petersburg. Such a scheme suits his wild adventurous imagination. And I do not see why it should not succeed. For the first time in modern history a first-rate naval and a first-rate military power are united. If Russia can resist the English fleets and the French armies I shall estimate her strength more highly than I do now. Lamoricière however, from whom I have just heard, tells me that he and his companions in exile expect the struggle to be long. If that be the case we shall find it difficult to bear the expense.

Senior.—What does a soldier cost?

Lanjuinais.—The average in time of peace is one thousand francs a man, taking in all the expenses of every arm. This, for six hundred and fifty thousand men, would be twenty-six millions sterling. But the expense on foreign service is much greater. On service in Bulgaria and on the coasts of Finland, perhaps three times as much.

Senior.—You must take to loans.

Lanjuinais —Of course we must. We have already borrowed 250,000,000. We are going, it is said, in a few weeks to borrow 250,000,000 more. Now, 500,000,000 of francs, or 20,000,000 sterling, cannot be taken from commerce and productive purposes without running the danger

of a monetary crisis. Such a crisis was produced some years ago by an extra expenditure of less than that amount on railroads.

Senior.—I thought that you saved and added to the national capital much more than 500,000,000 every year. Guizot tells me that in France everybody saves.

Lanjuinais.—Guizot is mistaken. There is much saving amongst the peasants and the shopkeepers; but of the large body of persons who live upon their means, nine-tenths live beyond them. It is possible, however, that we may be able to carry on this war without entrenching on the national capital. But that is the utmost that we shall do. It will stop all progress. When it ends we shall find ourselves with a large debt, and no increase of either capital or population to bear it. Our loans, too, will be raised on disadvantageous terms. The Orleans railroad, which offers a security as good as that of the State, has just borrowed at six and a half per cent. Some of the other railroads tried to borrow and failed. The Three per Cents. now give five per cent. I trust that we shall not recur to the ruinous practice of negotiating loans below par, and thus throwing on posterity not merely the real burthen of the war, but the increased burthen of having to pay a war interest in time of peace. But if we borrow at par we must pay six or seven per cent.

One effect of this war must be to tranquillise the fears of Europe. The reluctance with which we enter into it, the time which it takes us to prepare for it, the sacrifices which it imposes on us, and the ill-humour with which we bear them, all show that we are no longer the ambitious, restless, conquering nation of soldiers, that in the beginning of the century rushed like a torrent over Europe. Between the first Empire and the second, France has passed from youth to middle age, or perhaps further still. Have you heard of the recall of Baraguay d'Hilliers?

Senior.—I know that he has been recalled, but I know not why.

Lanjuinais.—He got into a quarrel with the Turks. The pretext was the expulsion of some Athenians. He insulted the Grand Vizier, and wrote home to say that there was no doing anything with the Turks; that they were a perverse generation, and ought to be left to their fate. He was recalled, I believe, by telegraph, and, what perhaps was never done before, all his household, secretary of legation, and attachés, have been recalled too. But he is to be sent to a high command at St. Omer.

I called on General Chrzanowski. We talked of the assistance which Russia, attacking Hungary, might expect from the inhabitants.

Chrzanowski.—The Germans, the Slavs, and the Roumans would oppose her. But the Magyars, who form about 5,000,000 out of 12,000,000, would be on her side. I do not reckon the men whom they could furnish to an invader as more than 50,000, but the existence of so large a disaffected population scattered over the country would seriously embarrass the Government, especially when it is recollected that they form the richest and the most energetic part of the Hungarians. On the other hand, Russia could not hold out any promises to the Magyars without alarming the Slavs and Roumans. What has rendered the Magyars disaffected is the loss of their former pre-eminence over the other Hungarian races. If Russia does not promise to restore to them that pre-eminence she does nothing. The Magyars may not rise en masse against her, but they will not rise for her. If she does make such a promise she will gain the Magyars but will be fiercely opposed by the Slavs and Roumans.

Senior.—Who are the Roumans?

Chrzanowski.—They are the same race as the Wallachs and Moldavians. They speak a patois of which the foundation is Latin with a mixture of Turkish, and pretend to be descendants of the Roman colonists in Dacia. It is remarkable that, although Dacia was one of the Roman provinces least completely subdued and occupied for the shortest time, it is one of those in which the Roman domination has left the deepest traces.

Senior.—What are their feelings towards Russia?

Chrzanowski.—They belong to the Greek Church, and their clergy receive a salary from the Emperor of Russia as the head of that Church. This has given rise to a certain amount of Russian sympathy; on the other hand, the ill treatment of their brethren in the Principalities has shown to them the ruin that accompanies Russian domination. I do not think that Austria has anything to fear from them.

What Austria has to dread is the loss of a great battle; it is that the army, on which alone she now depends, should be broken and demoralised. Such a defeat might be absolutely ruinous to her, for she has no longer the loyal population to fall back on which saved her so wonderfully after her old defeats. While Russia therefore has the means of marching 200,000 men on Hungary or Galicia, Austria will remain neutral. If Russia were vigorously attacked on the Danube and in the Baltic the case would be different. Austria might then think herself safe on her eastern frontier, and might assume such an attitude to the south as to impose terms of peace on all parties. But it does not appear to me that you are acting with vigour either in the Baltic or in the Black Sea.

You have a fleet in the Baltic which keeps the Russians in their fortified ports, but you have not sent thither the means of attacking those ports. Large ships cannot do it; they draw too much water; they are too good a mark for the

enemy; they have only guns with balls weighing at most sixty-eight pounds. What is wanted is bomb-vessels,* each with one mortar capable of throwing a shell of 500, or 750, or even 1000 pounds weight, and themselves mere specks on the water. Twenty such vessels would reduce to ruin all the defences of Cronstadt in ten days. No fortifications can resist such an artillery, but it cannot be used on land because it cannot be transported. Its use is to attack seaports, and I am astonished at your not having provided yourselves with it. You ought also to have in the Baltic 20,000 land forces to enter Cronstadt and Sweaborg after you have demolished their outward defences, and to complete their destruction.

As to the Black Sea, you will not have 50,000 men in the valley of the Danube during this year. The Turks, after deducting those which must remain in their fortresses, will not at the very outside, under the very best management, have more than 50,000 to meet the Russians in the field; unless the management is very good they will not have 30,000. Silistria has not yet been attacked, but if it is attacked seriously it must fall. That will probably be the next news. The Russians have 100,000 infantry and artillery, and 34,000 cavalry. It is true that the Russian cavalry is only moderately good. It has never played the

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* Note by Sir Howard Douglas.—Chrzanowski is quite right in stating that a number of powerful bomb-ships should have been sent to the Black and Baltic Seas.

I have remarked strongly on this deficiency in my work; and you will see, at the bottom of p. 587, in the last number of the *United Service Magazine*, that I have adverted to the absurdity of sending powerful fleets to *bombard* fortresses and arsenals without *bombs*, upon the erroneous supposition that horizontal or howitzer shell-firing will prove an efficient substitute for mortar or vertical shell-firing.

I communicated that opinion many months back to high authorities, even to a member of the Cabinet.

(Signed) H. D.

part of their infantry. Still 35,000 cavalry is an enormous force anywhere, and still more formidable in a vast plain, without any walls or mounds, or other artificial obstacles. If a young man, a man of vigour, commanded the Russians, he would punish you severely for the inconceivable rashness of venturing to oppose 50,000 Europeans and 50,000 Turks to the whole force of Russia. But the Emperor has no military knowledge. Paskevitch is old. He has much to lose and little to gain. In war nothing can be done without some risk. He will run none. It is possible therefore that nothing decisive may take place before the winter.

Next spring you may have 100,000 men on the Balkan, but the Turks will by that time have at most 35,000. They are playing their last stake. There is no Turkish population from which this army can be recruited. The Russians will have as many as the rich country behind them can feed.

Senior.—Will not *they* suffer severely from fever?

Chrzanowski.—Certainly, but they are accustomed to it. Every Russian regiment has four battalions; two always kept in reserve to fill up the vacancies in the two that are on service. Russia never had so numerous an army before. It was on its full war complement at the end of last year, and 300,000 men have been added to it since January. There are districts in which the whole population has fled to the woods to escape the conscription; there are others in which every man capable of bearing arms has been taken. A friend of mine, a wine merchant, had some wine to send to St. Petersburg. He wrote to his correspondent and proposed to send it to Memel and thence on by land. The answer was that he must not think of doing so; that there was not a horse or a cart between Memel and St. Petersburg; all had been seized for the use of the Government.

If, however, this violent effort is continued long it will

ruin the nobles and seriously injure the country. The wealth of the nobles depends on the number of their serfs, and every serf once taken for a soldier is lost to his master. If he survives his period of service he becomes free, and is provided with land from the imperial domains. This, however, is the lot of few. When a peasant becomes a soldier his family consider him dead. But in Russia, where individual or local suffering is little known and never attended to, the vanity, and ambition, and obstinacy of Nicholas will be allowed to drive the country to any exertions and any sacrifices which may be conducive to success.

Saturday, May 13th.—Manin, Wolowski, Circourt, and Chrzanowski breakfasted with us. We talked of the dangers to which Austria is exposed by the heterogeneousness of her elements, and I alluded to the success with which France assimilated her German and Basque provinces, though differing from her in race and in language.

Circourt.—You may add, differing from her in character. I belong to Lorraine. Our interests annex us inseparably to France. The hope once cherished by the enemies of France that we could be detached from her was absurd; but morally and intellectually we belong to Germany. I consider the Frenchman as the type of the Celt. You talk of his powers of assimilation; that is thoroughly Celtic. Wherever the Celtic element insinuates itself it prevails. The Celt is vain; he is pliable; he is eager to receive sympathy and ready to give it; he adopts every principle that is offered to him, and propagates with restless vehemence everything that he has adopted. We are accused of bad faith. It is true that our promises are not to be relied on, but that is not so much from intentional treachery as from indifference to obligations. When we make them we intend to keep them; we find them inconvenient, and choose to forget them.

Manin.—Your faults were perhaps given to you to enable you to perform your mission.

Circourt.—What our mission is I do not know, unless it be to afford warnings to others. We have given ourselves up to be the subjects upon whom all political experiments are tried; and our obstinate logic does not allow any experiment to be interrupted until it is complete. We test every principle of government and of morals by trying it first timidly, then moderately, and lastly in excess. We enable the world to ascertain the effects of its use and its abuse. Fifty years ago we were all Voltairian Deists; now we are bigoted Ultramontanists. We have recalled the Jesuits; in a short time we shall establish the Inquisition. Twenty years after that probably we shall be worshipping the Goddess of Reason. Now we are ultra-pacific; in a few years the war fit may recur, and we may be thinking of nothing but national frontiers and legitimate influence; that is to say, of the incorporation of the foreign countries which suit us, and of the subserviency of those that we do not wish to make French. Before the Revolution everything was local. Each province had its own parliaments, its own laws, its own courts, even its own system of taxation. Now everything is central. The parish business of a village in the Pyrenees is transacted in the Rue de Grenelle.

Manin.—I admit that a part of your mission was to plant beacons on the rocks and shoals against which you have struck in your adventurous course; but your great duty, the purpose for which you appear to me to have been made so strong, was to abolish feudalism. Until 1789, the natural equality of mankind was a religious and philosophical, but not a political, doctrine. France has the merit of having made it a principle of action.

Circourt.—I agree with you; but in destroying feudalism

France was merely undoing her own mischievous work. No nation was so thoroughly feudal. Her royalty was stifled by the growth of its own fiefs. It is true that now 'devant la loi' we are equal. We are as flat and as uniform, and therefore as servile, as Russia. But the prejudices of caste still rule us. I am not sure that they have not been strengthened by our legal equality.

Senior.—The proclamation of equality, the abolition of privilege, the levelling of the little aristocracies—some sovereign, some noble, some commercial, some ecclesiastical, and some municipal—which formerly overspread Europe may have been a blessing, but certainly was not an unmixed one. It has destroyed all the smaller knots of resistance by which the great central authorities were kept in check. It has destroyed the local ambition and rivalry which produce considerable men in small communities. Under the spirit of equality the Continent appears to me to be becoming Asiatic; in a short time it seems likely to contain only half a dozen great despots, and two hundred millions of equal, unconnected, and therefore orderly, subjects.

Manin.—I admit that equality has not produced liberty; perhaps it has diminished it. On the other hand it has probably reduced the whole amount of oppression. The great despot was much less formidable before 1789, but the little one was much more so. And as there were many hundred little ones, the people, as distinguished from the aristocracy, has perhaps gained by the change. The intellectual effects of political equality have been just the reverse. Instead of elevating high a very few, and depressing all the rest, it has cut off the sommités and raised the general average. The nineteenth century has been more than half expended, and no great man has been born in it, on either side of the Atlantic. America, indeed, has sunk to a still lower mediocrity than Europe. When the United States

contained only three million inhabitants, they produced generals, statesmen, philosophers, and orators, whose fame will live as long as the English language. Now there is not a single man of distinction among their twenty millions. Every President has been inferior to his predecessor. A thousand years hence if any Australian statistician ranges in a tabular form the great statesmen, and orators, and generals, and philosophers, and poets, and painters, and architects born in every country, the nineteenth century, as far as we can judge from the portion of it in which we have lived, will be a blank.

Senior.—What has been politically the gain and the loss in the Venetian territories?

Manin.—The Venetian noble has always been oppressed. He was as much the slave of the Council of Ten as he is now of the Austrian police. Still he had some compensation in the thought that he was himself one of the governing body. He had a much higher compensation in feeling that he was one of the principal members of an illustrious community that had been great and glorious for more than a thousand years. It must be owned, however, that there was in Venice little of individual liberty or of individual glory. She did great acts, but produced few great men. Her jealousy seems to have forced her heroes to aim at obscurity rather than distinction. But the people were happy and contented under her sway. Even the towns of the *Terra Firma*, though they were in what has generally been thought a painful situation, subjection to a distant aristocracy, cherish affectionately the remembrance of her empire. Venice allowed them to manage their affairs under a Podestà, whom she sent to them every year. She taxed them highly, she protected them, in fact she treated them as you treat your colonies. When Austria goes, she will leave no such recollections.

Senior.—And what are your principal complaints against Austria?

Manin.—Our principal complaint is that the Austrians are Germans, and that the Venetians are Italians, and that these races are separated by absolute antipathy. We think them our inferiors in intelligence and inferiors in morality; our inferiors in civilisation; our inferiors even in courage; in short, in everything but mere brute force. We despise them as much as the English despise the Irish, and if you were governed by the Irish, you would hate them as we hate the Austrians. We feel, too, that their seizure of us was a mere robbery; such a robbery as is committed by a slave-trader who buys a kidnapped negro. Austria never conquered us, Austria never had any quarrel with us, Austria has no rights over us. France thought fit to seize us simply because she was strong and we were weak. She did not want to keep us, and so sold us to Austria. It was a mere Gold Coast transaction.

This is the foundation of our objection to Austrian rule.

If I am to go into particulars, we complain of a heavy conscription which takes away every year the best of our peasants to waste their youth under a German sky in a German uniform, and under a German cane. We complain of a heavy taxation to be devoted to purposes with which we have no concern. The public revenue of a free country, or rather of an independent country, is merely a portion of each man's income employed by the Government for the good of all. The one hundred millions which Lombardy and Venetia send every year to Vienna goes to pay and feed the four hundred thousand men who are keeping down Hungary and Galicia. The town of Venice is a free port, but the *Terra Firma* complains that its commerce is interrupted, and its consumption kept down by prohibitory duties imposed to enable a few miserable Bohemian and Tyrolese

manufacturers to drag on a sickly unremunerating existence. We complain that no career is open to our sons. We complain that all situations in the Government and administration of our own country are filled by foreigners, many of them ignorant of our language, all of them disgusting to our habits. Above all, we complain of the administration of justice.

Senior.—I thought that the administration of justice in the Austrian dominions had been pure, though severe?

Manin.—It is not pure; nor is it possible that it should be so while the salaries paid to those who administer it are so miserable that they cannot live on them. And even if it were purely applied the law itself is intolerable. In all criminal cases the old German procedure by inquisition is adopted; a procedure of which you know nothing except what you read of in the annals of the Holy Inquisition—a tribunal which has suffered unmerited obloquy as the inventor of a system which in fact existed long before it, and has long survived it. Under this system a man is tried in his absence; he does not know what is the charge against him; he does not know who is his accuser or who are the witnesses. All that the Court tells him is that he must be aware of his guilt, and that he had better confess. To have obtained a confession is the triumph of an Austrian judge; and every means of moral torture, and the physical tortures of years of imprisonment, insufficient food, and sometimes blows, are habitually employed to force one out. As to civil justice, the intricacies are innumerable, the delays and the expense never ending; the evidence is all written. The judge, a mere German, seldom understands it, often does not read it, and a suit after lasting for years often ends by both parties being wearied into a compromise.

Circourt.—It is remarkable that Austria has always been anxious to employ Italians in Germany, and Germans in

Italy, with about equal detriment to the people in each case.

Senior.—What was the real object of the Venetian insurrection?

Manin.—What we preferred was to be an independent Republic in confederation with the other Italian States. What we would have accepted was to become a portion of one great kingdom comprising all Italy.

If Charles Albert had come forward disinterestedly; if he had not made a selfish war for the aggrandisement of Piedmont; if he had proposed nothing more than the driving the barbarians out of Italy, leaving the Italians to settle their own affairs, I even now think that we might have succeeded. But my hopes faded as soon as he proposed to incorporate Milan. The whole character of the war was changed. Kossuth, then Ferdinand's minister in Hungary, had a right to denounce the Piedmontese invasion as a treacherous attempt to rob Austria in her hour of revolutionary weakness. The Pope, the Grand Duke, and the King of Naples all took alarm. They saw that Piedmont was using the pretext of a war of liberation to make a war really of ambition and conquest. Last of all the Italian people lost their enthusiasm, and then all was hopeless. The Piedmontese have made a saint of Charles Albert. They may, perhaps, be able to forgive the mischief he has done; the rest of Italy cannot.

After breakfast I went to take leave of Thiers.

Thiers.—Things are looking better; we seem to be awakening. Madame Thiers has had a letter from a young relation of hers who is with Admiral Hamelin. He says that the business at Odessa was done admirably, and with perfect concert. The French *Vauban* was cheered by the English as she dropped out of the line to extinguish the fire

kindled by the enemy's red-hot balls. It is a question, however, whether the value of the ammunition which we have expended is not equal to that of the Russian property that we have destroyed. However, it is something to have made a beginning. We made at first a great mistake.* We sent the bulk of our troops in sailing transports. Now sailing transports are subject to five capital inconveniences—

First. They move slowly.

Secondly. Depending on the accidents of wind, they cannot always obey the order of the admiral.

Thirdly. The first gale disperses them.

Fourthly. They cannot protect a disembarkation.

Fifthly. They can take few troops in proportion to their apparent size.

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* The following letter from Lord Hardinge refers to this conversation:—

'Great Stanhope Street, 8th August, 1854.

'My dear Sir,—I return the volumes for April and May.

'As a military man, I consider that Thiers has more administrative power and knowledge of what is required for an army in the field than any other man in Europe.

'If he had been in power we should have had the French battering-train by this time at Varna; fourteen days ago it had not left Toulon!

'Lord Raglan has forty heavy siege guns at Varna, and as many more are ready to embark at Woolwich.

'Twenty *Himalayas* would carry 50,000 men at twelve knots an hour anywhere. Nay, three hundred and twenty horses embarked at Southampton in the *Himalaya* landed in good health at Varna, the men riding their horses from the shore to the camp.

'The future of this great country would be full of feverish anxiety if our public men had time for reflection.

'Palmerston wrote the best paper I have read on the dangerous state of our defences in December, 1846, before the Duke's celebrated letter of April, 1847, and remained six years in the Cabinet, while nothing was done.

'Yours, my dear sir, very sincerely,

'N. W. Senior. (Signed) Hardinge.'

To convey the infantry, cavalry, and artillery of an army of 50,000 would require 500 transports.

What I would have done is this.

A steam-frigate of 2000 tons can carry 2500 men, twenty such vessels therefore could carry 50,000 infantry. Twenty more could carry each 250 cavalry and the artillery and other stores necessary to such an army. This would give 3000 horses for the field and 2000 horses for the artillery. If you add ten ships of the line as convoy, you have in fifty ships a complete army of 50,000 men, free from all the defects of a fleet of transports; moving quickly, independent of the wind, and capable by their fire of protecting a disembarkation in the face of any force that can be suddenly opposed to it. Such an expedition, moving at the rate of two hundred miles a day, while an army marches only fifteen, would carry terror everywhere. With such a fleet I would have thrown, in two voyages, 80,000 men into Bulgaria, a force sufficient, with the Turks, to occupy the Russian army. My third trip would have been to Sebastopol.

Depend on it, until you have destroyed Sebastopol, or at least the Russian fleet that it contains, you are in danger. There are there from eighteen to twenty Russian ships of the line. They may not be good sailors, they may be miserable manœuvrers, but they are fully manned, and their crews are good artillerymen. As long as your fleets are united they are safe, and as long as they are between Sebastopol and the Bosphorus, Constantinople is safe. But if the allied fleets should be separated by a storm, or forced by any other accident to quit the station from which they watch Sebastopol, the Russians might make a sally and renew the calamity of Sinope. I firmly believe that such an expedition, aided by a sufficient number of powerful bomb-ships, could destroy Sebastopol in fifteen days. I would then carry it round to attack Cronstadt. 'Cela ferait tourner

la tête aux Russes.' You must not think that I am speaking at random. I have studied all these details; I have sought for information from the experienced men in both services, and I am certain that what I propose is practicable. I must add that I know no other mode of attacking Russia, at least by us, that *is* practicable. We cannot penetrate into her country. We cannot starve her out. But we can attack her sea coast; we can destroy her fleets, and we are wasting most disgracefully our maritime superiority if we do not do both.

My fears as to the permanence of the Anglo-Gallic alliance are over; celui-ci has gone too far to retreat. 'Il n'est pas loyal, mais il sera fidèle.' I trust that it will last for ever, or, what is an eternity in human affairs, for the next hundred years. Our mutual animosities are rapidly subsiding. They will be washed out by the first blood which is shed in a common cause. That alliance is the only security for Europe against the double danger to which it is subject, the aggressions of an ambitious, unscrupulous democracy, and an ambitious, unscrupulous despotism. France and England united can make head against America and Russia, at least until the time comes, as come it will, when America is greater than all the three put together. But if France separates herself from England, each will find that the period of her greatest power and greatest grandeur has passed. The decline of each will begin, and national decline is a national degradation. The sincerity of my affection for the English alliance ought not to be doubted, for I have sacrificed to it the two great objects of public life, power and popularity. I have seen it destroyed by men whom with all their faults I admired and liked, by Louis Philippe and by Lord Palmerston. I have seen it re-established by a man whom I hate and despise.

My friends cannot read with temper the Napoleonism of the English press. Yet there is not one of them, perhaps there is not one public man in France, who has suffered from this tyranny so much as I have. At my age, and with my health, I am now in my greatest vigour, and my career is suddenly cut short. In a country in which, if he had not robbed it of its liberty, I ought to be foremost, I am nothing.

Senior.—Is it nothing, after having been one of the two first statesmen, to be one of the two first writers in that country?

Thiers.—Writing is a poor thing after action. I would give ten successful histories for one successful session or for one successful campaign. The loss of power—I mean not of place, for that is nothing, but of influence, the loss of the means of directing the destinies of one's country—is bitter at all times; but it is doubly bitter now, when France is engaged in a struggle, and is supported by an alliance which has been the dream of my whole life; when I see so much success lost that I think I could have obtained, and so much danger incurred that I think I could have averted. To have concurred with Lord Clarendon in directing the united policy of France and England would have been the glorious reward of a life of toil.

I spent the evening at the Duchesse de Rauzzan's, and met there Berryer, the Circourts, and Montalembert. We talked of the new Imperial Guard.

Montalembert.—It will excite great jealousy. The army has its own love of equality, and detests les corps privilégiés. It has often been said that the 29th July was mainly owing to the want of concert and confidence between the line and the guards. The abolition of a Royal Guard was one of the most popular acts of Louis

Philippe. Its reconstruction will be a step in this man's progress towards general unpopularity.

Senior (to Circourt).—You and Manin were talking this morning of the mission of France. What is the mission of England? Is it, as Sydney Smith said, to make calico?

Circourt.—The missions of England have been many. One was to introduce into the world representative government; another was to give it free trade; another is to keep alive for happier times the embers of liberty that still remain in Europe. But your great mission is that which was foretold by Shakspeare with his wonderful spirit of prophecy, not twenty years after the Pilgrim Fathers first set foot in the new world. It is to found empires; to be *magna virûm mater;* to scatter wide the civilised man. Fifty years hence the United States will be more populous, richer, and more powerful than any European community. Two hundred years hence Australia will be a greater nation, or system of nations, than the present United States. Three or four hundred millions of men, the most energetic in the world, will then speak English. French, Italian, and German will be dialects, as comparatively insignificant as Dutch and Portuguese are now. Those who desire wide and permanent fame should write in English.

May 14*th.*—We left Paris.

END OF VOL. I.

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